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MEMOIRS

LELAND.

Charles Leland.

Born 1793.

(Father of the Author)

MEMOIRS

BY

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND
(HANS BREITMANN)

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II.

LONDON
WILLIAM HEINEMANN
1893
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THE RETURN TO AMERICA—Continued.

1848–1862.

THERE was much mutual robbing by newspapers of telegraphic news in those days. Once it befell that just before the *Bulletin* went to press, a part of the powder-mills of DUPONT Brothers in Delaware blew up, and we received a few lines of telegram, stating that Mr. DUPONT himself had saved the great magazine by actually walking on a burning building with buckets of water, and preventing the fire from extending, at a most incredible risk of his life. Having half-an-hour's time, I expanded this telegram into something dramatic and thrilling. A great New York newspaper, thinking, from the shortness of time which elapsed in publishing, that it was all telegraphed to us, printed it as one of its own from Delaware, just as I had written it out—which I freely forgive, for verily its review of my last work but one was such as to make me inquire of myself in utter amazement, "Can this be I?"—"so gloriously was I exalted to the higher life." The result of this review was a sworn and firm determination on my part to write another book of the same kind, in

which I should show myself more worthy of such cordial encouragement: which latter book was the "Etruscan Legends." I ought indeed to have dedicated it to the *New York Tribune*, a journal which has done more for human freedom than any other publication in history.

I do not know certainly whether the brave DUPONT whom I mentioned was the Charley DUPONT who went to school with me at Jacob Pierce's, nor can I declare that a very gentlemanly old Frenchman who came to see him in 1832 was his father or grandfather, the famous old DUPONT de l'Eure of the French Revolution. But I suppose it was the latter who carried and transformed the art of manufacturing moral gunpowder in France to the making material explosives in America. Yes, moral or physical, we are all but gunpowder and smoke—*pulvis et umbra sumus!*

There was a morning paper in Philadelphia which grieved me sore by pilfering my news items as I wrote them. So I one day gave a marvellous account of the great Volatile Chelidonian or Flying Turtle of Surinam, of which a specimen had just arrived in New York. It had a shell as of diamonds blent with emeralds and rubies, and bat-like wings of iridescent hue surpassing the opal, and a tail like a serpent. Our contemporary, nothing doubting, at once published this as original matter in a letter from New York, and had to bear the responsibility. But I did not invest my inventiveness wisely; I should have shared the idea with Barnum.

There was in Philadelphia at this time a German bookseller named Christern. It was the thought of honourable and devoted men which recalled him to my mind. I had made his acquaintance long before in Munich, where he had been employed in the principal bookseller's shop of the city. His "store" in Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, became a kind of club where I brought such of my friends as were interested in German literature. We met there and talked German, and examined and discussed all the latest European works. He had a burly, honest, rather droll assistant named Ruhl, who had been a student in Munich, then a Revolutionist and exile, and finally a refugee to America. To this shop too came Andrékovitch, whom I had last known in Paris as a speculator on the Bourse, wearing a cloak lined with sables. In America he became a chemical manufacturer. When at last an amnesty was proclaimed, his brother asked him to return to Poland, promising a support, which he declined. He too was an honourable, independent man. About this time the great——I forget his name; or was it Schöffel?—who had been President of the Frankfort Revolutionary Parliament, opened a lager-beer establishment in Race Street. I went there several times with Ruhl.

George Boker and Frank Wells, who subsequently succeeded me on the *Bulletin*, would drop in every day after the first edition had gone to press, and then there would be a lively time. Frank Wells was, *par éminence*, the greatest punster Philadelphia

ever produced. He was in this respect appalling. We had a sub-editor or writer named Ernest Wallace, who was also a clever humorist. One day John Godfrey Saxe came in. He was accustomed among country auditors and in common sanctums to carry everything before him with his jokes. In half-an-hour we extinguished him. Having declared that no one could make a pun on his name which he had not heard before, Wallace promptly replied, "It's *axing* too much, I presume; but did you ever hear *that?*" Saxe owned that he had not.

George H. Boker, whose name deserves a very high place in American literature as a poet, and in history as one who was of incredible service, quietly performed, in preserving the Union during the war, was also eminently a wit and humorist. We always read first to one another all that we wrote. He had so trained himself from boyhood to self-restraint, calmness, and the *nil admirari* air, which, as Dallas said, is "the Corinthian ornament of a gentleman" (I may add especially when of Corinthian brass), that his admirable jests, while they gained in clearness and applicability, lost something of that rattle of the impromptu and headlong, which renders Irish and Western humour so easy. I recorded the *bon mots* and merry stories which passed among us all in the sanctum in articles for our weekly newspaper, under the name of "Social Hall Sketches" (a social hall in the West is a steamboat smoking-room). Every one of us received a name. Mr. Peacock was Old Hurricane, and George

Boker, being asked what his pseudonym should be, selected that of Bullfrog. These "Social Hall Sketches" had an extended circulation in American newspapers, some for many years. One entirely by me, entitled "Opening Oysters," is to be found in English almanacks, &c., to this day.

It was, I think, or am sure, in 1855 that some German in Pennsylvania, instead of burying his deceased wife, burned the body. This called forth a storm of indignant attack in the newspapers. It was called an irreligious, indecent act. I wrote an editorial in which I warmly defended it. According to Bulwer in the "Last Days of Pompeii," the early Christians practised it. Even to this day, urns and torches are common symbols in Christian burying-grounds, and we speak of "ashes" as more decent than mouldering corpses. And, finally, I pointed out the great advantage which it would be to the coal trade of Pennsylvania. A man of culture said to me that it was the boldest editorial which he had ever read. Such as it was, I believe that it was the first article written in modern times advocating cremation. If I am wrong, I am willing to be corrected.

To those who are unfamiliar with it, the life in an American newspaper office seems singularly eventful and striking. A friend of mine who visited a sanctum (ours) for the first time, said as he left, that he had never experienced such an interesting hour in his life. *Firstly*, came our chief city reporter, exulting in the manner in which he had

circumvented the police, and, despite all their efforts, got, by ways that were dark, at all the secrets of a brand-new horrible murder. *Secondly*, a messenger with an account of how I, individually, had kicked up the very devil in the City Councils, and set the Mayor to condemning us, by a leader discussing certain municipal abuses. *Thirdly*, another, to tell how I had swept one-half the city by an article exposing its neglect, and how the sweepers and dirt-carts were busy where none had been before for weeks, and how the contractor for cleaning wanted to shoot me. *Fourthly*, a visit from some great dignitary, who put his dignity very much *à l'abri* in his pocket, to solicit a puff. *Fifthly*, a lady who, having written a very feeble volume of tales which had merely been gently commended in our columns, came round in a rage to shame me by sarcasm, begging me as a parting shot to at least *read* a few lines of her work. *Sixthly*, a communication from a great New York family, who, having been requested to send a short description of a remarkable wedding-cake, sent me *one hundred and fifty pages* of minute history of all their ancestors and honours, with strict directions that not a line should be omitted, and the article printed at once most conspicuously.[1] *Seventhly*, . . . but this is a very mild specimen of what went on all the time during office-hours. And on this subject alone I could write a small book.

Now, at this time there came about a very great change in my life, or an event which ultimately

[1] (Here I forgot myself—this occurred in New York.)

changed it altogether. My father had, for about two years past, fallen into a very sad state of mind. His large property between Chestnut and Bank Streets paid very badly, and his means became limited. I was seriously alarmed as to his health. My dear mother had become, I may say, paralytic; but, in truth, the physicians could never explain the disorder. To the last she maintained her intellect, and a miraculous cheerfulness unimpaired.

All at once a strange spirit, as of new life, came suddenly over my father. I cannot think of it without awe. He went to work like a young man, shook off his despair, financiered with marvellous ability, borrowed money, collected old and long-despaired of debts, tore down the old hotel and the other buildings, planned and bargained with architects; it was then that I designed the façade before described; and built six stores, two of them very handsome granite buildings, on the old site. In short, he made of it a very valuable estate. And, as he superintended with great skill and ability the smallest details of the building, which was for that time remarkably well executed, I thought I recognised whence it was that I derived the strongly developed tendency for architecture which I have always possessed. I have since made 400 copies of old churches in England.

This was a happy period, when life was without a cloud, excepting my mother's trouble. As my father could now well afford it, he made me an allowance, which, with my earnings from the *Bulletin* and other

occasional literary work, justified me in getting married. I had had a long, but still very happy engagement. So we were married by the Episcopal ceremony at the house of my father-in-law in Tenth Street, and a very happy wedding it was. I remember two incidents. Before the ceremony, the Reverend Mr., subsequently Bishop Wilmer, took me, with George Boker, into a room and explained to me the symbolism of the marriage-ring. Now, if there was a subject on earth which I, the old friend of Creuzer of Heidelberg, and master of Friedrich's *Symbolik*, and Durandus, and the work "On Finger-Rings," knew all about, it was *that;* and I never shall forget the droll look which Boker threw at me as the discourse proceeded. But I held my peace, though sadly tempted to set forth my own archæological views on the subject.

The second was this: Philadelphia, as Mr. Philipps has said, abounds in folk-lore. Some one suggested that the wedding would be a lucky one because there was only one clergyman present. But I remarked that among our coloured waiters there was one who had a congregation (my wife's cousin, by the way, had a coloured bishop for coachman). However, this sable cloud did not disturb us.

We went to New York, and were visited by many friends, and returned to Philadelphia. We lived for the first year at the La Pierre Hotel, where we met with many pleasant people, such as Thackeray, Thalberg, Ole Bull, Mr. and Mrs. Choteau of St. Louis, and others. Of Thalberg I have already

remarked in my notes to my translation of Heine's *Salon* that he impressed me as a very gentlemanly, dignified, and quietly remarkable man, whom it would be difficult to readily or really understand. "He had unmistakably the manner peculiar to many great Germans, which, as I have elsewhere observed, is perceptible in the *maintien* and features of Goethe, Humboldt, Bismarck" and Brugsch of Berlin (whom I learned to know in later years). Thalberg gave me the impression, which grew on me, of a man who knew many things beside piano-playing, and that he was born to a higher specialty. He was dignified but affable. I remember that one day, when he, or some one present, remarked that his name was not a common one, I made him laugh by declaring that it occurred in two pieces in an old German ballad :—

"Ich that am BERGE stehen,
Und schaute in das THAL ;
Da hab' ich sie gesehen,
Zum aller letzten mal."

"I stood upon the *mountain*,
And looked the *valley* o'er ;
There I indeed beheld her,
But saw her never more."

Thalberg's playing was marvellously like his character or himself: Heine calls it gentlemanly. Thackeray was marked in his manner, and showed impulse and energy in small utterances. I may err, but I do not think he could have endured solitude or too much of himself. He was eminently social,

and rather given at times to reckless (not deliberate or spiteful) sarcastic or "ironic" sallies, in which he did not, with Americans, generally come off "first best." There was a very beautiful lady in Boston with whom the great novelist was much struck, and whom he greatly admired, as he sent her two magnificent bronzes. Having dined one evening at her house, he remarked as they all entered the dining-room, "Now I suppose that, according to your American custom, we shall all put our feet up on the chimney-piece." "Certainly," replied his hostess, "and as your legs are so much longer than the others, you may put your feet on top of the looking-glass," which was about ten feet from the ground. Thackeray, I was told, was offended at this, and showed it; he being of the "give but not take" kind. One day he said to George Boker, when both were looking at Dürer's etching of "Death, Knight, and the Devil," of which I possess a fine copy, "Every man has his devil whom he cannot overcome; I have two—laziness and love of pleasure." I remarked, "Then why the devil seek to overcome them? Is it not more noble and sensible to yield where resistance is in vain, than to fight to no end? Is it not a maxim of war that he who strives to defend a defenceless place must be put to death? Why not give in like a man?"

I had just published my translation of Heine's *Reisebilder*, and Bayard Taylor had a copy of it. He went in company with Thackeray to New York, and told me subsequently that they had read the

work aloud between them alternately with roars of laughter till it was finished; that Thackeray praised my translation to the skies, and that his comments and droll remarks on the text were delightful. Thackeray was a perfect German scholar, and well informed as to all in the book.

Apropos of Heine, Ole Bull had known him very well, and described to me his brilliancy in the most distinguished literary society, where in French the German wit bore away the palm from all Frenchmen. "He flashed and sprayed in brilliancy like a fountain." Ole Bull by some chance had heard much of me, and we became intimate. He told me that I had unwittingly been to him the cause of great loss. I had, while in London, become acquainted with an odd and rather scaly fish, a German who had been a courier, who was the keeper of a small café near Leicester Square, and who enjoyed a certain fame as the inventor of the *poses plastiques* or living statues, so popular in 1848. This man soon came over to America, and called on me, wanting to borrow money, whereupon I gave him the cold shoulder. According to Ole Bull, he went to the great violinist, represented himself as my friend and as warmly commended by me, and the heedless artist, instead of referring to me directly, took him as impresario; the result being that he ere long ran away with the money, and, what was quite as bad, Ole Bull's prima-donna, who was, as I understood, specially dear to him. Ole Bull's playing has been, as I think, much underrated by certain

writers of reminiscences. There was in it a marvellous originality.

While I was there, in the La Pierre Hotel, the first great meeting was held at which the Republican party was organised. Though not an *appointed* delegate from our State, I, as an editor, took some part in it. Little did we foresee the tremendous results which were to ensue from that meeting! It was second only to the signing of the Declaration of Independence, and on it was based the greatest struggle known to history. I could have, indeed, been inscribed as a constitutional member of it for the asking or writing my name, but that appeared to me and others then to be a matter of no consequence compared to the work in hand. So the *Bulletin* became Republican; Messrs. Cummings and Peacock seeing that that was their manifest destiny.

From that day terrible events began to manifest themselves in American politics. The South attempted to seize Kansas with the aid of border ruffians; Sumner was caned from behind while seated; the Southern press became outrageous in its abuse of the North, and the North here and there retaliated. All my long-suppressed ardent Abolition spirit now found vent, and for a time I was allowed to write as I pleased. A Richmond editor paid me the compliment of saying that the articles in the *Bulletin* were the bitterest and cleverest published in the North, but inquired if it was wise to manifest such feeling. I, who felt that the great strife was imminent, thought it was. Mr. Cummings thought

differently, and I was checked. For years there were many who believed that the fearfully growing cancer could be cured with rose-water; as, for instance, Edward Everett.

While on the *Bulletin* I translated Heine's *Pictures of Travel.* For it, poetry included, I was to receive three shillings a page. Even this was never paid me in full; I was obliged to take part of the money in engravings and books, and the publisher failed. It passed into other hands, and many thousands of copies were sold; from all of which I, of course, got nothing. I also became editor of *Graham's Magazine,* which I filled recklessly with all or any kind of literary matter as I best could, little or nothing being allowed for contributions. However, I raised the circulation from almost nothing to 17,000. For this I received fifty dollars (£10) per month. When I finally left it, the proprietors were eighteen months in arrears due, and tried to evade payment, though I had specified a regular settlement every month. Finally, they agreed to pay me in monthly instalments of fifty dollars each, and fulfilled the engagement.

Talking of the South, I forget now at what time it was that Barnum's Museum in Philadelphia was burned, but I shall never forget a droll incident which it occasioned. Opposite it was a hotel, and the heat was so tremendous that the paint on the hotel was scorched, and it had begun to burn in places. By the door stood a friend of mine in great distress. I asked what was the matter. He

replied that in the hotel was a Southern lady who would not leave her trunks, in which there were all her diamonds and other valuables, and that he could not find a porter to bring them down. I was strong enough in those days. "What is the number of her room?" "No. 22." I rushed up—it was scorching hot by this time—burst into No. 22, and found a beautiful young lady in dire distress. I said abruptly, "I come from Mr. ——; where are your trunks?" She began to cry confusedly, "Oh, you can do *nothing;* they are very heavy." Seeing the two large trunks, I at once, without a word, caught one by each handle, dragged them after me bumping downstairs, the lady following, to the door, where I found my friend, who had a carriage in waiting. From the lady's subsequent account, it appeared that I had occasioned her much more alarm than pleasure. She said that all at once a great tall gentleman burst into her room, seized her trunks without a word of apology, and dragged them downstairs like a giant; she was never so startled in all her life! It was explained to me that, as in the South only negroes handle trunks, the lady could not regard me exactly as a gentleman. She was within a short ace of being burnt up, trunks and all, but could not forget that she was from the "Sa-outh," and must needs show it.

Apropos of this occurrence, I remember something odd which took place on the night of the same day. There was a stylish drinking-place, kept by a man named Guy, in Seventh Street. In the evening,

when it was most crowded, there entered a stranger, described as having been fully *seven* feet high, and powerful in proportion, who kept very quiet, but who, on being chaffed as the giant escaped from Barnum's Museum, grew angry, and ended by clearing out the bar-room—driving thirty men before him like flies. Aghast at such a tremendous feat, one who remained, asked, "Who in God's wrath are you?—haven't you a name?"

"Yes, I *have* a name," replied the Berserker—"*I'm* CHARLES LELAND!" saying which he vanished.

The next day it was all over Philadelphia that I had cleared out John Guy's the night before, *sans merci*. True, I am not seven feet high, but some men (like stories) expand enormously when inflated or mad; so my denial was attributed to sheer modesty. But I recognised in the Charles Leland a mysterious cousin of mine, who was really seven feet high, who had disappeared for many years, and of whom I have never heard since.

While editing *Graham's Magazine*, I had one day a space to fill. In a hurry I knocked off "Hans Breitmann's Barty" (1856). I gave it no thought whatever. Soon after, Clarke republished it in the *Knickerbocker*, saying that it was evidently by me. I little dreamed that in days to come I should be asked in Egypt, and on the blue Mediterranean, and in every country in Europe, if I was its author. I wrote in those days a vast number of such anonymous drolleries, many of them, I daresay, quite as good, in *Graham's Magazine* and the

Weekly Bulletin, &c., but I took no heed of them. They were probably appropriated in due time by the authors of "Beautiful Snow."

I began to weary of Philadelphia. New York was a wider field and more congenial to me. Mr. Cummings had once, during a financial crisis, appealed to my better feelings very touchingly to let my salary be reduced. I let myself be touched—in the pocket. Better times came, but my salary did not rise. Mr. Cummings, knowing that my father was wealthy, wanted me to put a large sum into his paper, assuring me that it would pay me fifteen per cent. I asked how that could be possible when he could only afford to pay me so very little for such hard work? He chuckled and said, "That is the way we make our money." Then I determined to leave.

Mr. George Ripley and Charles A. Dana of the *Tribune* were then editing in New York *Appleton's Cyclopædia*. Mr. Ripley had several times shown himself my friend; he belonged to the famous old band of Boston Transcendentalists who were at Brook Farm. I wrote to him asking if I could earn as much at the *Cyclopædia* as I got from the *Bulletin*. He answered affirmatively; so we packed up and departed. I had a sister in New York who had married a Princeton College-mate named Thorp. We went to their house in Twenty-second Street near Broadway, and arranged it so as to remain there during the winter.

In the *Cyclopædia* rooms I found abundance of work, though it was less profitable than I expected.

For after an article was written, it passed through the hands of six or seven revisers, who revised not always wisely, and frequently far too well. They made their objections in writing, and we, the writers, made ours. I often gained a victory, but the victory cost a great deal of work, and of time which was not paid for. Altogether, I wrote about two hundred articles, great and small, for the *Cyclopædia*. On the other hand, there was pleasant and congenial society among my fellow-workmen, and the labour itself was immensely instructive. If any man wishes to be well informed, let him work on a cyclopædia. As I could read several languages, I was additionally useful at times. The greatest conciseness of style is required for such work. In German cyclopædias this is carried to a fault.

After a while I began to find that there was much more money to be made outside the *Cyclopædia* than in it. William H. Hurlbut, whom I had once seen so nearly shot, had been the "foreign editor" of the *New York Times*. Mr. Henry Raymond, its proprietor, had engaged a Mr. Hammond to come after some six months to take his place, and I was asked to fill it *ad interim*. I did so, so much to Mr. Raymond's satisfaction, that he much regretted when I left that he had not previously engaged me. He was always very kind to me. He said that now and then, whenever he wanted a really superior art criticism, I should write it. He was quite right, for there were not many reporters in New York who had received such an education in æsthetics as mine.

When Patti made her *début* in opera for the first time, I was the only writer who boldly predicted that she would achieve the highest lyrical honours or become a "star" of the first magnitude. Apropos of Hurlbut, I heard many years after in England that a certain well-known *littérateur*, who was not one of his admirers, having seen him seated in close *tête-à-tête* with a very notorious and unpopular character, remarked regretfully, "Just to think that with one pistol-bullet *both* might have been settled!" Hurlbut was, even as a boy, very handsome, with a pale face and black eyes, and extremely clever, being *facile princeps*, the head of every class, and extensively read. But there was "a screw loose" somewhere in him. He was subject, but not very frequently, to such fits of passion or rage, that he literally became blind while they lasted. I saw him one day in one of these throw his arms about and stamp on the ground, as if unable to behold any one. I once heard a young lady in New York profess unbounded admiration for him, because "he looked so charmingly like the devil." For many years the *New York Herald* always described him as the Reverend Mephistopheles Hurlbut. There was another very beautiful lady who afterwards died a strange and violent death, as also a friend of mine, an editor in New York, both of whom narrated to me at very great length "a grotesque Iliad of the wild career" of this remarkable man.

It never rains but it pours. Frank Leslie, who had been with me on Barnum's *Illustrated News*,

was now publishing half-a-dozen periodicals and newspapers, and offered me a fair price to give him my mornings. I did so. Unfortunately, my work was not specified, and he retained his old editors, who naturally enough did not want me, although they treated me civilly enough. One of these was Thomas Powell, who had seen a great deal of all the great English writers of the last generation. But there was much rather shady, shaky Bohemianism about the frequenters of our sanctum, and, all things considered, it was a pity that I ever entered it.

Und noch weiter. There was published in New York at that time (1860) an illustrated comic weekly called *Vanity Fair.* There was also in the city a kind of irregular club known as the Bohemians, who had been inspired by Murger's novel of that name to imitate the life of its heroes. They met every evening at a lager-beer restaurant kept by a German named Pfaff. For a year or two they made a great sensation in New York. Their two principal men were Henry Clapp and Fitz-James O'Brien. Then there were Frank Wood and George Arnold, W. Winter, C. Gardette, and others. Wood edited *Vanity Fair*, and all the rest contributed to it. There was some difficulty or other between Wood and Mr. Stephens, the *gérant* of the weekly, and Wood left, followed by all the clan. I was called in in the emergency, and what with writing myself, and the aid of R. H. Stoddard, T. B. Aldrich, and a few more, we made a very credit-

able appearance indeed. Little by little the Bohemians all came back, and all went well.

Now I must here specify, for good reasons, that I held myself very strictly aloof from the Bohemians, save in business affairs. This was partly because I was married, and I never saw the day in my life when to be regarded as a real Bohemian vagabond, or shiftless person, would not have given me the horrors. I would have infinitely preferred the poorest settled employment to such life. I mention this because a very brilliant and singular article entitled "Charles G. Leland *l'ennemi des Allemands*" (this title angered me), which appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* in 1871, speaks of me by implication as a frequenter of Pfaff's, declaring that I there introduced Artemus Ward to the Bohemian brotherhood, and that it was entirely due to me that Mr. Browne was brought out before the American world. This is quite incorrect. Mr. Browne had made a name by two or three very popular sketches before I had ever seen him. But it is very true that I aided him to write, and suggested and encouraged the series of sketches which made him famous, as he himself frankly and generously declared, for Charles Browne was at heart an honest gentleman, if there ever was one; which is the one thing in life better than success.

Mr. Stephens realising that I needed an assistant, and observing that Browne's two sketches of the Showman's letter and the Mormons had made him well known, invited him to take a place

in our office. He was a shrewd, naïf, but at the same time modest and unassuming, young man. He was a native of Maine, but familiar with the West. Quiet as he seemed, in three weeks he had found out everything in New York. I could illustrate this by a very extraordinary fact, but I have not space for everything. I proposed to him to continue his sketches. "Write," I said, "a paper on the Shakers." He replied that he knew nothing about them. I had been at Lenox, Massachusetts, where I had often gone to New Lebanon, and seen their strange worship and dances, and while on the *Illustrated News* had had a conference with their elders on an article on the Shakers. So I told him what I knew, and he wrote it, making it a condition that I would correct it. He wrote the sketch, and others. He was very slow at composition, which seemed strange to me, who was accustomed to write everything as I now do, *currente calamo* (having written all these memoirs, so far, within a month—more or less, and certainly very little more). From this came his book.

When he wrote the article describing his imprisonment, there was in it a sentence, "Jailor, I shall die unless you bring me something to eat!" In the proof we found, "I shall die unless you bring me something to *talk*." He was just going to correct this, when I cried, "For Heaven's sake, Browne, let that stand. It's best as it is!" He did so, and so the reader may find it in his work.

Meanwhile the awful storm of war had gathered and was about to burst. I may here say that there was a kind of literary club or association of ladies and gentlemen who met once a week of evenings in the Studio Buildings, where I had many friends, such as Van Brunt, C. Gambrell, Hazeltine, Bierstadt, Gifford, Church, and Mignot. At this club I constantly met General Birney, the great Abolitionist, whose famous charge at Gettysburg did so much to decide the battle. Constant intercourse with him and with C. A. Dana greatly inspired me in my anti-slavery views. The manager of *Vanity Fair* was very much averse to absolutely committing the journal to Republicanism, and I was determined on it. I had a delicate and very difficult path to pursue, and I succeeded, as the publication bears witness. I went several times to Mr. Dana, and availed myself of his shrewd advice. Browne too agreed pretty fairly with me. I voted for Abraham Lincoln at the first election in New York. I voted *on principle*, for I confess that every conceivable thing had been said and done to represent him as an ignorant, ungainly, silly, Western Hoosier, and even the Republican press had little or nothing to say as to his good qualities. Horace Greeley had "sprung him" on the Convention at the eleventh hour and fifty-ninth minute as the only available man, and he had been chosen as our candidate to defeat Douglas.

Let me here relate two anecdotes. When my brother heard of Lincoln's "candidacy" he said—

"I don't see why the people shouldn't be allowed to have a President for once."

A Copperhead friend of mine, who was always aiming at "gentility," remarked to me with an air of disgust on the same subject—

"I do *wisht* we could have a gentleman for President for *oncet*."

The said Copperhead became in due time a Republican office-holder, and is one yet.

Lincoln was elected. Then came the storm. Our rejoicings were short. Sumter was fired on. Up to that time everybody, including President Lincoln, had quite resolved that, if the South was resolved to secede, it must be allowed to depart in peace. There had been for many years a conviction that our country was growing to be too large to hold together. I always despised the contemptible idea. I had been in correspondence with the Russian Iskander or Alexander Herzen, who was a century in advance of his time. He was the real abolisher of serfdom in Russia, as history will yet prove. I once wrote a very long article urging the Russian Government to throw open the Ural gold-mines to foreigners, and make every effort to annex Chinese territory and open a port on the Pacific. Herzen translated it into Russian (I have a copy of it), and circulated twenty thousand copies of it in Russia. The Czar read it. Herzen wrote to me: "It will be pigeon-holed for forty years, and then perhaps acted on. The Pacific will be the Mediterranean of the future."

With such ideas I did not believe in the dismemberment of the United States.[1]

But Sumter was fired on, and the whole North rose in fury. It was the silliest act ever committed. The South, with one-third of the votes, had two-thirds of all the civil, military, and naval appointments, and every other new State, and withal half of the North, ready to lick its boots, and still was not satisfied. It could not go without giving us a thrashing. And that was the drop too much. So we fought. And we conquered; but *how?* It was all expressed in a few words, which I heard uttered by a common man at a *Bulletin* board, on the dreadful day when we first read the news of the retreat at Bull Run: "It's hard—but we must buckle up and go at it again." It is very strange that the South never understood that among the mud-sills and toiling slaves and factory serfs of the North the spirit which had made men enrich barren New England and colonise the western wilderness would make them buckle up and go at it again boldly, to the bitter end.

One evening I met C. A. Dana on Broadway. War had fairly begun. "It will last," he said, "not less than four years, but it may extend to seven."

Trouble now came thick and fast. *Vanity Fair* was brought to an end. Frank Leslie found that he no longer required my services, and paid my due, which was far in arrears, in his usual manner, that

[1] Herzen once sent me a complete collection of all his books.

is, by orders on advertisers for goods which I did not want, and for which I was charged double prices. Alexander Cummings had a very ingenious method of "shaving" when obliged to pay his debts. His friend Simon Cameron had a bank—the Middleton—which, if not a very wild cat, was far from tame, as its notes were always five or ten per cent. below par, to our loss—for we were always paid in Middleton. I have often known the clerk to take a handful of notes at par and send out to buy Middleton wherewith to pay me. I am sorry to say that such tricks were universal among the very great majority of proprietors with whom I had dealings. To "do" the *employés* to the utmost was considered a matter of course, especially when the one employed was a "literary fellow" of any kind or an artist.

I should mention that while in New York I saw a great deal of Bayard Taylor and his wife. I had known him since 1850, and was intimate with him till his death. He occupied the same house with the distinguished poet R. H. Stoddard. I experienced from both much kindness. We had amusing Saturday evenings there, where droll plays were improvised, and admirable disguises made out of anything. In after years, in London, Walter H. Pollock, Minto (recently deceased), and myself, did the same. One night, in the latter circle, we played *Hamlet*, but the chief character was the Sentinel, who stared at the Ghost with such open-jawed horror—"*bouche béante, rechignez!*"—and so prominently, that poor Hamlet was under a cloud. Pollock's great capuchon over-

coat served for all kinds of mysterious characters. We were also kindly entertained many a time and oft in New York by Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Dana.

My engagement expired on the *Times*—where, by the way, I was paid in full in good money—and I found myself without employment in a fearful financial panic. During the spring and early summer we had lived at the Gramercy Park Hotel; we now went to a very pleasant boarding-house, kept by Mrs. Dunn, on Staten Island. My old friend, George Ward, and G. W. Curtis, well known in literature and politics (who had been at Mr. Greene's school), lived at no great distance from us. The steamboats from New York to Staten Island got to racing, and I enjoyed it very much, but George Ward and some of the milder sort protested against it, and it was stopped; which I thought rather hard, for we had very little amusement in those dismal days. I was once in a steamboat race when our boat knocked away the paddle-box from the other and smashed the wheel. From the days of the Romans and Norsemen down to the present time, there was never any form of amusement discovered so daring, so dangerous, and so exciting as a steamboat race, and nobody but Americans could have ever invented or indulged in it.

The old *Knickerbocker Magazine* had been for a long time running down to absolutely nothing. A Mr. Gilmore purchased it, and endeavoured to galvanise it into life. Its sober grey-blue cover

was changed to orange. Mr. Clarke left it, to my sorrow; but there was no help for it, for there was not a penny to pay him. I consented to edit it for half ownership, for I had an idea. This was to make it promptly a strong Republican monthly for the time, which was utterly opposed to all of Mr. Clarke's ideas.

I must here remark that the financial depression in the North at this time was terrible. I knew many instances in which landlords begged it as a favour from tenants that they would remain rent-free in their houses. A friend of mine, Mr. Fales, one day took me over two houses in the Fifth Avenue, of which he had been offered his choice for $15,000 each. Six months after the house sold for $150,000. Factories and shops were everywhere closing, and there was a general feeling that far deeper and more terrible disasters were coming—war in its worst forms—national disintegration—utter ruin. This spirit of despair was now debilitating everybody. The Copperheads or Democrats, who were within a fraction as numerous as the Republicans, continually hissed, "You see to what your nigger worship has brought the country. This is all your doing. And the worst is to come." Then there was soon developed a class known as Croakers, who increased to the end of the war. These were good enough Union people, but without any hope of any happy issue in anything, and who were quite sure that everything was for the worst in this our most unfortunate of all wretched countries. Now it is a

law of humanity that in all great crises, or whenever energy and manliness is needed, pessimism is a benumbing poison, and the strongest optimism the very *elixir vitæ* itself. And by a marvellously strange inspiration (though it was founded on cool far-sighted calculation), I, at this most critical and depressing time, rose to extremest hope and confidence, rejoicing that the great crisis had at length come, and feeling to my very depths of conviction, that as we were sublimely in the right, we must conquer, and that the dread portal once passed, we should find ourselves in the fairy palace of prosperity and freedom. But that I was absolutely for a time alone amid all men round me, in this intense hope and confidence, may be read as clearly as can be in what I and others published in those days, for all of this was recorded in type.

Bayard Taylor had been down to the front, and remarked carelessly to me one day that when he found that there was already a discount of 40 per cent. on Confederate notes, he was sure that the South would yield in the end. This made me think very deeply. There was no reason, if we could keep the Copperheads subdued, why we should not hold our own on our own territory. *Secondly*, as the war went on we should soon win converts. *Thirdly*, that the North had immense resources—its hay crop alone was worth more than all the cotton crop of the South. And *fourthly*, that when manufacturing and contract-making for the army should once begin, there would be such a spreading or wasting of money

and making fortunes as the world never witnessed, and that while we grew rich, the South, without commerce or manufactures, must grow poor.

I felt as if inspired, and I wrote an article entitled, "Woe to the South." At this time, "Woe to the North" was the fear in every heart. I showed clearly that if we would only keep up our hearts, that the utter ruin of the South was inevitable, while that for us there was close at hand such a period of prosperity as no one ever dreamt of—that every factory would soon double its buildings, and prices rise beyond all precedent. I followed this article by others, all in a wild enthusiastic style of triumph. People thought I was mad, and the *New York Times* compared my utterances to the outpourings of a fanatical Puritan in the time of Cromwell.

But they were fulfilled to the letter. There is no instance that I know of in which any man ever prophesied so directly in the face of public opinion and had his predictions so accurately fulfilled. I was *all alone* in my opinions. At all times a feeling as of awe at myself comes over me when I think of what I published. For, with the exception of Gilmore, who had a kind of vague idea that he kept a prophet—as Moses the tailor kept a poet—not a soul of my acquaintance believed in all this.

Then I went a step further. I found that the real block in the way of Northern union was the disgust which had gathered round the mere *name* of Abolitionist. It became very apparent that freeing the slaves would, as General Birney once said to me,

be knocking out the bottom of the basket. And people wanted to abolitionise without being "Abolitionists;" and at this time even the *New York Tribune* became afraid to advocate anti-slavery, and the greatest fanatics were dumb with fear.

Then I made a new departure. I advocated emancipation of the slaves *as a war measure only*, and my cry was "Emancipation for the sake of the White Man." I urged prompt and vigorous action without any regard to philanthropy. As publishing such views in the *Knickerbocker* was like pouring the wildest of new wine into the weakest of old bottles, Gilmore resolved to establish at once in Boston a political monthly magazine to be called the *Continental*, to be devoted to this view of the situation. It was the only political magazine devoted to the Republican cause published during the war. That it fully succeeded in rapidly attracting to the Union party a vast number of those who had held aloof owing to their antipathy to the mere word Abolition, is positively true, and still remembered by many.[1] Very speedily indeed people at large caught at the idea. I remember the very first time when

[1] Abraham Lincoln once remarked of the people who wanted Emancipation, but who did not like to be called Abolitionists, that they reminded him of the Irishman who had signed a Temperance pledge, and did not like to break it, yet who sadly wanted a "drink." So going to an apothecary he asked for a glass of soda-water, adding, "an' docther, dear, if yees could put a little whisky into it *unbeknownst* to me, I'd be much obliged to yees." I believe that I may say that as Mr. Lincoln read all which I published (as I was well assured), I was the apothecary here referred to, who administered the whisky of Abolition, disguised in the soda-water of Emancipation.

one evening I heard Governor Andrews say of a certain politician that he was not an Abolitionist but an *Emancipationist;* and it was subsequently declared by my friends in Boston, and that often, that the very bold course taken by the *Continental Magazine*, and the creation by it of the Emancipationist wing, had hastened by several months the emancipation of the slaves by Abraham Lincoln. It was for this alone that the University of Cambridge, Massachusetts, afterwards, through its president, gave me the degree of A.M., "for literary services rendered to the country during the war," which is as complete a proof of what I assert as could be imagined, for this was in very truth the one sole literary service which I performed at that time, and there were many of my great literary friends who declared their belief in, and sympathy with, the services which I rendered to the cause. But I will now cite some facts which fully and further confirm what I have said.

The *Continental Magazine* was, as I may say, a something more than semi-official organ. Mr. Seward contributed to it two anonymous articles, or rather their substance, which were written out and forwarded to me by Oakey Hall, Esq., of New York. We received from the Cabinet at Washington continual suggestions, for it was well understood that the *Continental* was read by all influential Republicans. A contributor had sent us a very important article indeed, pointing out that there was all through the South, from the Mississippi to the sea,

a line of mountainous country in which there were few or no slaves, and very little attachment to the Confederacy. This article, which was extensively republished, attracted great attention. It gave great strength and encouragement to the grand plan of the campaign, afterwards realised by Sherman. *By official request*, to me directed, the author contributed a second article on the subject. These articles were extensively circulated in pamphlet form or widely copied by the press, and created a great sensation, forming, in fact, one of the great points made in influencing public opinion. Another of the same kind, but not ours, was the famous pamphlet by Charles Stille of Philadelphia, "How a Free People Conduct a Long War," in which it was demonstrated that the man who can hold out longest in a fight has the best chance, which simple truth made, however, an incredible popular impression. Gilmore and our friends succeeded, in fact, in making the *Continental Magazine* "respected at court." But I kept my independence and principles, and thundered away so fiercely for *immediate* emancipation that I was confidentially informed that Mr. Seward once exclaimed in a rage, "Damn Leland and his magazine!" But as he damned me only officially and in confidence, I took it in the Pickwickian sense. And at this time I realised that, though I was not personally very much before the public, I was doing great and good work, and, as I have said, a great many very distinguished persons expressed to me by letter or in conversation

their appreciation of it; and some on the other side wrote letters giving it to me *per contra*, and one of these was Caleb Cushing. Cu-shing in Chinese means "ancient glory," but Caleb's renown was extinguished in those days.

I may add that not only did H. W. Longfellow express to me his sympathy for and admiration of my efforts to aid the Union cause, but at one time or another all of my literary friends in Boston, who perfectly understood and showed deep interest in what I was doing. Which can be well believed of a city in which above all others in the world everybody sincerely aims at culture and knowledge, the first principle of which—inspired by praiseworthy local patriotism—is to know and take pride in what is done in Boston by its natives.

VI.

LIFE DURING THE CIVIL WAR AND ITS SEQUENCE.

1862–1866.

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Boston in 1862—Kind friends—Literary circles—Emerson, O. W. Holmes, Lowell, E. P. Whipple, Agassiz, &c.—The Saturday dinners—The printed autograph—The days of the Dark Shadow—Lowell and Hosea Biglow—I am assured that the *Continental Magazine* advanced the period of Emancipation—I return to Philadelphia—My pamphlet on "Centralisation *versus* State Rights"—Its results—Books—Ping-Wing—The Emergency—I enter an artillery company—Adventures and comrades—R. W. Gilder—I see rebel scouts near Harrisburg—The shelling of Carlisle—Incidents—My brother receives his death-wound at my side—Theodore Fassitt—Stewart Patterson—Exposure and hunger—The famous bringing-up of the cannon—Picturesque scenery—The battle of Gettysburg—The retreat of Lee—Incidents—Return home—Cape May—The beautiful Miss Vining—Solomon the Sadducee—General Carrol Tevis—The Sanitary Fair—The oil mania—The oil country—Colonel H. Olcott, the theosophist—Adventures and odd incidents in Oil-land—Nashville—Dangers of the road—A friend in need—I act as unofficial secretary and legal adviser to General Whipple—Freed slaves—*Inter arma silent leges*—Horace Harrison—Voodoo—Captain Joseph R. Paxton—Scouting for oil and shooting a brigand—Indiana in winter—Charleston, West Virginia—Back and forth from Providence to the debated land—The murder of A. Lincoln—Goshorn—Up Elk River in a dug-out—A charmed life—Sam Fox—A close shot—Meteorological sorcery—A wild country—Marvellous scenery—I bore a well—Robert Hunt—Horse adventures—The panther—I am suspected of being a rebel spy—The German apology—Cincinnati—Niagara—A summer at Lenox, Mass.—A MS. burnt.

We went to Boston early in December 1861, and during that winter lived pleasantly at the Winthrop

House on the Common. I had already many friends, and took letters to others who became our friends. We were very kindly received. Among those whom we knew best were Mr. and Mrs. H. Ritchie, Mr. and Mrs. T. Perkins, Mrs. H. G. Otis, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Ward; but I must really stop, for there was no end to the list. Among my literary friends or acquaintances, or "people whom I have very often met," were Emerson, Longfellow, Dr. O. W. Holmes, J. R. Lowell, E. P. Whipple, Palfrey, G. Ticknor, Agassiz, E. Everett—in a word, all that brilliant circle which shone when Boston was at its brightest in 1862. I was often invited to the celebrated Saturday dinners, where I more than once sat by Emerson and Holmes. As I had been editor of the free lance *Vanity Fair*, and was now conducting the *Continental* with no small degree of audacity, regardless of friend or foe, it was expected—and no wonder—that I would be beautifully cheeky and New Yorky; and truly my education and antecedents in America, beginning with my training under Barnum, were not such as to inspire faith in my modesty. But in the society of the Saturday Club, and in the very *general* respect manifested in all circles in Boston for culture or knowledge in every form—in which respect it is certainly equalled by no city on earth—I often forgot newspapers and politics and war, and lived again in memory at Heidelberg and Munich, recalling literature and art. I heard, a day or two after my first Saturday, that I had passed the grand

ordeal successfully, or *summa cum magna laude*, and that Dr. Holmes, in enumerating divers good qualities, had remarked that I was modest. Every stranger coming to Boston has a verdict or judgment passed on him—he is numbered and labelled at once—and it is really wonderful how in a few days the whole town knows it.

I had met with Emerson many years before in Philadelphia, where I had attracted his attention by remarking in Mrs. James Rush's drawing-room that a vase in a room was like a bridge in a landscape, which he recalled twenty years later. With Dr. Holmes I had corresponded. Lowell! "that reminds me of a little story."

There was some "genius of freedom"—*i.e.*, one who takes liberties—who collected autographs, and had not even the politeness to send a written request. He forwarded to me this printed circular :—

"DEAR SIR,—As I am collecting the autographs of distinguished Americans, I would be much obliged to you for your signature. Yours truly ——."

While I was editing *Vanity Fair* I received one of these circulars. I at once wrote :—

"DEAR SIR,—It gives me great pleasure to comply with your request. CHARLES G. LELAND."

I called the foreman and said, "Mr. Chapin, please to set this up and pull half-a-dozen proofs." It was done, and I sent one to the autograph-chaser. He was angry and answered impertinently. Others I sent to Holmes and Lowell. The latter thought that the applicant was a great fool not to under-

stand that such a printed document was far more of a curiosity than a mere signature. I met with Chapin afterwards, when in the war. He had with him a small company of printers, all of whom had set up my copy many a time. Printers are always polite men. They all called on me, and having no cards, left cigars, which were quite as acceptable at that time of tobacco-famine.

Amid all the horrors and anxieties of that dreadful year, while my old school-mate, General George B. Maclellan, was delaying and demanding more men—*mas y mas y mas*—I still had as many happy hours as had ever come into any year of my life. If I made no money, and had to wear my old gloves (I had fortunately a good stock gathered from one of Frank Leslie's debtors), and had to sail rather close to the wind, I still found the sailing very pleasant, and the wind fair and cool, though I was *pauper in ære.*

Mrs. Hamilton Grey Otis held a ladies' sewing-circle to make garments for the soldiers, at which my wife worked zealously. There were many social receptions, readings, &c., where we met everybody. It was very properly considered bad form in those early days of the war to dance or give grand dinners or great "parties." It was, in fact, hardly decent for a man to dress up and appear as a swell at all anywhere. Death was beginning to strike fast into families through siege and battle, and crape to blacken the door-bells. There was a dark shadow over every life. I had been assured by an officer

that my magazine was doing the work of two regiments, yet I was tormented with the feeling that I ought to be in the war, as my grandfather would surely have been at my age. The officer alluded to wrote to me that he on one occasion had read one of my articles by camp-fire to his regiment, who gave at the end three tremendous cheers, which were replied to by the enemy, who were not far away, with shouts of defiance. As for minor incidents of the war-time, I could fill a book with them. One day a young gentleman, a perfect stranger, came to my office, as many did, and asked for advice. He said, "Where I live in the country, we have raised a regiment, and they want me to be colonel, but I have no knowledge whatever of military matters. What shall I do?" I looked at him, and saw that he "had it in him," and replied, "New York is full of Hungarian and German military adventurers seeking employment. Get one, and let him teach you and the men; but take good care that he does not supplant you. Let that be understood." After some months he returned in full uniform to thank me. He had got his man, had fought in the field,—all had gone well.

I remember, as an incident worth noting, that one evening while visiting Jas. R. Lowell at his house in Cambridge, awaiting supper, there came a great bundle of proofs. They were the second series of the Biglow Papers adapted to the new struggle, and as I was considered in Boston at that time as being in my degree a literary political

authority or one of some general experience, he was anxious to have my opinion of them, and had invited me for that purpose. He read them to me, manifested great interest as to my opinion, and seemed to be very much delighted or relieved when I praised them and predicted a success. I do not exaggerate in this in the least; his expression was plainly and unmistakably that of a man from whom some doubt had been banished.

My brother Henry had at once entered a training-school for officers in Philadelphia, distinguished himself as a pupil, and gone out to the war in 1862. The terrible ill-luck which attended his every effort in life overtook him speedily, and, owing to his extreme zeal and over-work, he had a sunstroke, which obliged him to return home. He was a first-lieutenant. The next year he went as sergeant, and was again invalided. What further befell him will appear in the course of my narrative.

The *Continental Magazine* had done its work and was evidently dying. I had never received a cent from it, and it had just met the expenses of publication. It had done much good and rendered great service to the Union cause. Gilmore had very foolishly yielded half the ownership to Robert J. Walker, of whom I confess I have no very agreeable recollections. So it began to die. But I have the best authority for declaring that, ere it died, it had advanced the time of the Declaration of Emancipation, which was the turning-point of the whole

struggle, and all my friends in Boston were of that opinion. This I can fully prove.

The summer of 1862 I passed in Dedham, going every day to my office in Boston. We lived at the Phœnix Hotel, and occupied the same rooms which my father and mother had inhabited thirty-five years before. We had many very kind and hospitable friends. I often found time to roam about the country, to sit by Wigwam Lake, to fish in the river Charles, and explore the wild woods. I have innumerable pleasant recollections of that summer.

I returned in the autumn with my wife to Philadelphia, and to my father's house in Locust Street. The first thing which I did was to write a pamphlet on "Centralisation *versus* State Rights." In it I set forth clearly enough the doctrine that the constitution of the United States could not be interpreted so as to sanction secession, and that as the extremities or limbs grew in power, so there should be a strengthening of the brain or greater power bestowed on the central government. I also advocated the idea of a far greater protection of general and common industries and interests being adopted by the government.

There was in the Senate a truly great man, of German extraction, named Gottlieb Orth, from Indiana. He was absolutely the founder of the Bureaus of Education, &c., which are now flourishing in Washington. He wrote to me saying that he had got the idea of Industrial Bureaus from my

pamphlet. In this pamphlet I had opposed the commonly expressed opinion that we must do nothing to "aggravate the South." That is, we should burn the powder up by degrees, as the old lady did who was blown to pieces by the experiment. "Do not drive them to extremes." I declared that the South would go to extremes in any case, and that we had better anticipate it. This brought forth strange fruit in after years, long after the war.

While I was in Boston in 1862, I published by Putnam in New York a book entitled "Sunshine in Thought," which had, however, been written long before. It was all directed against the namby-pamby pessimism, "lost Edens and buried Lenores," and similar weak rubbish, which had then begun to manifest itself in literature, and which I foresaw was in future to become a great curse, as it has indeed done. Only five hundred copies of it were printed.

I was very busy during the first six months of 1863. I wrote a work entitled "The Art of Conversation, or Hints for Self-Education," which was at once accepted and published by Carleton of New York. It had, I am assured, a very large sale indeed. I also wrote and illustrated, with the aid of my brother, a very eccentric pamphlet, "The Book of Copperheads." When Abraham Lincoln died two books were found in his desk. One was the "Letters of Petroleum V. Naseby," by Dr. R. Locke, and my "Book of Copperheads," which latter was sent to me to see *and return.* It was much thumbed,

showing that it had been thoroughly read by Father Abraham.

I also translated Heine's "Book of Songs." Most of these had already been published in the "Pictures of Travel." I restored them to their original metres. I also translated the "Memoirs of a Good-for-Nothing" from the German, and finished up, partially illustrated, and published two juvenile works. One of these was "Mother Pitcher," a collection of original nursery rhymes for children which I had written many years before expressly for my youngest sister, Emily, now Mrs. John Harrison of Philadelphia. In this work occurs my original poem of "Ping-Wing the Pieman's Son." Of this poem *Punch* said, many years after, that it was "the best thing of the kind which had ever crossed the Atlantic." Ping-Wing appeared in 1891 as a full-page cartoon by Tenniel in *Punch*, and as burning up the Treaty. I may venture to say that Ping-Wing—once improvised to amuse dear little Emily—has become almost as well known in American nurseries as "Little Boy Blue," at any rate his is a popular type, and when Mrs. Vanderbilt gave her famous masked ball in New York, there was in the Children's Quadrille a little Ping-Wing. Ping travelled far and wide, for in after years I put him into Pidgin-English, and gave him a place in the "Pidgin English Ballads," which have always been read in Canton, I daresay by many a heathen Chinese learning that childlike tongue. I also translated the German "Mother Goose."

And now terrible times came on, followed, for me, by a sad event. The rebels, led by General Lee, had penetrated into Pennsylvania, and Philadelphia was threatened. This period was called the "Emergency." I could easily have got a command as officer. I had already obtained for my brother an appointment as major with secretary's duty on Fremont's staff, which he promptly declined. But it was no time to stand on dignity, and I was rather proud, as was my brother, to go as "full private" in an artillery company known as "Chapman Biddle's," though he did not take command of it on this occasion.[1] Our captain was a dealer in cutlery named Landis.

After some days' delay we were marched forth. Even during those few days, while going about town in my private's uniform, I realised in a droll new way what it was to be a *common* man. Maid-servants greeted me like a friend, other soldiers and the humbler class talked familiarly to me. I had, however, no excuse to think myself any better than my comrades, for among the hundred were nearly twenty lawyers or law-students, and all were gentlemen as regards position in society. Among them was R. W. Gilder, now the editor of the *Century*, who was quite a youth then, and in whose appear-

[1] Chapman Biddle himself was a very remarkable man as a lawyer, and a person of marked refinement and culture. He became my friend in after years, as did his son Walter. Both are now departed. I wrote and publicly read an "In Memoriam" address and poem on his death, in delivering which I had great pains to refrain from weeping, which was startling to me, not being habitually expressive of emotion.

ance there was something which deeply interested me. I certainly have a strange Gypsy faculty for divining character, and I divined a genius in him. He was very brave and uncomplaining in suffering, but also very sensitive and emotional. Once it happened at a time when we were all nearly starved to death, and worn out with want of sleep and fatigue, that I by some chance got a loaf of bread and some molasses. I cut it into twelve slices and sweetened them, intending to give one to every man of our gun. But I could only find eleven, and remembering Gilder, went about a long mile to find him; and when I gave it to him, he was so touched that the tears came into his fine dark eyes. Trivial as the incident was, it moved me. Another was Theodore Fassitt, a next-door neighbour of mine, whose mother had specially commended him to me, and who told me that once or twice he had stolen ears of maize from the horses to keep himself alive. Also Edward Penington and James Biddle, a gentleman of sixty; but I really cannot give the roll-call. However, they all showed themselves to be gallant gentlemen and true ere they returned home. The first night we slept in a railroad station, packed like sardines, and I lay directly across a rail. Then we were in camp near Harrisburg for a week—*dans la pluie et la misère.*

We knew that the rebels were within six miles of us, at Shooter's Hill—in fact, two of our guns went there. Penington was with them, and had a small skirmish, wherein two of the foemen were

slain, the corporal being, however, called off before he could secure their scalps. That afternoon, as I was on guard, I saw far down below a few men who appeared to be scouting very cautiously, and hiding as they did so. They seemed mere specks, but I was sure they were rebels. I called on Lieutenant Perkins, who had a glass, but neither he nor others present thought they were of the enemy. Long after, this incident had a droll sequel.

Hearing that the rebels were threatening Carlisle, we were sent thither on a forced march of sixteen miles. They had been before us, and partially burned the barracks. We rested in the town. There was a large open space for all the world like a stage. Ladies and others brought us refreshments; the scene became theatrical indeed. The soldiers, wearied with a long march, were resting or gossiping, when all at once—*whizz-bang*—a shell came flying over our heads and burst. There were cries —the ladies fled like frightened wild-fowl! The operatic effect was complete!

About ten thousand rebel regulars, hearing that we had occupied Carlisle, had returned, and if they had known that there were only two or three thousand raw recruits, they might have captured us all. From this fate we were saved by a good strong tremendous lie, well and bravely told. There was a somewhat ungainly, innocent, rustic-looking youth in our company, from whose eyes simple truth peeped out like two country girls at two Sunday-school windows. He, having been sent to

the barracks to get some fodder, with strict injunction to return immediately, of course lay down at once in the hay and had a good long nap. The rebels came and roused him out, but promised to let him go free on condition that he would tell the sacred truth as to how many of us Federal troops were in Carlisle. And he, moved by sympathy for his kind captors, and swearing by the Great Copperhead Serpent, begged them to fly for their lives; "for twenty regiments of regulars, and heaven only knew how many volunteers had come in that afternoon, and the whole North was rising, and trains running, and fresh levies pouring in."

The rebels believed him, but they would not depart without giving us a touch of their quality, and so fired shell and grape in on us till two in the morning. There were two regiments of "common fellows," or valiant city roughs, with us, who all hid themselves in terror wherever they could. But our company, though unable to fire more than a few shots, were kept under fire, and, being all gentlemen, not a man flinched.

I did not, to tell the truth, like our captain; but whatever his faults were, and he had some, cowardice was not among them. Some men are reckless of danger; he seemed to be absolutely insensible to it, as I more than once observed, to my great admiration. He was but a few feet from me, giving orders to a private, when a shell burst immediately over or almost between them. Neither was hurt, but the young man naturally shied, when Landis gruffly

cried, "Never mind the shells, sir; they'll not hurt you till they hit you."

I was leaning against a lamp-post when a charge of grape went through the lamp. Remembering the story in "Peter Simple," and that "lightning never strikes twice in the same place," I remained quiet, when there came at once another, smashing what was left of the glass about two feet above my head.

Long after the war, when I was one day walking with Theodore Fassitt, I told him the tale of how I had awakened the family at the fire in Munich. And Theodore dolefully exclaimed, "I don't see why it is that *I* can never do anything heroic or fine like that!" Then I said, "Theodore, I will tell you a story. Once upon a time there was a boy only eighteen years of age, and it happened in the war that he was in a town, and the rebels shelled it. Now this boy had charge of four horses, and the general had told him to stay in one place, before a church; and he obeyed. The shells came thick and fast—I saw it all myself—and by and by one came and took off a leg from one of the horses. Then he was in a bad way with his horses, but he stayed. After a while, the general came along and asked him, 'Why the devil he was stopping there?' And he replied, 'I was ordered to, sir!' Then the general told him to get behind the church at once."

"Why!" cried Theodore in amazement, "*I was that boy!*"

"Yes," I replied; "and the famous Roman sentinel who remained at his post in Pompeii was no braver, and I don't think he had so hard a time of it as you had with that horse."

I was put on guard. The others departed or lay down to sleep on the ground. The fire slackened, and only now and then a shell came with its diabolical scream like a dragon into the town. All at last was quiet, when there came shambling to me an odd figure. There had been some slight attempt by him to look like a soldier—he had a *feather* in his hat—but he carried his rifle as if after deer or raccoons, and as if he were used to it.

"Say, Cap!" he exclaimed, "kin you tell me where a chap could get some ammynition?"

"Go to your quartermaster," I replied.

"Ain't got no quartermaster."

"Well then to your commanding officer—to your regiment."

"Ain't got no commanding officer nowher this side o' God, nor no regiment."

"Then who the devil are you, and where do you belong?"

"Don't belong nowher. I'll jest tell you, Cap, how it is. I live in the south line of New York State, and when I heard that the rebs had got inter Pennsylvany, forty of us held a meetin' and 'pinted me Cap'n. So we came down here cross country, and 'rived this a'ternoon, and findin' fightin' goin' on, went straight for the bush. And gettin' cover, we shot the darndest sight of rebels you ever *did*

see. And now all our ammynition is expended, I've come to town for more, for ther's some of 'em still left—who want killin' badly."

"See here, my friend," I replied. "You don't know it, but you're nothing but a bush-whacker, and anybody has a right to hang or shoot you out of hand. Do you see that great square tent?" Here I pointed to the general's marquee. "Go in there and report yourself and get enrolled." And the last I saw of him he was stumbling over the sticks in the right direction. This was my first experience of a real *guerillo*—a character with whom I was destined to make further experience in after days.

An earlier incident was to me extremely curious. There was in our battery a young gentleman named Stewart Patterson, noted for his agreeable, refined manners. He was the gunner of our cannon No. 2. We had brass Napoleons. At the distance of about one mile the rebels were shelling us. Patterson brought *his* gun to bear on theirs, and the two exchanged shots at the same instant. Out of the smoke surrounding Patterson's gun I saw a sword-blade fly perhaps thirty feet, and then himself borne by two or three men, blood flowing profusely. The four fingers of his right hand had been cut away clean by a piece of shell.

At the instant I saw the blade flash in its flight, I recalled seeing precisely the same thing long before in Heidelberg. There was a famous duellist who had fought sixty or seventy times and never received a scratch. One day he was acting as *second*, when

the blade of his principal becoming broken at the hilt by a violent blow, flew across the room, rebounded and cut the second's lip entirely open. It was remarkable that I should twice in my life have seen such a thing, in both instances accompanied by wounds. Long after I met Patterson in Philadelphia, I think, in 1883. He did not recognise me, and gave me his left hand. I said, "Not that hand Patterson, but the other. You've no reason to be ashamed of it. I saw the fingers shot off."

But on that night there occurred an event which, in the end, after years of suffering, caused the deepest sorrow of my life. As we were not firing, I and the rest of the men of the gun were lying on the ground to escape the shells, but my brother, who was nothing if not soldierly and punctilious, stood upright in his place just beside me. There came a shell which burst immediately, and very closely over our heads, and a piece of it struck my brother exactly on the brass buckle in his belt on the spine. The blow was so severe that the buckle was bent in two. It cut through his coat and shirt, and inflicted a slight wound two inches in length. But the blow on the spine had produced a concussion or disorganisation of the brain, which proved, after years of suffering, the cause of his death. At first he was quite senseless, but as he came to, and I asked him anxiously if he was hurt, he replied sternly, "Go back immediately to your place by the gun!" He was like grandfather Leland.

A day or two after, while we were on a forced

march to intercept a party of rebels, the effect of the wound on my brother's brain manifested itself in a terrible hallucination. He had become very gloomy and reserved. Taking me aside, he informed me that as he had a few days before entered a country-house, contrary to an order issued, to buy food, he was sure that Captain Landis meant as soon as possible to have him shot, but that he intended, the instant he saw any sign of this, at once to attack and kill the captain ! Knowing his absolute determined and inflexibly truthful character, and seeing a fearful expression in his eyes, I was much alarmed. Reflecting in the first place that he was half-starved, I got him a meal. I had brought from Philadelphia two pounds of dried beef, and this, carefully hoarded, had eked out many a piece of bread for a meal. I begged some bread, gave my brother some beef with it, and I think succeeded in getting him some coffee. Then I went to Lieutenant Perkins—a very good man—and begged leave to take my brother's guard and to let him sleep. He consented, and my brother gradually came to his mind, or at least to a better one. But he was never the same person afterwards, his brain having been permanently affected, and he died in consequence five years after.

I may note as characteristic of my brother, that twelve years after his death, Walt Whitman, who always gravely spoke the exact truth, told me that there was one year of his life during which he had received no encouragement as a poet, and so much ridicule that he was in utter despondency. At that

time he received from Henry, who was unknown to him, a cheering letter, full of admiration, which had a great effect on him, and inspired him to renewed effort. He sent my brother a copy of the first edition of his "Leaves of Grass," with his autograph, which I still possess. I knew nothing of this till Whitman told me of it. The poet declared to me very explicitly that he had been much influenced by my brother's letter, which was like a single star in a dark night of despair, and I have indeed no doubt that the world owes more to it than will ever be made known.

During the same week in which this occurred my wife's only brother, Rodney Fisher, a young man, and captain in the regular cavalry, met with a remarkably heroic death at Aldie, Virginia. He was leading what was described as "the most magnificent and dashing charge of the whole campaign," when he was struck by a bullet. He was carried to a house where he died within a week. He was of the stock of the Delaware Rodneys, and of the English Admiral's, or of the best blood of the Revolution, and well worthy of it. It was all in a great cause, but these deaths entered into the soul of the survivors, and we grieve for them to this day.

Our sufferings as soldiers during this Emergency were very great. I heard an officer who had been through the whole war, and through the worst of it in Virginia, declare that he had never suffered as he did with us this summer. And our unfortunate

artillery company endured far more than the rest, for while pains were taken by commanding officers of other regiments, especially the regulars, to obtain food, our captain, either because they had the advance on him, or because he considered starving us as a part of the military drama, took little pains to feed us, and indeed neglected his men very much. As we had no doctor, and many of our company suffered from cholera morbus, I, having some knowledge of medicine, succeeded in obtaining some red pepper, a bottle of Jamaica ginger, and whisky, and so relieved a great many patients. One morning our captain forbade my attending to the invalids any more. "Proper medical attendance," he said, "would be provided." It was not; only now and then on rare occasions was a surgeon borrowed for a day. What earthly difference it could make in discipline (where there was no show or trace of it) whether I looked after the invalids or not was not perceptible. But our commander, though brave, was unfortunately one of those men who are also gifted with a great deal of "pure cussedness," and think that the exhibiting it is a sign of bravery. Although we had no tents, only a miserably rotten old gun-cover, and not always that, to sleep under (I generally slept in the open air, frequently in the rain), and often no issue of food for days, we were strictly prohibited from foraging or entering the country-houses to buy food. This, which was a great absurdity, was about the only point of military discipline strictly enforced.

At one time during the war, when men were not allowed to sleep in the country-houses (to protect their owners), the soldiers would very often burn these houses down, in order that, when the family had fled, they might use the fireplace and chimney for cooking; and so our men, forbidden to enter the country-houses to buy or beg food, stole it.

I can recall one very remarkable incident. We had six guns, heavy old brass Napoleons. One afternoon we had to go uphill—in many cases it was *terribly* steep—by a road like those in Devonshire, resembling a ditch. It rained in torrents and the water was knee-deep. The poor mules had to be urged and aided in every way, and half the pulling and pushing was done by us. All of us worked like navvies. So we went onwards and upwards for sixteen miles! When we got to the top of the hill, out of one hundred privates, Henry, I, and four others alone remained. R. W. Gilder was one of these, besides Landis and Lieutenant Perkins—that is to say, we alone had not given out from fatigue, but the rest soon followed. This exploit was long after cited as one of the most extraordinary of the war—and so it was. We were greatly complimented on it. Old veterans marvelled at it. But what was worse, I had to lie all night on sharp flints—*i.e.*, the slag or *débris* of an iron smeltery or old forge out of doors—in a terrible rain, and though tired to death, got very little sleep; nor had we any food whatever then or the next day. Commissariat there was none, and very little at any time.

From all that I learned from many intimate friends who were in the war, I believe that we in the battery suffered to the utmost all that men can suffer in the field, short of wounds and death. Yet it is a strange thing, that had I not received at this time most harassing and distressing news from home, and been in constant fear as regards my brother, I should have enjoyed all this Emergency like a picnic. We often marched and camped in the valley of the Cumberland and in Maryland, in deep valleys, by roaring torrents or "on the mountains high," in scenery untrodden by any artist or tourist, of marvellous grandeur and beauty. One day we came upon a scene which may be best described by the fact that my brother and I both stopped, and both cried out at once, "Switzerland!" The beauty of Nature was to me a constant source of delight. Another was the realisation of the sense of duty and the pleasure of war for a noble cause. It was once declared by a reviewer that in my Breitmann poems the true *gaudium certaminis*, or enjoyment of battle, is more sincerely expressed than by any modern poet, because there is no deliberate or conscious effort to depict it seriously. And I believe that I deserved this opinion, because the order to march, the tramp and rattle and ring of cavalry and artillery, and the roar of cannon, always exhilarated me; and sometimes the old days of France would recur to me. One day, at some place where we were awaiting an attack and I was on guard, General Smith, pausing, asked me something of which all I could distinguish

was "Fire—before." Thinking he had said, "Were you ever under fire before?" and much surprised at this interest in my biography, I replied, "Yes, General—in Paris—at the barricades in Forty-eight." He looked utterly amazed, and inquired, "What the devil did you think I said?" I explained, when he laughed heartily, and told me that his question was, "Has there been any firing here before?"

Two very picturesque scenes occur to me. One was a night before the battle of Gettysburg. The country was mountain and valley, and the two opposing armies were camped pretty generally in sight of one another. There was, I suppose, nearly half a cord of wood burning for every twelve men, and these camp-fires studded the vast landscape like countless reflections of the stars above, or rather as if all were stars, high or low. It was one of the most wonderful sights conceivable, and I said at the time that it was as well worth seeing as Vesuvius in eruption.

Henry had studied for eighteen months in the British Art School in Rome, and passed weeks in sketching the Alhambra, and, till he received his wound, took great joy in the picturesque scenery and "points" of military life. But it is incredible how little we ate or got to eat, and how hard we worked. It is awful to be set to digging ditches in a soil nine-tenths *stone*, when starving.

As we were raw recruits, we were not put under fire at Gettysburg, but kept in Smith's reserve. But on the night after the defeat, when Lee retreated

in such mad and needless haste across the Potomac, we were camped perhaps the nearest of any troops to the improvised bridge, I think within a mile. That night I was on guard, and all night long I heard the sound of cavalry, the ring and rattle of arms, and all that indicates an army in headlong flight. I say that they went in needless haste. I may be quite in the wrong, but I have always believed that Meade acted on the prudent policy of making a bridge of gold for a retreating enemy; and I always believed, too, that at heart he did not at all desire to inflict extreme suffering on the foe. Had he been a General Birney, he would have smote them then and there hip and thigh, and so ended the war "for good and all," like a Cromwell, with such a slaughter as was never seen. I base all this on one fact. At two o'clock on the afternoon before that night, I went to a farmhouse to borrow an axe wherewith to cut some fuel; and I was told that the rebels had carried away every axe in great haste from every house, in order to make a bridge. Now, if I knew that at two o'clock, General Meade, if he had any scouts at all, *must* have known it. But—*qui vult decipi, decipiatur.*

That ended the Emergency. The next day, I think, we received the welcome news that we were no longer needed and would soon be sent home. On the way we encamped for a week at some place, I forget where. There was no drill now—we seldom had any—no special care of us, and no "policing" or keeping clean. Symptoms of typhoid fever soon appeared;

forty of our hundred were more or less ill. My brother and I knew very well that the only way to avert this was to exercise vigorously. On waking in the morning we all experienced languor and lassitude. Those who yielded to it fell ill. Henry was always so ready to work, that once our sergeant, Mr. Bullard, interposed and gave the duty to another, saying it was not fair. I always remembered it with gratitude. But this feverish languor passed away at once with a little chopping of wood, bringing water, or cooking.

One more reminiscence. Our lieutenant, Perkins, was a pious man, and on Sunday mornings held religious service, which we were obliged to attend. One day, when we had by good fortune rations of fresh meat, it was cooked for dinner and put by in two large kettles. During the service two hungry pigs came, and in our full sight overturned the kettles, and, after rooting over the food, escaped with large pieces. I did not care to dine, like St. Antonio, on pigs' leavings. My brother finding me, asked why I looked so glum. I replied that I was hungry. "Is that all?" he replied. "Come with me!" We went some distance until we came to a farmhouse in the forest. He entered, and, to my amazement, was greeted as an old friend. He had been there in the campaign of the previous year. I was at once supplied with a meal. My brother was asked to send them newspapers after his return. He never sought for mysteries and despised dramatic effects, but his life was full of them. Once, when in

Naples, he was accustomed to meet by chance every day, in some retired walk, a young lady. They spoke, and met and met again, till they became like friends. One day he saw her in a court procession, and learned for the first time that she was a younger daughter of the King. But he never met her again.

There were two or three boys of good family, none above sixteen, who had sworn themselves in as of age—recruiting officers were not particular—and who soon developed brilliant talents for "foraging," looting, guerilla warfare, horse-stealing, pot-hunting rebels, and all those little accomplishments which appear so naturally and pleasingly in youth when in the field. For bringing out the art of taking care of yourself, a camp in time of war is superior even to "sleeping about in the markets," as recommended by Mr. Weller. Other talents may be limited, but the amount of "devil" which can be developed out of a "smart" boy as a soldier is absolutely infinite. College is a Sunday-school to it. One of these youths had "obtained" a horse somewhere, which he contrived to carry along. Many of our infantry regiments gradually converted themselves into cavalry by this process of "obtaining" steeds; and as the officers found that their men could walk better on horses' legs, they permitted it. This promising youngster was one day seated on a caisson or ammunition waggon full of shells, &c., when it blew up. By a miracle he rose in the air, fell on the ground unhurt, and marching immediately up to the lieutenant and touching his hat, exclaimed,

"Please, sir, caisson No. 2 is blown to hell; please appoint me to another!" That oath was not recorded. Poor boy! he died in the war.

There was one man in our corps, a good-natured agreeable person, a professional politician, who astonished me by the fact that however starved we might be, he had always a flask of whisky wherewith to treat his friends! Where or how he always got it, I never could divine. But in America every politician always has whisky or small change wherewith to treat. *Always.* Money was generally of little use, for there was rarely anything to buy anywhere. I soon developed here and there an Indian-like instinct in many things, and this is indeed deep in my nature. I cannot explain it, but it is *there.* I became expert when we approached a house at divining, by the look of waggons or pails or hen-coops, whether there was meal or bread, or a mill anywhere near. One day I informed our lieutenant that a detachment of rebel cavalry had recently passed. He asked me how I knew it. I replied that rebel horses, being from mountainous Virginia, had higher cocks and narrower to their shoes, and one or two more nails than ours, which is perfectly true. And where did I learn that? Not from anybody. I had noticed the difference as soon as I saw the tracks, and guessed the cause. One day, in after years in England, I noted that in coursing, or with beagles, the track of a gypsy was exactly like mine, or that of all Americans—that is, Indian-like and *straight-forward.* I

never found a Saxon-Englishman who had this step, nor one who noticed such a thing, which I or an Indian would observe at once. Once in Rome, Mr. Story showed me a cast of a foot, and asked me what it was. I replied promptly, "Either an Indian girl's or an American young lady's, whose ancestors have been two hundred years in the country." It was the latter. Such feet *lift* or leap, as if raised every time to go over entangled grass or sticks. Like an Indian, I instinctively observe everybody's *ears*, which are unerring indices of character. I can sustain, and always could endure, incredible fasts, but for this I need coffee in the morning. "Mark Twain"—whom I saw yesterday at his villa, as I correct this proof—also has this peculiar Indian-like or American faculty of observing innumerable little things which no European would ever think of. There is, I think, a great deal of "hard old Injun" in him. The most beautiful of his works are the three which are invariably bound in silk or muslin. They are called "The Three Daughters, or the Misses Clemens."

It occurred to me, after I had recorded the events of our short but truly vigorous and eventful campaign, to write to R. W. Gilder and ask him—*quid memoriæ datum est*—"what memories he had of that great war, wherein we starved and swore, and all but died." There are men in whose letters we are as sure to find genial *life* as a *spaccio di vino* or wine-shop in a Florentine street, and this poet-editor is

one of them. And he replied with an epistle not at all intended for type, which I hereby print without his permission, and in defiance of all the custom or courtesy which inspires gentlemen of the press.

"*May 8th*, 1893.
"EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT,
THE CENTURY MAGAZINE,
UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.

"MY DEAR LELAND,—How your letter carries me back! Do you know that one night when I was trudging along in the dark over a road-bed where had been scattered some loose stones to form a foundation, I heard you and another comrade talking me over in the way to which you refer in your letter. Well, it was either you or the other comrade who said you had given me something to eat, and I know that I must have seemed very fragile, and at times woe-begone. I was possibly the youngest in the crowd. I was nineteen, and really enjoyed it immensely notwithstanding.

"I remember you in those days as a splendid expressor of our miseries. You had a magnificent vocabulary, wherewith you could eloquently and precisely describe our general condition of starvation, mud, ill-equippedness, and over-work. As I think of those days, I hear reverberating over the mountain-roads the call, 'Cannoneers to the wheels!' and in imagination I plunge knee-deep into the mire and grab the spokes of the caisson.[1]

"Do you remember the night we spent at the forge? I burnt my knees at the fire out-doors, while in my ears was pouring a deluge from the clouds. I finally gave it up, and spent the rest of the night crouching upon the fire-bed of the forge itself, most uncomfortably.

"You will remember that we helped dig the trenches at the

[1] In reference to "heaving out" by main force, cannon from some deep slough, perhaps of stiff clay, which holds like glue, or, what I think far more wearisome, urging them along for miles over the heaviest roads or broken ways, when the poor exhausted mules have almost given out. Though, as he says, he was only nineteen and seemed very fragile, the indomitable pluck and perseverance of Gilder in all such trials were such as to call special commendation from my brother Henry, who was not habitually wasteful of praise.

fort on the southern side of the river from Harrisburg,[1] and that one section of the battery got into a fight near that fort; nor can you have forgotten when Stewart Patterson's hand was shot off at Carlisle. As he passed me, I heard him say, 'My God, I'm shot!' That night, after we were told to retire out of range of the cannon, while we were lying under a tree near one of the guns, an officer called for volunteers to take the piece out of range. I stood up with three others, but seeing and hearing a shell approach, I cried out, 'Wait a moment!'—which checked them. Just then the shell exploded within a yard of the cannon. If we had not paused, some of us would surely have been hit. We then rushed out, seized the cannon, and brought it out of range.

"By the way, General William F. Smith (Baldy Smith) has since told me that he asked permission to throw the militia (including ourselves) across one of Lee's lines of retreat. If he had been permitted to do so, I suppose you and I would not have been in correspondence now.

"You remember undoubtedly the flag of truce that came up into the town before the bombardment began. The man was on horseback and had the conventional white flag. The story was that Baldy Smith sent word that 'if they wanted the town they could come and take it.'[2] I suppose you realise that we were really a part of Meade's right, and that we helped somewhat to delay the rebel left wing. Do you not remember hearing

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[1] "Well do I remember," also what accursed work it was, the ground consisting chiefly of broken stone, and how a number of Paddies, who were accustomed to such labour, assembled above and around us to enjoy the unusual sight of "jontlemen" digging like "canawlers," and how I, while at my spade, excited their hilarity and delight by casting at them scraps of "ould Eerish," or Irish. The fight of the section here alluded to was, I believe, rather of the nature of an improvised rencontre, albeit two or three rebels were killed in the artillery duel. Corporal Penington was, I believe, as usual, the inspiring Mephistopheles of the affair.

[2] This reply, which is much better in every respect than that of "The old guard dies but never yields," was made in the face of far more overwhelming numbers, and has few parallels for sheer audacity, all things considered, in the history of modern warfare. It passed into a very widely-spread popular *mot* in America. It is more than an *on dit*, for I was nearly within ear-shot when it was uttered, and it was promptly

from our position at Carlisle the guns of that great battle—the turning-point of the war?[1]

"I could run on in this way, but your own memory must be full of the subject. I wish that we could some time have a reunion of the old battery in Philadelphia. I have a most distinct and pleasant remembrance of your brother—a charming personality indeed, a handsome refined face and dignified bearing. I remember being so starved as to eat crackers that had fallen on the ground; and I devoured, too, wheat from the fields rubbed in the hands to free it from the ear. . . . . Sincerely

R. W. Gilder.

"*P.S.*—I could write more, but you will not need it from me."

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repeated to me. Yet, if my memory serves me right, there is something like this, "Come and take it!" recorded in the early Tuscan wars in Villari's introduction to the "Life of Machiavelli," translated by his accomplished wife. I have, as I write this note, just had the pleasure of meeting with the Minister and Madame Villari at a dinner at Senator Comparetti's in Florence, which is perhaps the reason why I recall the precedent. And I may also record as a noteworthy incident, that at this dinner Professor Milani, the great Etruscologist and head of the Archæological Museum, congratulated me very much on having been the first and only person who ever discovered an old Etruscan word still living in the traditions of the people, *i.e.*, *Intial*—the Spirit of the Haunting Shadow. This is a little discursive—*mais je prends mon bien où je le trouve*, and it is all autobiographic! "It is all turkey," as the wolf said when he ate the claws.—Since writing this I found the following in Bulwer's Last of the Barons:

"'Come and take them!' said the Nevile, unconscious that he uttered a reply famous in classic history."

The proposal of General Smith to resist with us alone the tremendous maddened rush of half of Lee's veterans has its re-echo in my ballad, where Breitmann attempts with his Bummers to stem the great army of the South. The result would have probably been the same—that is, we should have been "gobbled up." But he would have undoubtedly tried it without misgiving. I have elsewhere narrated my only interview with him.

[1] The thunder of the artillery at Gettysburg was indeed something to be long and well remembered. It was so awful that on the field wild rabbits, appalled by the sound, ran to the gunners and soldiers and tried to take refuge in their bosoms. Those who have only heard cannon fired singly, or a single discharge of cannon, can have no conception of what such sounds when long sustained are like.

Truly, I was that other comrade whom Gilder overheard commending him, and it was I who gave him something to eat, I being the one in camp who looked specially after two or three of the youngest to see that they did not starve, and who doctored the invalids.

I here note, with all due diffidence, that Mr. Gilder chiefly remembers me as "a splendid expressor of our miseries, with a magnificent vocabulary" wherewith to set forth fearful adversities. I have never been habitually loquacious in life; full many deem me deeply reticent and owl-like in my taciturnity, but I "can hoot when the moon shines," nor is there altogether lacking in me in great emergencies a certain rude kind of popular eloquence, which has—I avow it with humility—enabled me invariably to hold my own in verbal encounters with tinkers, gypsies, and the like, among whom "chaff" is developed to a degree of which few respectable people have any conception, and which attains to a refinement of sarcasm, *originality*, and humour in the London of the lower orders, for which there is no parallel in Paris, or in any other European capital; so that even among my earliest experiences I can remember, after an altercation with an omnibus-driver, he applied to me the popular remark that he was "blessed if he didn't believe that the gemman had been takin' lessons in language hof a cab-driver, *and set up o' nights to learn.*" But the ingenious American is not one whit behind the

vigorous Londoner in "de elegant fluency of sass," as darkies term it, and it moves my heart to think that, after thirty years, and after the marvellous experiences of men who are masters of our English tongue which the editor of the *Century* must have had, he still retains remembrance of my oratory!

At last we were marched and railroaded back to Philadelphia. I need not say that we were welcome, or that I enjoyed baths, clean clothes, and the blest sensation of feeling decent once more. Everything in life seemed to be *luxurious* as it had never been before. Luxuries are very conventional. A copy of Prætorius, for which I paid only fifteen shillings, was to me lately a luxury for weeks; so is a visit to a picture gallery. For years after, I had but to think of the Emergency to realise that I was actually in all the chief conditions of happiness.

Feeling that, although I was in superb health and strength, the seeds of typhoid were in me, I left town as soon as possible, and went with my wife, her sister, and two half-nieces, or nieces by marriage, and child-nephew, Edward Robins, to Cape May, a famous bathing-place by the ocean. One of the little girls here alluded to, a Lizzie Robins, then six years of age, is now well known as Elizabeth Robins Pennell, and "a writer of books," while Edward has risen in journalism in Philadelphia. There as I walked often eighteen or twenty miles a day by the sea, when the thermo-

meter was from 90° to 100° in the shade, I soon worked away all apprehension of typhoid and developed muscle. One day I overheard a man in the next bathing-house asking who I was. "I don't know," replied the other, "but if I were he, I'd go in for being a prize-fighter."

Everybody was poor in those days, so we went to a very cheap though respectable hotel, where we paid less than half of what we had always given at "The Island," and where we were in company quite as happy or comfortable as we ever had been anywhere, though the death of her brother weighed sadly on my poor wife, and her dear good mother, whom I always loved tenderly, and with whom I never had a shade of difference of opinion nor a whisper of even argument, and to whom I was always devoted. I seem to have been destined to differ from other mortals in a few things: one was that I always loved my mother-in-law with whole heart and soul, and never considered our *ménage* as perfect unless she were with us. She was of very good and rather near English descent, a Callender, and had been celebrated in her youth for extraordinary beauty. Her husband was related to the celebrated beauty Miss Vining, whom Maria Antoinette, from the fame of her loveliness, invited to come and join her court. At the beginning of this century, no great foreigner travelled in America without calling on Miss Vining in Delaware. There is a life of her in Griswold's "Republican Court." It

is without any illustrative portrait. I asked Dr. Griswold why he had none. He replied that none existed. I said to him severely, "Let *this* be a lesson to you never to publish anything without submitting it first to *me*. I have a photograph of her miniature." The Doctor submitted!

This summer at Cape May I made the acquaintance of a very remarkable man named Solomon. He was a Jew, and we became intimate. One evening he said to me, "You know so much about the Jews that I have even learned something from you about them. But I can teach you something. Can you tell the difference between the *Aschkenazim* and the *Sephardim* by their eyes? No! Well now, look!" Just then a Spanish-looking beauty from New Orleans passed by. "There is Miss Inez Aguado; observe that the corners of her eyes are long with a peculiar turn. Wait a minute; now, there is Miss Löwenthal—Levi of course—of Frankfort. Don't you see the difference?"

I did, and asked him to which of the classes he belonged. He replied—

"To neither. I am of the sect of the ancient Sadducees, who took no part in the Crucifixion."

Then I replied, "You are of the *Karaim*."

"No; that is still another sect or division, though very ancient indeed. We never held to the Halacha, and we laugh at the Mishna and Talmud and all that. We do not believe or disbelieve in a God—Yahveh, or the older Elohim. We hold that every man born knows enough to do what is right; and

that is religion enough. After death, if he has acted up to this, he will be all right should there be a future of immortality; and if he hasn't, he will be none the worse off for it. We are a very small sect. We call ourselves the *Neu Reformirte.* We have a place of worship in New York."

This was the first agnostic whom I had ever met. I thought of the woman in Jerusalem who ran about with the torch to burn up heaven and the water to extinguish hell-fire. Yes; the sect was very old. The Sadducees never denied anything; they only inquired as to truth. Seek or *Sikh!*

I confess that Mr. Solomon somewhat weakened the effect of his grand free-thought philosophy by telling me in full faith of a Rabbi in New York who was so learned in the Cabala that by virtue of the sacred names he could recover stolen goods. Whether, like Browning's sage, he also received them, I did not learn. But *c'est tout comme chez nous autres.* The same spirit which induces a man to break out of orthodox humdrumness, induces him to love the marvellous, the forbidden, the odd, the wild, the droll—even as I do. It is not a fair saying that "atheists are all superstitious, which proves that a man must *believe* in something." No; it is the spirit of nature, of inquiry, of a desire for the new and to penetrate the unknown; and under such influence a man may truly be an atheist as regards what he cannot prove or reconcile with universal love and mercy, and yet a full believer that magic and ghosts may possibly exist among the infinite

marvels and mysteries of nature. It is admitted that a man may believe in God without being superstitious; it is much truer that he may be "superstitious" (whatever that means) without believing that there is an anthropomorphic *bon Dieu*. However this may be, Mr. Solomon made me reflect often and deeply for many a long year, until I arrived to the age of Darwin.

I also made at Cape May the acquaintance of a very remarkable man, whom I was destined to often meet in other lands in after years. This was Carroll, not as yet General, Tevis. We first met thus. The ladies wanted seats out on the lawn, and there was not a chair to be had. He and I were seeking in the hotel-office; all the clerks were absent, and all the chairs removed; but there remained a solid iron sofa or settee, six feet long, weighing about 600 pounds. Tevis was strong, and a great fencer; there is a famous *botte* which he invented, bearing his name; perhaps Walter H. Pollock knows it. I gave the free-lance or *condottiero* a glance, and proposed to prig the iron sofa and lay waste the enemy. It was a deed after his Dugald Dalgetty heart, and we carried it off and seated the ladies.

In the autumn there was a vast Sanitary Fair for the benefit of the army hospitals held in Philadelphia. I edited for it a daily newspaper called *Our Daily Fare*, which often kept me at work for eighteen hours per diem, and in doing which I was subjected to much needless annoyance and mortification. At this Fair I saw Abraham Lincoln.

It was about this time that the remarkable oil fever, or mania for speculating in oil-lands, broke out in the United States. Many persons had grown rich during the war, and were ready to speculate. Its extent among all classes was incredible. Perhaps the only parallel to it in history was the Mississippi Bubble or the South Sea speculations, and these did not collectively employ so much capital or call out so much money as this petroleum mania. It had many strange social developments, which I was destined to see in minute detail.

My first experience was not very pleasant. A publisher in New York asked me to write him a humorous poem on the oil mania. It was to be large enough to make a small volume. I did so, and in my opinion wrote a good one. It cost me much time and trouble. When it was done, the publisher *refused to take it*, saying that it was not what he wanted. So I lost my labour or *oleum perdidi*.

I had two young friends named Colton, who had been in the war from the beginning to the end, and experienced its changes to the utmost. Neither was over twenty-one. William Colton, the elder, was a captain in the regular cavalry, and the younger, Baldwin, was his orderly. It was a man in the Captain's company, named Yost, who furnished the type of Hans Breitmann as a soldier. The brothers told me that one day in a march in Tennessee, not far from Murfreesboro', they had found petroleum in the road, and thought it indicated the presence of oil-springs. I mentioned this to Mr. Joseph Lea, a

merchant of Philadelphia. He was the father of Mrs. Anna Lea Merritt, who has since become a very distinguished artist, well known in England, being the first lady-painter from whom the British Government ever bought a picture. Mr. Lea thought it might be worth some expense to investigate this Tennessee oil. I volunteered to go, if my expenses were paid, and it was agreed to. It is difficult at the present day to give any reader a clear idea of the dangers and trouble which this undertaking involved, and I was fully aware beforehand what they would be. The place was on the border, in the most disorganised state of society conceivable, and, in fact, completely swarming with guerillas or brigands, *sans merci*, who simply killed and stripped everybody who fell into their hands. All over our border or frontier there are innumerable families who have kept up feuds to the death, or *vendettas*, in some cases for more than a century; and now, in the absence of all civil law, these were engaged in wreaking their old grudges without restraint, and assuredly not sparing any stranger who came between them.

I had a friend in C. A. Dana, the Assistant-Secretary of War, and another in Colonel Henry Olcott, since known as the theosophist. The latter had just come from the country which I proposed to visit. I asked him to aid me in getting military passes and introductions to officers in command. He promised to do so, saying that he would not go through what I had before me for all the oil

in America.[1] And, indeed, one could not take up a newspaper without finding full proof that Tennessee was at that time an *inferno* or No-man's land of disorder.

I went to it with my eyes wide open. After so many years of work, I was as poor as ever, and the seven years of harvest which I had prophesied had come, and I was not gathering a single golden grain. My father regarded me as a failure in life, or as a literary ne'er-do-weel, destined never to achieve fortune or gain an *état*, and he was quite right. My war experience had made me reckless of life, and speculation was firing every heart. I bought myself a pair of long, strong over-all boots and blanket, borrowed a revolver, arranged money affairs with Mr. Lea, who always acted with the greatest generosity, intelligence, and kindness, packed my carpet-bag and departed. It was mid-winter, and I was destined for a wintry region, or Venango County, where, until within the past few months, there had been many more bears and deer than human beings. For it was in Venango, Pennsylvania, that the oil-wells were situated, and Mr. Lea judged it advisable that I should first visit

[1] Apropos of Olcott, he did good and noble work in the war, in the field, and also out of it as a Government detective, and I am very far from being ashamed to say that I aided him more than once in the latter capacity. There was a lady in Philadelphia who availed herself of a distinguished position in society so as to go and come from Richmond and act as spy and carry letters between rebel agents. I knew this and told Olcott of it, who put a stop to her treason. I also learned that a rascally contractor had defrauded Government with adulterated chemicals. Olcott had him heavily fined.

them and learn something of the method of working, the geology of the region, and other practical matters.

My brother accompanied me to the station, and I left at about 8 P.M. After a long, long weary night and day, I arrived at an oil town whose name I now forget. By great good fortune I secured a room, and by still greater luck I got acquainted the next morning at breakfast with three or four genial and gentlemanly men, all "speculators" like myself, who had come to spy into the plumpness and oiliness of the land. We hired a sleigh and went forth on an excursion among the oil-wells. It was in some respects the most remarkable day I ever spent anywhere.

For here was oil, oil, oil everywhere, in fountains flowing at the rate of a dollar a second (it brought 70 cents a gallon), derricks or scaffoldings at every turn over wells, men making fortunes in an hour, and beggars riding on blooded horses. I myself saw a man in a blue carter's blouse, carrying a black snake-whip, and since breakfast, for selling a friend's farm, he had received $250,000 as commission (*i.e.*, £50,000). When we stopped to dine at a tavern, there stood behind us during all the meal many country-fellows, all trying to sell oil-lands; every one had a great bargain at from thirty or forty thousand dollars downwards. The lowest in the lot was a boy of seventeen or eighteen, a loutish-looking youth, who looked as if his vocation had been peddling apples and lozenges. He had only a small estate to dispose

of for $15,000 (£3000), but he was very small fry indeed. My companions met with many friends; all had within a few days or hours made or lost incredible sums by gambling in oil-lands, borrowing recklessly, and failing as recklessly. Companies were formed here on the spot as easily as men get up a game of cards, and of this within a few days I witnessed many instances. Two men would meet. "Got any land over?" (*i.e.*, not "stocked"). "Yes, first-rate; geologer's certificate; can you put it on the market?" "That's my business. I've floated forty oil stocks already, terms half profits." So it would be floated forthwith. Gambling by *millions* was in the air everywhere; low common men held sometimes *thirty companies* all their own in one pocket, to be presently sprung in New York or elsewhere. And in contrast to it was the utterly bleak wretchedness and poverty of every house, and the miserable shanties, and all around and afar the dismal dark pine forests covered with snow.

I heard that day of a man who got a living by spiritually intuiting oil. "Something told him," some Socratic demon or inner impulse, that there was "ile" here or there, deep under the earth. To pilot to this "ile" of beauty he was paid high fees. One of my new friends avowed his intention of at once employing this oil-seer as over-seer.

We came to some stupendous tanks and to a well, which, as one of my friends said enviously and longingly, was running three thousand dollars a day in clear greenbacks. Its history was remarkable.

For a very long time an engineer had been here, employed by a company in boring, but bore he never so wisely, he could get nothing. At last the company, tired of the expenditure and no returns, wrote to him ordering him to cease all further work on the next Saturday. But the engineer had become "possessed" with the idea that he *must* succeed, and so, unheeding orders, he bored away all alone the next day. About sunset some one going by heard a loud screaming and hurrahing. Hastening up, he found the engineer almost delirious with joy, dancing like a lunatic round a fountain of oil, which was "as thick as a flour-barrel, and rising to the height of a hundred feet." It was speedily plugged and made available. All of this occurred only a very few days before I saw it.

That night I stopped at a newly-erected tavern, and as no bed was to be had, made up my mind to sleep in my blanket on the muddy floor, surrounded by a crowd of noisy speculators, waggoners, and the like. I tell this tale vilely, for I omitted to say that I did the same thing the first night when I entered the oil-country, got a bed on the second, and that this was the third. But even here I made the acquaintance of a nice Scotchman, who found out another very nice man who had a house near by, and who, albeit not accustomed to receive guests, said he would give us two one bed, which he did. However, the covering was not abundant, and I, for all my blanket, was a-cold. In the morning I found a full supply of blankets hanging

over the foot-board, but we had retired without a light, and had not noticed them. Our breakfast being rather poor, our host, with an apology, brought in a great cold mince-pie three inches thick, which is just the thing which I love best of all earthly food. That he apologised for it indicated a very high degree of culture indeed in rural America, and, in fact, I found that he was a well-read and modest man.

It was, I think, at a place called Plummer that I made the acquaintance of two brothers named B——, who seemed to vibrate on the summit of fortune as two golden balls might on the top of the oil-fountain to which I referred. One spoke casually of having at that instant a charter for a bank in one pocket, and one for a railroad in the other. They bought and sold any and all kinds of oil-land in any quantity, without giving it a thought. While I was in their office, one man exhibited a very handsome revolver. "How much did it cost?" asked B. "Fifty dollars" (£10). "I wish," replied B., "that when you go to Philadelphia, you'd get me a dozen of them for presents." A man came to the window and called for him. "What do you want?" "Here are the two horses I spoke about yesterday." Hardly heeding him, and talking to others, B. went to the window, cast a casual glance at the steeds, and said, "What was it you said that you wanted for them?" "Three thousand dollars." "All right! go and put 'em in the stable, and come here and get the money."

From Plummer I had to go ten miles to Oil City. If I had only known it, one of my very new friends, who was very kind indeed to a stranger, would have driven me over in his sleigh. But I did not know it, and so paid a very rough countryman ten dollars (£2) to take me over on a *jumper*. This is the roughest form of a sledge, consisting of two saplings with the ends turned up, fastened by cross-pieces. The snow on the road was two feet deep and the thermometer at zero. But the driver had two good horses, and made good time. I found it very difficult indeed to hold on to the vehicle and also to keep my carpet-bag. Meanwhile my driver entertained me with an account of a great misfortune which had just befallen him. It was as follows :—

"Before this here oil-fever came along, I had a little farm that cost me $150, and off that, an' workin' at carpentrin', I got a *mighty* slim livin'. I used to keep all my main savin's to pay taxes, and often had to save up the cents to get a prospective drink of whisky. Well, last week I sold my farm for forty thousand dollars, and dern my skin ef the feller that bought it didn't go and sell it yesterday for a hundred and fifty thousand! Just like my derned bad luck!"

"See here, my friend," I said. "I have travelled pretty far in my time, but I never saw a country in which a man with forty thousand dollars was not considered rich."

"He may be rich anywher else with it," replied

the *nouveau riche* contemptuously, "but it wouldn't do more than buy him a glass of whisky here in Plummer."

Having learned what I could of oil-boring, I went to Cincinnati, and then to Nashville by rail. It may give the reader some idea of what kind of a country and life I was coming into when I tell him that the train which preceded mine had been stopped by the guerillas, who took from it fifty Federal soldiers and shot them dead, stripping the other passengers; and that the one which came after had a hundred and fifty bullets fired into it, but had not been stopped. We passed by Mammoth Cave, but at full speed, for it was held by the brigands. All of which things were duly chronicled in the Northern newspapers, and read by all at home.

I got to Nashville. It had very recently been taken by the Federal forces under General Thomas, who had put it under charge of General Whipple, who was, in fact, the ruling or administrative man of the South-West just then. I went to the hotel. Everything was dismal and dirty—nothing but soldiers and officers, with all the marks of the field and of warfare visible on them—citizens invisible—everything proclaiming a city camp in time of war—sixty thousand men in a city of twenty thousand, more or less. I got a room. It was so cold that night that the ice froze two inches thick in my pitcher in my room.

I expected to find the brothers Colton in Nash-

ville. I went to the proper military authority, and was informed that their regiment was down at the front in Alabama, as was also the officer who had the authority to give them leave of absence. I was also informed that my only chance was to go to Alabama, or, in fact, into the field itself as a civilian! This was a dreary prospect. However, I made up my mind to it, and was walking along the street in a very sombre state of mind, for I was going to a country like that described in "Sir Grey Stele"—

"Whiche is called the Land of Doubte."

And doubtful indeed, and very dismal and cold and old, did everything seem on that winter afternoon as I, utterly alone, went my way. What I wanted most of all things on earth was a companion. With my brother I would have gone down to the front and to face all chances as if it were to a pic-nic.

When ill-fortune intends to make a spring, she draws back. But good fortune, God bless her! does just the same. Therefore *si fortuna tonat, caveto mergi*—if fortune frowns, do not for that despond. Just as I was passing a very respectable-looking mansion, I saw a sign over its office-door bearing the words: "Captain Joseph R. Paxton, Mustering-in and Disbursing Officer."

Joseph R. Paxton was a very intimate friend of mine in Philadelphia. He was still a young man, and one of the most remarkable whom I have

ever known. He was a great scholar. He was more familiar with all the *rariora, curiosa,* and singular marvels of literature than anybody I ever knew except Octave Delepierre, with whose works he first made me acquainted. He had translated Ike Marvel's "Reveries of a Bachelor" into French, and it had been accepted by a Paris publisher. He had been a lawyer, an agent for a railroad, and had long edited in Philadelphia a curious journal entitled *Bizarre,* and written a work on gems. His whole soul, however, was in the French literature of the eighteenth century, and he always had a library which would make a collector's mouth water. Had he lived in London or Paris, he would have made a great reputation. And he was kind-hearted, genial, and generous to a fault. He had always some unfortunate friend living on him, some Bohemian of literature under a cloud.

I entered the office and found him, and great was his amazement! "*Que diable, mon ami, fais-tu ici dans cette galère?*" was his greeting. I explained the circumstances in detail. He at once exclaimed, "Come and live here with me. General Whipple is my brother-in-law, and he will be here in a few days and live with us. He'll make it all right." "Here, Jim!" he cried to a great six-foot man of colour—"Run round to the hotel and bring this gentleman's luggage!"

There I remained for a very eventful month. Paxton had entered with the conquerors, and had

just seized on the house. I may indeed say that *we* seized on it, as regards any right — I being accepted as hail-fellow-well-met, and as a bird of the same feather. In it was a piano and a very good old-fashioned library. It was like Paxton to loot a library. He had had his pick of the best houses, and took this one, "niggers included," for the servants, by some odd freak, preferred freedom with Paxton to slavery with their late owner. This gentleman was a Methodist clergyman, and Paxton found among his papers proofs that he had been concerned in a plot to burn Cincinnati by means of a gang of secret incendiaries.

Whenever the blacks realised the fact that a Northern man was a *gentleman* — they all have marvellous instincts for this, and a respect for one beyond belief—they took to him with a love like that of bees for a barrel of syrup. I have experienced this so often, and in many cases so touchingly, that I cannot refrain from recording it. Among others who thus took to me was the giant Jim, who was unto Paxton and me as the captive of our bow and spear, albeit an emancipated contraband. When the Southerners defied General Butler to touch their slaves, because they were their "property" by law, the General replied by "confiscating" the property by what Germans call *Faustrecht* (or fist-right) as "contraband of war."

This Jim, the general waiter and butler, was a character, shrewd, clever, and full of dry humour.

When I was alone in the drawing-room of an evening, he would pile up a great wood-fire, and as I sat in an arm-chair, would sit or recline on the floor by the blaze, and tell me stories of his slave life such as this:—

"My ole missus she always say to me, 'Jim, don' you ever have anything to do with dem Yankees. Dey're all pore miserable wile wretches. Dey lib in poverty an' nastiness and don' know nothin'.' I says to her, 'It's mighty quare, missus. I can't understan' it. Whar do all dem books come from? Master gits em from de Norf. Who makes all our boots an' clothes and sends us tea an' everythin'? Dey can't all be so pore and ignoran' ef dey writes our books an' makes everythin' we git.' 'Jim,' she says, 'you're a fool, an' don' understan' nothin'.' 'Wery good, missus,' says I, but I thinked it over. All we do is to raise cotton, and they make it into cloff, which we hav'n't de sense to do."

I believe that I give this word for word. And Jim, as I found, was a leading mind among the blacks.

I had a letter of introduction from Mr. Lea to Horace Harrison, who was the State Attorney for Tennessee. At this time his power was very great, for he had in his hands the disposition of all the estates of all the rebels in Tennessee. He was the type of a South-Western gentleman. He reminded me very much of my old Princeton friends, and when I was in his office smoking a pipe, I

felt as if I were in college again. I liked him very much. One morning I called, and after some deliberation he said, "You are a lawyer, are you not?" I replied that I had studied law under Judge Cadwallader.

"Then I should like to consult with you as a lawyer. I have a very difficult case to deal with. There is a law declaring that all property belonging to rebels shall be seized and held for one year. Now, here is a man whose estate I have held for six months, who has come in and declared his allegiance, and asks for his lands. And I believe that before long, unless he comes in now, they will be almost ruined. What shall I do?"

"It appears to me," I replied, "that if the disposal of these lands is in your hands, you must be supposed to exert some will and discretion. *Stat pro ratione voluntas* is a good axiom here. We are not at all *in statu quo ante bellum*—in fact, the war is not at an end, nor decided. Your duty is to act for the good of the country, and not simply to *skin* the enemy like a bushwhacker, but to pacify the people. *Victor volentes per populos dat jura*—laws should always be mildly interpreted. In your case, considering the very critical condition of the country, I should in equity give the man his property, and take his oath of allegiance. Severe measures are not advisable—*quod est violentum, non est durabile.*"

This is, I believe, pretty accurately what I said. That evening, as I was sitting with General Whipple,

he amazed me by addressing me exactly as Mr. Harrison had done in the morning.

"I say, Leland, you're a lawyer, and I want your advice. There are six warehouses here, and I want them badly for military stores. But Horace Harrison says that I can't have them, because he holds them for the United States. What am I to do?"

"General Whipple," I replied, "is this town under military occupation in time of war, or is it not?"

"Most decidedly it is."

"So I should think from the way your patrols bother me. And if such is the case, all things must yield to military wants. Where we have no legal principles or courts to decide, we must fall back on legal axioms. And here the law is clear and explicit, for it says, *Inter arma leges silent*—the laws are suspended in warfare."

"A magnificent saying!" exclaimed the General admiringly. "Ah! you ought to be in the Supreme Court." And seizing a pen he wrote to the State Attorney:—

"Sir,—This town being but recently captured from the enemies of the United States, is, of course, under military occupation, which renders absolutely necessary for military purpose many temporary seizures and uses, such as that of the six warehouses referred to in our late correspondence. As regards legal precedent and principle, I need not remind one of your learning that—(I say, Leland,

how do you spell that Latin?—*I-n-t-e-r*—yes, I've got it)—*Inter arma silent leges.*"

I am afraid that Horace Harrison, when he got that letter, suspected that I had been acting as counsel for both sides. However, as I took no fee, my conscience was at rest. I think that I was of great use to General Whipple at that time, and, as he said one day, an unofficial secretary. Great and serious matters passed through our hands (for the General and Harrison were taking the lead in virtually reforming the whole frontier or debatable land), and these grand affairs were often hurried through "like hot cakes." My slender legal attainments were several times in requisition on occasions when the head of the Supreme Court would have been a more appropriate referee. I discovered, however, that there was really a department of law in which I might have done good work. Questions of very serious importance were often discussed and disposed of among us three with very great economy of time and trouble. And here I may say—"excuse the idle word"—that I wonder that I never in all my life fell into even the most trifling diplomatic or civil position, when, in the opinion of certain eminent friends, I possess several qualifications for such a calling—that is, quickness in mastering the legal bearings of a question, a knowledge of languages and countries, readiness in drawing up papers and an insatiable love of labour, which latter I have not found to be *always* possessed by the accomplished gentlemen whom our country employs abroad.

I may here narrate a curious incident which touched and gratified me. When all the slaves in Nashville were set free by the entrance of our troops, the poor souls, to manifest their joy, seized a church (nobody opposing), and for three weeks held heavy worship for twenty-four hours per diem. *But not a white soul was allowed to enter*—the real and deeply-concealed reason being that Voodoo rites (which gained great headway during the war) formed a part of their devotion. However, I was informed that an exception would be made in my case, and that I was free to enter. And why? Had Jim surmised, by that marvellous intuition of character which blacks possess, that I had in me "the mystery?" Now, to-day I hold and possess the black stone of the Voodoo, the possession of which of itself makes me a grand-master and initiate or adept, and such an invitation would seem as natural as one to a five-o'clock tea elsewhere; but I was not known to any one in Nashville as a "cunjerer," and the incident strikes me as very curious.

Apropos of marvels, many of the blacks can produce in their throats by some strange process sounds, and even airs, resembling those of the harmonicon, or musical box, one or the other or both. One evening in Nashville, in a lonely place, I heard exquisite music, which I thought must be that of a superior hand-organ from afar. But to my amazement I could discover none; there were only two black boys in the street. Alexis Paxton, the son of my host, explained to me that what I heard was

unquestionably music made by those ebony flutes of boys, and that there were some wonderful performers in the city. I have listened to the same music at a public exhibition. I greatly wonder that I have never heard of this kind of music in Europe or the East. It is distinctly *instrumental*, not vocal in its tones. It has the obvious recommendation of economy, since by means of it a young lady could be performer and pianoforte all in one, which was indeed the beginning of the invention in Syrinx, who was made into a pan-pipe, which as a piano became the great musical curse (according to Heine) of modern times, and by which, as I conjecture, the fair Miss Reed or Syrinx revenges herself on male humanity. By the way, the best singer of "*Che faro senza Euridice*" whom I ever heard was a Miss Reed, a sister of Mrs. Paran Stevens.

I had a very pleasant time with Paxton, and I know right well that I was no burden on him, but a welcome friend. *Au reste*, there was plenty of room in the house and abundant army stores to be had for asking, and one or two rare acquaintances. One of these was a Southern officer, now a General, who had come over to our side and fought, as the saying was, with a rope round his neck. He was terribly hated by the rebels, which hate he returned with red-hot double compound interest—for a renegade is worse than ten Turks. He was the very type of a grim, calm, old Border moss-trooper. He lived in his boots, and never had an ounce of luggage. One evening General Whipple

(always humane and cultivated, though as firm as an iron bar) said to him before me, "I really don't know what to do with many of my rebel prisoners. They dress themselves in Federal uniforms for want of other clothes; they take them from the dead on the battlefield, and try to pass themselves off for Federals. It is very troublesome."

"No trouble to me," replied the other.

"And how do you do with them?"

"Shoot them as *spies*. Why, only last week I got four dozen of them, and in less than four minutes I had them all laid out stiff in the road."

The reader need not imagine that the General here romanced or exaggerated. At that very moment the massacres and murders which were going on within three miles of us were beyond belief. The bands of *guerillas* or bushwhackers which swept the country murdered in cold blood all who fell into their hands, and the Confederate soldiers often did the same. There resulted, of course, a deadly hatred on both sides, and the most unscrupulous retaliation.

I could fill a book with the very interesting observations which I made in Nashville. And here I call attention to a very strange coincidence which this recalls. During the previous year I had often expressed a great desire to be in some State during its transition from Confederacy to Unionism, that I might witness the remarkable social and political paradoxes and events which would result, and I had often specified Tennessee as the one above all others which I should prefer to visit for this purpose. And

I had about as much idea that I should go to the moon as there. But prayers are strangely granted at strange hours—*plus impetravi quam fuissem ausus*—and I was placed in the very centre of the wheel. This very remarkable fulfilment of a wish, and many like it, though due to mere chance, naturally made an impression on me, for no matter how strong our eyesight may be, or our sense of truth, we are all dazed when coming out of darkness into light, and all the world is in that condition now. No matter how completely we exchange the gloom of supernaturalism for the sunlight of science, phantoms still seem to flit before our eyes, and what is more bewildering still, we do not as yet know but what these phantoms may be physical facts. Perhaps the Voodoo stone *may* have the power to awaken the faith which may move the vital or nervous force, which may act on hidden subtler forms of electricity and matter, atoms and molecules. Ah! we have a great deal to learn!

Through General Whipple's kind aid the brothers Colton were at once brought up from the front. With them and Captain Paxton we went to Murfreesboro', and at once called on the General in command, whose name I have forgotten. He struck me as a grim, brave, old commander, every inch a soldier. While we conversed with him a sergeant entered, a man who looked as if he lived in the saddle, and briefly reported that a gang of guerillas were assembled at a certain place some miles away—I forget how far, but the distance was traversed in

an incredibly short time. The General issued orders for a hundred cavalry to go at once and "get" them. They "got" them, killing many, and the next morning, on looking from my window, I saw the victors ride into the courtyard, many of them with their captives tied neck and heels, like bags of corn, over the cruppers of the horses. A nice night's ride they must have had! But the choice was between death and being cruppered, and they preferred the latter to coming a cropper. Strange that the less a man has to live for the more he clings to life.

The General thought that if he gave us a corporal and four men, and if we were well armed, that we *might* go out on the Bole Jack road and return unharmed, "unless we met with any of the great gangs of bushwhackers." But he evidently thought, as did General Whipple, who did not heed a trifle by any means, that we were going into the lion's jaws. So the next morning, *equo iter ingredi*, I rode forth. I had some time before been appointed aide-de-camp to Governor Pollock of Pennsylvania, with the rank of colonel, and had now two captains and a corporal with his guard. It was a rather small regiment.

We heard grim stories that morning as to what had taken place all around us within almost a few hours. Three Federal pickets had been treacherously shot while on guard the night before; the troops had surprised a gang of bushwhackers holding a ball, and firing through the windows, dropped ten of them dead while dancing; two men had been murdered by —— —— and his gang. This was

a noted guerilla, who was said to have gone south with the Confederate army, but who was more generally believed to have remained in hiding, and to have committed most of the worst outrages and murders of late.

At the first house where we stopped in the woods there lay a wounded man, one of the victims of the dance the night before. The inmates were silent, but not rude to us. I offered a man whisky, but he replied, "I don't use it." We rode on. Once there was an alarm of "bushwhackers." I should have forgotten it but for the memory of the look of Baldwin Colton's eyes, the delighted earnestness of a man or of a wild creature going to fight. He and his brother had hunted and fought guerillas a hundred times, perhaps much oftener, for it was a regular daily service at the front. Once during a retreat, Baldwin (eighteen or nineteen years of age) fell out of rank so often to engage in hand-to-hand sword conflicts with rebel cavalry-men, that his brother detached four to take him prisoner and keep him safe. Daring spirits among our soldiers often became very fond of this kind of duelling, in which the rebs were not a whit behind them, and two of the infantry on either side would, under cover of the bushes, aim and pop away at one another perhaps for hours, like two Red Indians.

I have forgotten whether it was with extra whisky, coffee, or money that we specially gratified our corporal and guard; but Baldwin, who was "one of 'em," informed me that they enjoyed this little

outing immensely, just like a pic-nic, and had a good time. From which it may be inferred that men's ideas of enjoyment are extremely relative. It could not have been in the dodging of guerillas—to that they were accustomed; perhaps it was the little extra ration, or the mystery of the excursion, for they were much puzzled to know what I wanted, why I examined the road and rocks, and all so strangely, and went into the very worst place in all the land to do so. Baldwin Colton himself had been so knocked about during the war, and so starved as a prisoner in Southern hands, that he looked back on a sojourn in that *ergastulum*, Libby Prison, as rather an oasis in his sad experiences. "It wasn't so bad a place as some, and there was good company, and always *something to eat.*" The optimist of Candide was a Mallock in mourning compared to this.

That night we came to somebody's plantation. I forget his name, but he was a Union man, probably a *very* recent acquisition, but genial. He had read the *Knickerbocker*, and knew my name well, and took good care of us. In the morning I offered him ten dollars for our night's lodging, which was in the opinion of my two captains stupendously liberal, as soldiers never paid. Our host declined it like a Southern planter, on the ground that he never sold his hospitality. So I put the money into the han of one of his pretty children as a present. But as we rode forth we were called back, and reminded that we had forgotten to pay for the *soldiers!* I

gave another five-dollar greenback and rode away disgusted. And at the gate a negro girl begged us to give her a "dalla" (dollar) to buy a fish-line. It all came from my foolish offer to pay. Gratitude is a sense of further benefits to be bestowed.

The place where the oil had been seen was near a conical rocky hill called Grindstone Knob. We examined carefully and found no trace of it. The geology of the country was unfavourable, much flint and conglomerate, if I remember, and wanting in the signs of coal, shales, &c., and "faults" or ravines. I may be quite wrong, but such was my opinion. No one who lived thereabout had ever heard of "ile." Once I asked a rustic if any kind of oil was found in the neighbourhood in springs. His reply was, "What! *ile* come up outer the ground like water! H——! I never heard of sitch a thing." *There was no oil.*

At the foot of Grindstone Knob was a rather neat small house, white, with green blinds. We were somewhat astonished to learn from a negro boy, who spoke the most astonishingly bad English, that this was the home of Mas' —— ——. Yes, this was the den of the wolf himself, and I had no doubt that he was not far off. There was a small cotton plantation round about.

We entered, and were received by a good-looking, not unlady-like, but rather fierce-eyed young woman and her younger sister. It was Mrs. ——. The two had been to a lady's seminary in Nashville, and played the piano for us. I felt that we were in a

strange situation, and now and then walked to the window and looked out, listening all the time suspiciously to every sound. It was easy enough for Mrs. —— —the brigand's wife—to perceive from my untanned complexion, that I had not been in the field, and was manifestly no soldier. "*You* look like an officer," she said to Captain Colton, "and so does *that* one, but what is *he?*" meaning me by this last. We had dinner—roast kid—and when we departed, I gave the dame five dollars, having the feeling that I could not be indebted to thieves for a dinner.

We had gone but a little distance when we saw two bushwhackers with guns, and gave chase, but they disappeared in the bushes, much to the grief of our men, who would have liked either to shoot them or to bring them in. Then the corporal told us that while we were at dinner ——'s "faithful blacks" had informed his men that "Mas' —— had been at home ever since Crismas;" that at eleven o'clock every night they assembled at the house and thence went out marauding and murdering.

I paused, astonished and angry. It was almost certain that the bushwhacker had been during dinner probably in the cellar under our feet. The guerillas had great fear of our regular soldiers; two of the latter were a match at any time for half-a-dozen of the former, as was proved continually. Should I go back and hang —— up over his own door? I was dying to do it, but we had before us a very long ride through the Cedar Barrens, the sun

was sinking in the west, and we had heard news which made it extremely likely that a large band of guerillas would be in the way.

That resolve to go actually saved our lives, for I heard the next day that a hundred and fifty of these free murderers had gone on our road just after us. This fact was at once transferred to the Northern newspapers, that "on —— a hundred and fifty bushwhackers passed over the Bole Jack road." Which was read by my wife and father, who knew that on that very day I was on that road, to their great apprehension.

I never shall forget the dismal appearance of the Cedar Barrens. The soil was nowhere more than two inches deep, and the trees which covered it by millions had all died as soon as they attained a height of fifteen or twenty feet. Swarms of ill-omened turkey-buzzards were the only living creatures visible "like foul *lemurés* flitting in the gloom."

Riding over the battlefield the Coltons and Paxton pointed out many things; for they had all been in it severely. At one place, Major Rosengarten, a brother of my old Paris fellow-student, had had a sabre-fight with a rebel, and they told me how Rosengarten's sword, being one of the kind which was issued by contract in the earlier days of the war, bent and broke like a piece of tin. Hearing a ringing sound, Baldwin jumped from his horse, picked up a steel ramrod, and gave it to me for a cane.

As we approached Murfreesboro', I met a genial

daring soldier, one Major Hill, whom I had seen before. He had with him a hundred and fifty cavalry. "Where are you going so late by night," I said.

He replied, "I am after that infernal scoundrel —— ——. My scouts have found out pretty closely his range. I am going to divide my men into tens and scatter them over the country and then close in."

"Major," I replied, "I will tell you just where to lay your hand at once, heavy on him. Do you know Grindstone Knob and a white house with green windows at its foot?"

"I do."

"Well, be there at exactly eleven to-night, and you'll get him. I have been there and learned it from the niggers."

"Well, I declare that you are a good scout, Mr. Leland," cried the Major in amazement. "What can I do to thank you?"

"Well, Major Hill," I said, "I have one thing to request. That is, if you get ——, don't parole him. *Shoot him at once;* he is a red-handed murderer."

"I *will* shoot him," said the Major, and rode forth into the night with his men. But whether he ever got —— ——, I never knew, though according to the calculations of the Coltons, who were extremely experienced in such matters, "Massa ——" had not more than one chance in a thousand to escape, and Hill was notoriously a good guerilla-hunter, and a man of his word.

I believe that at the plantation our men had camped out. At Murfreesboro' we returned them to the General, and I took the Coltons to a hotel, which was so very rough that I apologised for it, while Baldwin said it seemed to him to be luxurious beyond belief, and that it was the first night for eighteen months in which he had slept in a bed. In the morning I wanted a spur, having lost one of mine, and there was brought to me a large boxful of all kinds of spurs to choose from, which had been left in the house at one time or another during the war.

I did not remain long in Nashville after returning thither. I had instructions to go to Louisville, Kentucky, and there consult with a certain merchant as to certain lands. General Whipple accompanied me to the "depôt," which was for the time and place as much of an honour as if Her Majesty were to come to see me off at Victoria Station. There was many and many a magnate in those days and there, who would have given thousands to have had his ear as Paxton and I had it.

One night we were in the side private box at the theatre in Nashville. Couldock, whom I had known well many years before, was on the stage. The General was keeping himself deeply in the shade to remain unseen. He remarked to Paxton that he wanted a house for his family, who would soon arrive, and could not find one, for they were all occupied. This one remark shows the man. I wonder how long General Butler would have hesitated to move anybody.

Captain Paxton knew everything and everybody. With a quick glance from his keen dark eyes he exclaimed—

"I've got it! Do you see that fat man laughing so heartily in the pit? He has a splendid house; it would just suit you; and he's a d——d old rebel. I know enough about him to hang him three times over. He has" (here followed a series of political iniquities). "*Voila votre affaire.*"

"And how is it that he has kept his house?" asked the General.

"He sent the quartermaster a barrel of whisky, or something of that sort."

The General looked thoughtfully at the fat man as the latter burst into a fresh peal of laughter. I thought that if he had known what was being said in our box, that laugh would have died away.

I do not know whether the General took the house. I think he did. I left for Louisville. There I saw the great merchant, who invited me to his home to supper and consulted with me. His daughters were rebels and would not speak to me. He had a great deal of property in Indiana, which *might* be oil-lands. If I would visit it and report on it, he would send his partner with me to examine it. I consented to go.

This partner, Mr. W., was a young man of agreeable easy manners. With him I went to Indianapolis, and thence by "stages," waggons, or on horseback through a very dismal country in gloomy winter into the interior of the State. I can

remember vast marshy fields with millions of fiddler crabs scuttling over them, and more mud than I had ever seen in my life. The village streets were six inches deep in soft mud up to the doors and floors of the houses. At last we reached our journey's end at a large log-house on a good farm.

I liked the good man of the house. He said to us after a time that at first he thought we were a couple of stuck-up city fellows, but had found to his joy that we were old-fashioned, sensible people. There was no sugar at his supper-table, but he had three substitutes for it—"tree-sweetnin', bee-sweetnin', and sorghum"—that is, maple sugar, honey, and the molasses made from Chinese maize. Only at a mile's distance there was a "sugar-camp," and we could see the fires and hear the shouts of the people engaged night and day in making sugar from the trees.

He told me that on the hills in sight a mysterious light often wandered. During the Revolutionary war some one had buried a barrelful of silver plate and money, and over it flitted the quivering silver flame, but no one could ever find the spot.

The next day I examined the land. There was abundance of fossiliferous limestone, rich in petrifactions of tertiary shells, also cartloads of beautiful *geodes* or round flint balls, which often rattled, and which, when broken, were encrusted with white or purple amethystine crystals. I decided that there were places where oil might be found, though there was certainly no indication of it. I believe that

my conjecture subsequently proved to be true, and that Indiana has shown herself to be a wise virgin not without oil.

On the afternoon of the next day, riding with my guide, I found that I had left my blanket at a house miles behind. I offered the man a large price to return and bring it, which he did. While waiting by the wood, in a dismal drizzle, I saw a log-cabin and went to it for shelter. Its only inmate was a young woman, who seeing me coming, hastily locked the door, and rushed into the neighbouring woods. When the guide returned I expressed some astonishment at the flight—*he* did not. With a very grave expression he asked me, "Don't the gals in *your* part of the country allays break for the woods when they see *you* a coming?" "Certainly not," I replied. To which he made answer, "Thank God, our gals here hev got better morrils than yourn."

We returned to St. Louis. There I was shown the immensely long tomb of Porter the Kentucky giant. This man was nine feet in height! I had seen him alive long before in Philadelphia. I made several interesting acquaintances in St. Louis, the Athens of the West. But I must hurry on.

I went to Cincinnati, where I found orders to wait for Mr. Lea. A syndicate had been formed in Providence, Rhode Island, which had purchased a great property in Cannelton, West Virginia. This consisted of a mountain in which there was an immense deposit of cannel-coal. Cannelton was very near the town of Charleston, which is at the junction

of the Kenawha (a tributary of the Ohio) and Elk rivers.

I waited a week at the hotel in Cincinnati for Mr. Lea. It was a weary week, for I had no acquaintances and made none. Never in my life before did I see so many Sardines, or Philistines of the dullest stamp as at that hotel. But at last Mr. Lea came with a party of ladies and gentlemen. A small steamboat was secured, and we went up the Ohio. The voyage was agreeable and not without some incidents. There was a freshet in the river, and one night, taking a short cut over a cornfield, the steamboat stuck fast—like Eve—in an apple-tree.

One day one of the party asked me what was the greatest aggregate deposit of coal known in England. I could not answer. A few hours after we stopped at a town in Kentucky. There I discovered by chance some old Patent Office reports, and among them all the statistics describing the coal-mines in England. When we returned to the boat, I told my informant that the largest deposit in England was just half that of Cannelton, and added many details. Mr. Lea was amazed at my knowledge. I told him that I deserved no credit, for I had picked it up by chance. "Yes," he replied, "and how was it that you *chanced* to read that book? None of us did. Such chances come to inquiring minds."

It also chanced that this whole country abounded in signs of petroleum. It was found floating on

springs. The company possessed rights of royalty on thousands of acres on Elk River, which was as yet in the debatable land, harassed by rebels. These claims, however, were "run out," and needed to be renewed by signatures from the residents. They were in the hands of David Goshorn, who kept the only "tavern" or hotel in Charleston, and he asked $5000 for his rights. There was another party in the field after them.

I verily believe that David Goshorn sold the right to me because he played the fiddle and I the guitar, and because he did not like the rival, who was a Yankee, while I was a congenial companion. Many a journey had we together, and as I appreciated him as a marked character of odd oppositions, we got on admirably.

In Cannelton I went down into a coal-mine, and risked my life strangely in ascending a railway. The hill is 1500 feet in height, and on its face is a railway, which ascends at an angle of 15°, perhaps the steepest in America. I ascended in it, and soon observed that of the two strands of the iron cable which drew it, one was broken. The very next week the other broke, and two men were killed by an awful death, they and the car falling a thousand feet to the rocks below.

The next week we returned to Cincinnati, and thence to Philadelphia. On my way from New York to Providence, I became acquainted in the train with a modest, gentlemanly man, who told me he was a great-grandson or descendant of Thomson who

wrote the "Seasons." I thought him both great and grand in an incident which soon occurred. A burly, bull-necked fellow in the car was attacked with an epileptic fit. He roared, kicked, screamed like a wild-cat; and among fifty men in the vehicle, I venture to say that only Thomson and I — in a lesser degree—showed any plain common-sense. I darted at the epileptic, grappled with him, held him down by what might be called brutal kindness, for I held his head down while I sat on his arm and throttled him *sans merci*—I avow it—and tore off in haste his neckcloth (his neck was frightfully swelled), while Thomson brought cold water from the "cooler," with which we bathed his face freely, and chafed his pulse and forehead. Little by little he recovered. The other passengers, as usual, did nothing, and a little old naval officer, who had been fifty years in service (as Thomson told me), simply kicked and screamed convulsively, "Take him away —take him away!" The epileptic was George Christy, the original founder of the Christy Minstrels. I can never think of this scene without exclaiming, "*Vive* Thomson!" for he was the only man among us who displayed quiet self-possession and *savoir faire*. As for me, my "old Injun" was up, and I had "sailed in" for a fight by mere impulse. *Vive* Thomson! *Bon sang ne peut mentir.*

I went to Providence, where I was empowered to return to Cannelton to pay Goshorn $5000, and renew the leases on Elk River. I should have to travel post to anticipate the Yankee. It was not

concealed from me that even if I succeeded, I had before me a very dangerous and difficult task. But after what I had already gone through with, I was ready for anything. I was really developing rapidly a wild, reckless spirit—the "Injun" was coming out of me. My old life and self had vanished like dreams. Only now and then, in the forests or by torrents, did something like poetry revisit me; but *literature* was dead in me. Only once did I, in a railway train, compose the "Maiden mit nodings on." I bore it in my memory for years before I wrote it out.

I arrived in Philadelphia. The next morning I was to rise early and fly westward. No time to lose. Before I rose, my sister knocked at the door and told us the awful news that President Lincoln had been murdered!

As I went to the station, I saw men weeping in the streets and everybody in great grief, conversing with strangers, as if all had lost a common relation. Everywhere utter misery! I arrived in Pittsburg. It was raining, and the black pall of smoke which always clothes the town was denser than ever, and the long black streamers which hung everywhere as mourning made the whole place unutterably ghastly. In the trains nothing but the murder was spoken of. There was a young man who had been in the theatre and witnessed the murder, which he described graphically and evidently truthfully.

I reached Cincinnati, and as soon as possible hurried on board the steamboat. We went along

to Charleston, and it will hardly be believed that I very nearly missed the whole object of my journey by falling asleep. We had but one more very short distance to go, when, overcome by fatigue, I dropped into a nap. Fortunately, I was awakened by the last ringing of the bell, and seizing my carpet-bag, ran ashore just as the plank was to be withdrawn.

I went directly to Goshorn's hotel. He was a stout, burly man, shrewd in his way, good-natured, but not without temper and impulses. He looked keenly after business, played the fiddle, and performed a few tricks of leger-de-main. He had a lady-like wife, and both were very kind to me, especially after they came to know me pretty well. The lady had a nice, easy horse, which ere long was lent me freely whenever I wanted to ride. One day it was missing. The master grieved. They had named it after me in compliment. "Goshorn," I said, "in future I shall call *you horse-gone.*" But he was not pleased with the name. However, it was recovered by a miracle, for the amount of horse-stealing which went on about us then was fabulous.

After a few days Goshorn and I prepared to go up Elk River, to renew the leases of oil and coal lands. Now I must premise that at all times the man who was engaged in "ile" bore a charmed life, and was venerated by both Union men and rebels. *He* could pass the lines and go anywhere. At one time, when not a spy could be got into or out of Richmond to serve us, Goshorn seriously proposed to me to go with him into the city!

I had a neighbour named Fassit, an uncle of Theodore. He had oil-wells in Virginia, and when the war begun, work on them was stopped. This dismayed the natives. One morning there came to Mr. Fassit a letter imploring him to return. "Come back, o come agin and bore us some more wels. We wil protec you like a son. We dont make war on *Ile.*" And I, being thus respected, went and came from the Foeman's Land, and joined in the dreadful rebel-ry and returned unharmed, leading a charmed, if *not* particularly charming life, all winter and the spring, to the great amazement and bewilderment of many, as will appear in the sequence.

The upper part of Elk River was in the debatable land, or rather still in Slave-ownia or rebeldom, where a Union man's life was worth about a chinquapin. In fact, one day there was a small battle between me and home—with divers wounds and deaths. This going and coming of mine, among and with rebels, got me into a droll misunderstanding some time after. But I think that the real cause lay less in oil than in the simple truth that these frank, half-wild fellows *liked* me. One said to me one day, "You're onlike all the Northern men who come here, and we all like you. What's the reason?" I explained it that he had only met with Yankees, and that as Pennsylvania lay next to Virginia, of course we must be more alike as neighbours. But the cause lay in the *liking* which I have for Indians, gypsies, and all such folk.

Goshorn began by buying a dug-out poplar canoe, sixty-four feet in length, and stocking it with provisions. "Money won't be of much use," he said; "what we want chiefly is whisky and blue beads for presents." He hired two men who had been in the Confederate army, but who had absented themselves since the proceedings had become uninteresting. These men took to me with a devotion which ended by becoming literally superstitious. I am quite sure that, while naturally intelligent, anything like a mind stored with varied knowledge was something *utterly* unknown to them. And as I, day by day, let fall unthinkingly this or that scrap of experience or of knowledge, they began to regard me as a miracle. One day one of them, Sam Fox, said to me meaningly, that I liked curious things, and that he knew a nest where he could get me a young *raven.* The raven is to an Indian conjurer what a black cat is to a witch, and I suppose that Sam thought I must be lonely without a familiar. Which recalls one of the most extraordinary experiences of all my life.

During our return down the river, it was in a freshet, and we went headlong. This is to the very last degree dangerous unless the boatmen know every rock and point, for the dug-out canoe goes over at a touch, and there is no life to be saved in the rapids. Now we were flying like a swallow, and could not stop. There was one narrow shoot, or pass, just in the middle of the river, where there was exactly room to an inch

for a canoe to pass, but to do this it was necessary to have moonlight enough to see the King Rock, which rose in the stream close by the passage, and at the critical instant to "fend off" with the hand and prevent the canoe from driving full on the rock. A terrible storm was coming up, thunder was growling afar, and clouds fast gathering in the sky.

The men had heard me talking the day before as to how storms were formed in circles, and it had deeply impressed them. When Goshorn asked them what we had better do, they said, "Leave it all to Mr. Leland; he knows everything." I looked at the moon and saw that the clouds were not driving dead against it, but *around* while closing in, and I know not by what strange inspiration I added, "You will have just time to clear King Rock!"

It was still far away. I laid down my paddle and drew my blanket round me, and smoked to the storm, and sang incantations to myself. It was a fearful trial, actually risking death, but I felt no fear—only a dull confidence in fate. Closer grew the clouds—darker the sky—when during the very last second of light King Rock came in sight; Goshorn was ready with his bull-like strength and gave the push; and just as we shot clear into the channel, it became dark as pitch and the rain came down in a torrent. Goshorn pitched his hat high into the air—*aux moulins*—and hurrahed and cried in exulting joy.

"Now, Mr. Leland, sing us that German song

you're always so jolly with—*lodle yodle tol de rol de rol!*"

From that hour I was *Kchee-Bo-o-in* or Grand Pow-wow to Sam Fox and his friends. He believed in me, even as I believe in myself when such mad "spells" come over me. One day he proved his confidence. It was bright and sunshiny, and we were paddling along when we saw a "summer duck" swimming perhaps fifty yards ahead. Sam was sitting in the bow exactly between me and the duck. "Fire at it with your revolver!" cried Sam.

"It is too far away," I replied, "and you are right in the way."

Sam bent over sideways, glaring at me with his one strange eye. It was just about as close a shot as was William Tell's at the apple. But I knew that reputation for nerve depended on it, so I fired. As the duck rose it dropped a feather.

"I knew you'd hit!" cried Sam triumphantly. And so I had, but I should not like to try that shot again.

Reflex action of the brain and secondary automatism! It must be so—Häckel, thou reasonest well. But when the "old Injun" and my High Dutch ancestor are upon me, I reason not at all, and then I see visions and dream dreams, and it always comes true, without the *least* self-deception or delusion.

It is a marvellous thing that in these canoes, which tip over so easily, men will pass over mill-dams ten or twelve feet high, as I myself have

done many a time, without upsetting. The manner of it is this. The canoe is a log hollowed out. This is allowed to pass over till it dips like a see-saw, or falls into the stream below. It is a dangerous, reckless act, but generally succeeds. One day Sam Fox undertook to shoot our dug-out over a fall. So he paddled hard, and run the canoe headlong to edge, he being in the bow. But it stuck half-way, and there was my Samuel, ere he knew it, high in the air, paddling in the atmosphere, into which thirty feet of canoe was raised.

Meanwhile the legal business and renewal of the leases and the payment of money was performed accurately and punctually. Talk about *manna* in the wilderness; *money* in the wilderness came to the poor souls impoverished by the war as a thousandfold nicer. But over and above that, half a pound of coffee or a drink of whisky would cause a thrill of delight. One day, stopping at a logger's camp, I gave a decent-looking man a tin cup full of whisky. The first thing he did was to put it to the mouth of a toddling two-year old child, and it took a good pull. I remonstrated with him for it, when he replied, "Well, you see, sir, we get it so seldom, that whisky is a kind o' *delicacy* with us."

Sometimes the log-huts were twenty miles apart. In such isolation there is no rivalry of ostentation, and men care only to *live*. One day we came to a log-house. The occupant had several hundred acres of very good land, and only a half acre under

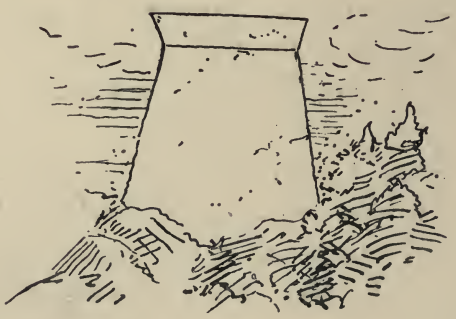
cultivation. He was absent at a county court for amusement. All that I could see in the cabin was a rude seat, an iron pot and spoon, and a squirrel-gun. There were two cavities or holes in the bare earth floor, in which the old man and his wife slept, each wrapped in a blanket. Even our boatman said that such carelessness was unusual. But all were ignorant of a thousand refinements of life of which the poorest English peasant *knows* something, yet every one of these people had an independence or pride far above all poverty.

One night we stopped at the house of a man who was said to possesss $150,000 (£30,000) worth of land. The house was well enough. His two bare-legged daughters, girls of seventeen or eighteen, lounged about smoking pipes. I gave one a cigar. She replied, "I don't keer if I do try it. I've allays wanted to know what a cigar smokes like." But she didn't like it. Apropos of girls, I may say that there is a *far* higher standard of morals among these people than among the ignorant elsewhere.

It was indeed a wild country. One day Goshorn showed me a hill, and a hunter had told him that when standing on it one summer afternoon he had seen in a marshy place the very unusual spectacle of forty bears, all wallowing together in the mud and playing at once. Also the marks of a bear's claws on a tree. Game was plenty in this region. All the time that I stayed with Goshorn, we had every day at his well-furnished table

bear's meat, venison, or other game, fish, ham, chickens, &c.

There was a great deal of very beautiful scenery on Elk River, and some of its "incidents" were marvellously strange. The hard sandstone rocks had worn into shapes resembling castles and houses, incredibly like buildings made by man. One day I saw and copied a vast square rock through which ran to the light a perfect Gothic archway sixty feet high, with a long wall like the side of a castle, and an immense square tower. There are the most natural-looking houses and Schlösser imaginable rising all alone in the forest. Very often the summits of the hills were crowned with round towers. On the Ohio River there is a group of these shaped liked segments of a truncated cone, and "corniced" with another piece reversed, like this :—



These are called "Devil's Tea-tables." I drew them several times, but could never give them the appearance of being *natural* objects. It is very extraordinary how Nature seems to have mocked man

in advance in these structures. In Fingal's Cave there is an absolutely original style of architecture.

The last house which we came to was the best. In it dwelt a gentlemanly elderly man with two lady-like daughters. His son, who was dressed in "store-clothes," had been a delegate to the Wheeling Convention. But the war had borne hard on them, and for a long time *everything* which they used or wore had been made by their own hands. They had a home-made loom and spinning-wheel—I saw several such looms on the river—they raised their own cotton and wool and maple sugar, and were in all important details utterly self-sustaining and independent. And they did not live rudely at all, but like ladies and gentlemen, as really intelligent people always can when they are *free*. The father had, not long before, standing in his own door, shot a deer as it looked over the garden-gate at him. Goshorn, observing that I attached some value to the horns (a new idea to him), secured them for himself.

A day or two after, while descending the river, we stopped to see an old hunter who lived on the bank. He was a very shrewd, quaint, old boy, "good for a novel." He examined Goshorn's spectacles with so much interest, that I suspect it was really the first time in his life that he ever fully ascertained the "true inwardness and utilitarianism" of such objects. He expressed great admiration, and said that if he had them he could get twice as many deer as he did. I promised to send him a pair. I

begged from him deer-horns, which he gave me very willingly, expressing wonder that I wanted such rubbish, and at my delight. And seeing that my companion had a pair, he said scornfully—

"Dave Goshorn, what do *you* know about such things? What's set *you* to gittin deer's horns? Give 'em to this here young gentleman, who understands such things that we don't, and who wants 'em fur some good reason."

I will do Goshorn the justice to say that he gave them to me for a parting present. My room at his house was quite devoid of all decoration, but by arranging on the walls crossed canoe-paddles, great bunches of the picturesque locust-thorn, often nearly a foot in length, and the deer's horns, I made it look rather more human. But this arrangement utterly bewildered the natives, especially the maids, who naïvely asked me why I hung them old bones and thorns up in my room. As this thorn is much used by the blacks in Voodoo, I suppose that it was all explained by being set down to my "cunjurin."

The maid who attended to my room was a very nice good girl, but one who could not have been understood in England. I found that she gathered up and treasured many utterly worthless trifling bits of pen-drawing which I threw away. She explained that where she came from on Coal River, anything like a picture was a great curiosity, also that her friends believed that all the pictures in books, newspapers, &c., were drawn by hand. I

explained to her how they were made. When I left I offered her two dollars. She hesitated and then said, "Mr. Leland, there have been many, many gentlemen here who have offered me money, but I never took a cent from any man till *now*. And I *will* take this from you to buy something that I can remember you by, for you have always treated me kindly and like a lady." In rural America such girls are really lady-helps, and not "servants," albeit those who know how to get on with them find them the very best servants in the world; but they must be treated as *friends*.

I went up Elk River several times on horse or in canoe to renew leases or to lease new land, &c. The company sent on a very clever and intelligent rather young man named Sandford, who had been a railroad superintendent, to help me. I liked him very much. We had a third, a young Virginian named Finnal. At or near Cannelton I selected a spot where we put up a steam-engine, and began to bore for oil. It was very near the famous gas-well which once belonged to General Washington. This well gave forth every week the equivalent of *one hundred and fifty* tons of coal. It was utilised in a factory. After I sunk our shaft it gave out; but I do not believe that we stopped it, for no gas came into our well. Finnal was the superintendent of the well. One day he nearly sat down—*nudo podice*—on an immense rattlesnake. He had a little cottage and a fine horse. He kept the latter in a stable and painted the door *white*, so

that when waking in the night he could see if any horse-thief had opened it. Many efforts were made to rob him of it.

At this time Lee's army was disbanded, and fully one-half came straggling in squads up the valley to Charleston to be paroled. David Goshorn's hotel was simply crammed with Confederate officers, who slept anywhere. With these I easily became friends; they seemed like Princeton Southern College-mates. Now I have to narrate a strange story. One evening when I was sitting and smoking on the portico with some of these *bons compagnons* I said to one—

"People say that your men never once during the war got within sight of Harrisburg or of a Northern city. But I believe they did. One day when I was on guard I saw five men scout on the bank in full sight of it. But nobody agreed with me."

The officer laughed silently, and cried aloud to a friend with a broken arm in a sling who lay within a room on a bed, "Come out here, L——. Here is something which will interest you more than anything you ever heard before."

He came out, and having heard my story, said—

"Nobody ever believed your story, nor did anybody ever believe mine. Mine is this, that when we were at Sporting Hill a corporal of mine came in and declared that he and his men had scouted into within full sight of Harrisburg. I knew that the man told the truth, but nobody else would believe that any human being dared to do such a thing, or

could do it. And now you fully prove that it was done."

There came to Goshorn's three very interesting men with whom I became intimate. One was Robert Hunt of St. Louis. He was of a very good Virginia family, had been at Princeton College, ran away in his sixteenth year, took to the plains as a hunter, and for twenty-three years had ranged the Wild West from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific. At the end of the time an uncle in the Fur Company had helped him on, and he was now rich. He was one of the most genial, gay, and festive, reckless, yet always gentlemanly, men I ever knew. He expressed great astonishment, as he learned gradually to know me, at finding we were so congenial, and that I had so much "real Injun" in me. His eyes were first opened to this great fact by a very singular incident, of which I can never think without pleasure.

Hunt, with two men who had been cavalry captains all through the war, and his friend Ross, who had long been an Indian trader, and I, were all riding up Elk Valley to look at lands. We paused at a place where the road sloped sideways and was wet with rain. As I was going to remount, I asked a German who stood by, to hold my horse's head, and sprung into the saddle. Just at this critical instant—it all passed in a second—as the German had not heard me, my horse, feeling that he must fall over on his left side from my weight, threw himself *completely over backwards.* As quick as thought

I jumped up on his back, put my foot just between the saddle and his tail, and took a tremendous flying leap so far that I cleared the horse. I only muddied the palms of my gloves, on which I fell.

The elder cavalry captain said, "When I saw that horse go over backwards, I closed my eyes and held my breath, for I expected the next second to see you killed." But Robert Hunt exclaimed, "Good as an Injun, by God!" And when I some time after made fun of it, he shook his head gravely and reprovingly, as George Ward did over the gunpowder, and said, "It was a *magnificent* thing!"

That very afternoon Hunt distinguished himself in a manner which was quite as becoming an aborigine. I was acting as guide, and knowing that there was a ford across a tributary of the Elk, sought and thought I had found it. But I was mistaken, and what was horrible, we found ourselves in a deep quicksand. On such occasions horses become, as it were, insane, trying to throw the riders and then jump on them for support. By good luck we got out of it soon, but there was an *awful* five minutes of kicking, plunging, splashing, and "ground and lofty" swearing. I got across dry by drawing my legs up before me on the saddle, *à la* tailor, but the others were badly wet. But no sooner had we emerged from the stream than Robert Hunt, bursting into a tremendous "*Ho! ho*" of deep laughter, declared that he had shown more presence of mind during the emergency than any of us. For, brandishing his whisky-flask, he declared that while his

horse was in the flurry it occurred to him that the best thing he could do was to lighten the load, and he had therefore, with incredible presence of mind, drunk up all the whisky!

However, he afterwards confessed to me that the true reason was that, believing death was at hand, and thinking it a pity to die thirsty, he had drained the bottle, as did the old Indian woman just as she went over the Falls of Niagara. Anyhow, the incorrigible *vaurien* had really emptied his flask while in the "quick."

Though I say it, I believe that Hunt and I were a pretty well-matched couple, and many a wild prank and Indian-like joke did we play together. More than once he expressed great astonishment that I, a man grown up in cities and to literary pursuits, should be so much at home where he found me, or so congenial. He had been at Princeton, and, *ex pede Herculem*, had a point whence to judge me, but it failed.[1] His friend Ross was a quiet, sensible New Englander, who reminded me of Artemus Ward, or Charles Browne. He abounded in quaint anecdotes of Indian experiences.

As did also a Mr. Wadsworth, who had passed half his life in the Far West as a surveyor among the Chippeways. He had written a large manuscript of their legends, of which Schoolcraft made great use in his *Algic* book. I believe that much of Long-

[1] The reader may find some interesting references to Robert Hunt in the Introduction by me to the *Life of James Beckwourth*, the famous Chief of the Crow Indians. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1893.

fellow's *Hiawatha* owed its origin thus indirectly to Mr. Wadsworth. In after years I wrote out many of his tales, as told to me, in articles in *Temple Bar*.

The country all about Charleston was primitively wild and picturesque, rocky, hilly, and leading to solitary life and dreams of *sylvani* and forest fairies. There were fountained hills and dreamy darkling woods, and old Indian graves, and a dancing stream, across which lay a petrified tree, and everywhere a little travelled land. I explored it with Goshorn, riding far and wide into remote mountain recesses, to get the signatures in attestation of men who could rarely write, but on the other hand could "shoot their mark" with a rifle to perfection, and who would have assuredly have placed such signature on me had I not been a holy messenger of *Ile*, and an angel of coming moneyed times.

One day we stopped at a farm-house in a wild lonely place. There was only an old woman there, one of the stern, resolute, hard-muscled frontier women, the daughters of mothers who had fought "Injuns"—and a calf. And thereby hung a tale, which the three men with me fully authenticated.

The whole country thereabouts had been for four years so worried, harried, raided, raked, plundered, and foraged by Federals and Confederates—one day the former, the next the latter; blue and grey, or sky and sea—that the old lady had nothing left to live on. Hens, cows, horses, corn, all had gone save one calf, the Benjamin and idol of her heart.

One night she heard a piteous baaing, and seizing a broom, rushed to the now hen-less hen-house, in which she kept the calf, to find in it a full-grown panther attacking her pet. By this time the old lady had grown desperate, and seizing the broom, she proceeded to "lam" the wild beast with the handle, and with all her heart; and the fiend of ferocity, appalled at her attack, fled. I saw the calf with the marks of the panther's claws, not yet quite healed—I saw the broom—and lastly, I saw the old woman—the mother in Ishmael—whose face was a perfect guarantee of the truth of the story. One of us suggested that the old lady should have the calf's hide tanned and wear it as a trophy, like an Indian, which would have been a strange reversal of Shakespeare's application of it, or to

"Hang a calf-skin on those recreant limbs."

Then there came the great spring freshet in Elk River, which rose unusually high, fifty feet above its summer level. It had come to within an inch or two of my floor, and yet I went to bed and to sleep. By a miracle it rose no more, for I had a distinct conviction it would not, which greatly amazed everybody. But many were drowned all about us. The next day a man who professed bone-setting and doctoring, albeit not diplomaed, asked me to go with him and act as interpreter to a German patient who had a broken thigh. While felling a tree far away in the forest, it thundered down on him, and kept him down for

two or three days till he was discovered. To get to him we went in a small canoe, and paddled ourselves with shingles or wooden tiles, used to cover roofs. On the way I saw a man on a roof fiddling, only a bit of the roof was above water. He was waiting for deliverance. Many and strange indeed were all the scenes and incidents of that inundation, and marvellous the legends which were told of other freshets in the days of yore.

I never could learn to play cards. Destiny forbade it, and always stepped in promptly to stop all such proceedings. One night Sandford and friends sat down to teach me poker, when *bang*, *bang*, went a revolver outside, and a bullet buried itself in the door close by me. A riotous evil-minded darkey, who attended to my washing, had got into a fight, and was forthwith conveyed to the Bull-pen, or military prison. I was afraid lest I might lose my shirts, and so "visited him" next day and found him in irons, but reading a newspaper at his ease. From him I learned the address of "the coloured lady" who had my underclothing.

The Bull-pen was a picturesque place—a large log enclosure, full of strange inmates, such as wild guerillas in moccasins, grey-back Confederates and blue-coat Federals guilty of many a murder, arson, and much horse-stealing, desolate deserters, often deserving pity—the *débris* of a four years' war, the crumbs of the great loaf fallen to the dirt.

Warm weather came on, and I sent to Philadelphia for a summer suit of clothes. It came, and it

was of a *light grey colour*. At that time Oxford "dittos," or a suit *pareil partout*, were unknown in West Virginia. I was dressed from head to foot in Confederate grey. Such a daring defiance of public opinion, coupled with my mysterious stealing into the rebel country, made me an object of awe and suspicion—a kind of Sir Grey Steal!

There was at that time in Charleston a German artillery regiment which really held the town—that is to say, the height which commanded it. I had become acquainted with its officers. All at once they gave me the cold shoulder and cut me. My friend Sandford was very intimate with them. One evening he asked their Colonel why they scorned me. The Colonel replied—

"Pecause he's a tamned repel. Aferypody knows it."

Sandford at once explained that I was even known at Washington as a good Union man, and had, moreover, translated Heine, adding other details.

"Gott verdammich—*heiss!*" cried the Colonel in amazement. "Is dot der Karl Leland vot dranslate de *Reisebilder?* Herr je! I hafe got dat very pook here on mein table! Look at it. Bei Gott! here's his name! *Dot* is der crate Leland vot edit de *Continental Magazine!* Dot moost pe a fery deep man. Und I dink *he* vas a repel!"

The next morning early the Colonel sent his ambulance or army-waggon to my hotel with a request that I would come and take breakfast with him. It was a bit of Heidelberg life over again.

We punished Rheinwein and lager-beer in quantities. There were old German students among the officers, and I was received like a brother.

At last Sandford and I determined to return to the East. There was in the hotel a coloured waiter named Harrison. He had been a slave, but "a gentleman's gentleman," was rather dignified, and allowed no ordinary white man to joke with him. On the evening before my departure I said to him—

"Well, Harrison, I hope that you haven't quite so bad an opinion of me as the other people here seem to have."

He manifested at once a really violent emotion. Dashing something to the ground, he cried—

"Mr. Leland, you *never* did anything contrary to a gentleman. I always maintained it. Now please tell me the truth. Is it true that you're a great friend of Jeff Davis?"

"Damn Jeff Davis!" I replied.

"And you ain't a major in the Confederate service?"

"I'm a clear-down Abolitionist, and was born one."

"And you ain't had no goings on with the rebels up the river to bring back the Confederacy here?"

"Devil a dealing."

And therewith I explained how it was that I went unharmed up into the rebels' country, and great was the joy of Harrison, who, as I found, had taken my part valiantly against those who suspected me.

There was a droll comedy the next day on board the steamboat on which I departed. A certain

Mr. H., who had been a rebel and recanted at the eleventh hour, and become a Federal official, requested everybody on board not to notice me. Sandford learned it all, and chuckled over it. But the captain and mate and crew were all still rebels at heart. Great was my amazement at being privately informed by the steward that the captain requested as a favour that I would sit by him at dinner and share a bottle of wine. I did so, and while I remained on board was treated as an honoured guest.

And now I would here distinctly declare that, apart from my political principles, from which I never swerved, I always found the rebels—that is, Southern and Western men with whom I had had intimate dealings, without one exception *personally* the most congenial and agreeable people whom I had ever met. There was not to be found among them what in England is known as a prig. They were natural and gentlemanly, even down to the poorest and most uneducated.

One day Sam Fox came to me and asked me to use my influence with the Cannelton Company to get him employment at their works.

"Sam," I replied, "I can't do it. It is only three weeks now, when you were employed at another place, that you tried to stuff the overseer into the furnace, and if the men had not prevented, you would have burned him up alive."

"Yes," replied Sam, "but he had called me a —— son of —— —— ——."

"Very good," I answered; "and if he had called me *that*, I should have done the same. But I don't think if I *had* done it, I should ever have expected to be employed again on another furnace. You see, Samuel, my son, that these Northern men have very queer notions—*very*."

Sam was quite convinced.

At Cincinnati a trifling but droll incident occurred. I do not set myself up for a judge of wines, but I have naturally a delicate sense of smell or *flair*, though not the extraordinary degree in which my brother possessed it, who never drank wine at all. He was the first person who ever, in printed articles or in lectures, insisted that South New Jersey was suitable for wine-growing. At the hotel Sandford asked me if I could tell any wine by the taste. I replied no, but I would try; so they gave me a glass of some kind, and I said that honestly I could only declare that I should say it was Portugal common country wine, but I must be wrong. Then Sandford showed the bottle, and the label declared it to be grown in Ohio. The next day he came to me and said, "I believe that after all you know a great deal about wine. I told the landlord what you said, and he laughed and said, 'I had not the American wine which you called for, and so I gave you a cheap but unusual Portuguese wine.'" This wine is neither white nor red, and tastes like sherry and Burgundy mixed.

At Cincinnati, Sandford proposed that we should return by way of Detroit and Niagara. I objected

to the expense, but he, who knew every route and rate by heart, explained to me that, owing to the competition in railway rates, it would only cost me six shillings ($1.50) more, *plus* $2.50 (ten shillings) from New York to Philadelphia. So we departed. In Detroit I called on my cousin, Benjamin Stimson (the S. of "Two Years before the Mast"), and found him a prominent citizen. So skirting along Southern Canada, we got to Niagara, and thence to Albany and down the Hudson to New York, and so on to Philadelphia.

It seems to me now that at this time all trace of my former life and self had vanished. I seemed to be only prompt to the saddle, canoe-paddle, revolver, steamboat, and railroad. My wife said that after this and other periods of Western travel I was always for three weeks as wild as an Indian, and so I most truly and unaffectedly was. I did not *act* in a foolish or disorderly manner at all, but Tennessee and Elk River were in me. Robert Hunt and Sam Fox and many more had expressed their amazement at the amount of extremely familiar and congenial nature which they had found in me, and they were quite right. Sam and Goshorn declared that I was the only Northern man whom they had ever known who ever learned to paddle a dug-out *correctly;* but as I was obliged to do this sometimes for fifteen hours a day *nolens volens*, it is not remarkable that I became an expert.

As regards the real unaffected feeling of wildness born to savage nature, life, and association, it

is absolutely as different from all civilised feeling whatever as bird from fish; and it very rarely happens that an educated man ever knows what it is. What there is of it in me which Indians recognise is, I believe, entirely due to hereditary endowment.

"Zum Wald, zum Wald, steht mir mein Sinn.
So einzig, ach! so einzig hin.
Dort lebt man freundlich, lebt man froh,
Und nirgends, nirgends lebt man so."

It does not come from reading or culture — it comes of itself by nature, or not at all—nor has it over-much to do with thought. Only in something like superstition can it find expression, but that must be child-like and sweet and sincere, and without the giggling with which such subjects are invariably received by ladies in society.

I went with my wife and her mother and sister to pass some time at Bethlehem, in Pennsylvania, which we did very pleasantly at a country inn. It is a very interesting town, where a peculiar German dialect is generally spoken. There was a very respectable wealthy middle-aged lady, a Pennsylvanian by birth, who avoided meeting us at table because she could not speak English! And when I was introduced to her, I made matters worse by speaking to her naturally in broad South German, whereupon she informed me that she spoke *Hoch* Deutsch! But I made myself popular among the natives with my German, and our landlord was immensely proud of me. I wasn't "one of dem city fellers dat shames demselfs of de

Dutch," not I. "Vy, I dells you vot, mein Gott! he's *proud* of it!"

I ended the summer at beautiful Lenox, in Massachusetts, in the charming country immortalised in "Elsie Venner." Of which work and my letter on it to Dr. Holmes, and my conversation with him thereanent, I might fill a chapter. But "let us not talk about them but pass on." I returned to Philadelphia and to my father's house, where I remained one year.

I had for a long time, at intervals, been at work on a book to be entitled the "Origin of American Popular Phrases." I had scissored from newspapers, collected from negro minstrels, and Western rustics, and innumerable New England friends, as well as books and old songs and comic almanacs and the like, a vast amount of valuable material. This work, which had cost me altogether a full year's labour, had been accepted by a New York publisher, and was in the printer's hands. I never awaited anything with such painful anxiety as I did this publication, for I had never been in such straits nor needed money so much, and it seemed as if the more earnestly I sought for employment the more it evaded me. And then almost as soon as my manuscript was in the printer's hands his office was burned, and the work perished, for I had not kept a copy.

It was a great loss, but from the instant when I heard of it to this day, I never had five minutes trouble over it, and more probably not one. I had

done my *very best* to make a good book and some money, and could do no more. When I was a very small boy I was deeply impressed with the story in the "Arabian Nights" of the prisoner who knew that he was going to be set free because a rat had run away with his dinner. So I at the age of seven announced to my father that I believed that whenever a man had bad luck, good was sure to follow, which opinion he did not accept. And to this day I hold it, because, reckoning up the chances of life, it is true for most people. At any rate, I derived some comfort from the fact that the accident was reported in all the newspapers all over the Union.

About the 1st July 1866 we left my father's house to go to Cape May, where we remained for two months. In September we went to a very good boarding-house in Philadelphia, kept by Mrs. Sandgren. She possessed and showed me Tegner's original manuscript of "Anna and Axel." I confess that I never cared over-much for Tegner, and that I infinitely prefer the original Icelandic Saga of Frithiof to his sago-gruel imitation of strong soup.

VII.

LIFE ON THE PRESS.

1866–1869.

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LIFE ON THE PRESS.

1866–1869.

I become managing editor of John W. Forney's *Press*—Warwick the King-maker—The dead duck—A trip to Kansas in the old buffalo days—Miss Susan Blow of St. Louis—The Iron Mountain of Missouri—A strange dream—Rattlesnakes—Kaw Indians—I am adopted into the tribe—Grand war-dance and ceremonies—Open-air lodgings—Prairie fires—In a dangerous country—Indian victims—H. M. Stanley—Lieutenant Hesselberger—I shoot a buffalo—Wild riding—In a herd—Indian white men—Ringing for the carriage with a rifle—Brigham the driver—General and Mrs. Custer—Three thousand miles in a railway car—How "Hans Breitmann's" ballads came to be published—The publisher thinks that he cannot sell more than a thousand of the book—I establish a weekly newspaper—Great success—Election rioting—Oratory and revolvers—How the meek and lowly Republicans revolvered the Democrats—The dead duck and what befell him who bore it—I make two thousand German votes by giving Forney a lesson in their language—*Freiheit und Gleichheit*—The Winnebago Indian chief—Horace Greeley—Maretzek the Bohemian—Fanny Janauschek and the Czech language—A narrow escape from death on the Switchback—Death of my father—Another western railway excursion—A quaint old darkey—Chicago—I threaten to raise the rent—General influence of Chicago—St. Paul, Minnesota—A seven days' journey through the wilderness—The Canadian—Smudges—Indians—A foot journey through the woods—Indian pack-bearers—Mayor Stewart—I rifle a grave of silver ornaments—Isle Royale—My brother, Henry Perry Leland—The press—John Forney carries Grant's election, and declares that I really did the work—The weekly press and George Francis Train—Grant's appointments—My sixth introduction to the General—Garibaldi's dagger.

We had not lived at Mrs. Sandgren's more than a week, when George Boker, knowing my need,

spoke to Colonel John Forney, who was at that time not only Secretary of the Senate of the United States, but the proprietor of the *Chronicle* newspaper in Washington, of the *Press* in Philadelphia, "both daily," as the Colonel once said, which very simple and common-place expression became a popular by-word. Colonel Forney wanted a managing editor for the *Press*, and, as I found in due time, not so much a man of enterprise and a leader—that *he* supplied—nor yet one to practically run the journal —that his son, John, a young man of eighteen, supplied—so much as a steady, trustworthy, honest *pivot* on which the compass could turn during his absences—and that *I* supplied. I must, to explain the situation, add gently that John, who could not help it considering his experiences, was, to put it mildly, a little irregular, rendering a steady manager absolutely necessary. It was a great pity, for John the junior was extremely clever as a practical managing editor, remembering everything and knowing—what I never did nor could—all the little tricks, games, and wiles of all the reporters and others employed.

Colonel Forney was such a remarkable character, and had such a great influence for many years in American politics, that as I had a great deal to do with him—very much more than was generally known—at a time when he struck his greatest political *coup*, in which, as he said, I greatly aided him, I will here dwell on him a space. Before I knew him, I called him Warwick the King-maker,

for it was generally admitted that it was to his intense hatred of Buchanan, added to his speech-making, editing, and tremendously vigorous and not always over-scrupulous intriguing, that "Ten-cent Jimmy" owed his defeat. At this time, in all presidential elections, Pennsylvania turned the scale, and John Forney could and did turn Pennsylvania like a Titan; and he frankly admitted that he owed the success of his last turn to me, as I shall in time relate.

Forney's antipathies were always remarkably well placed. He hated Buchanan; also, for certain personal reasons, he hated Simon Cameron; and finally it came to pass that he hated Andrew Johnson with a hatred of twenty-four carats—an *aqua fortis* detestation—and for a most singular cause.

One night when this "President by the pistol, and smallest potato in the American garden of liberty," was making one of his ribald speeches, after having laid-out Horace Greeley, some one in the crowd cried—

"Now give us *John Forney!*"

With an air of infinite contempt the President exclaimed—

"I don't waste *my* powder on dead ducks."

He had better have left that word unsaid, for it ruined him. It woke Colonel John Forney up to the very highest pitch of his fighting "Injun," or, as they say in Pennsylvania, his "Dutch." He had always been to that hour a genial man, like

most politicians, a little too much given to the social glass. But from that date of the dead duck he became "total abstinence," and concentrated all his faculties and found all his excitement in vengeance hot and strong, without a grain of sugar. In which I gladly sympathised and aided, for I detested Johnson as a renegade Copperhead, or rather venomous toad to the South, who wished with all his soul to undo Lincoln's work and bring in the Confederacy. And I believe, on my life and soul, that if John Forney had not defeated him, we should have had such disasters as are now inconceivable, the least of them being a renewal of the war. Johnson had renegaded from the Confederacy because, being only a tailor, he had ranked as a "low white," or something despised even by "quality" negroes. The Southern aristocracy humbugged him by promising that if he would betray the Union he should be regarded as one of themselves, by which very shallow cheat he was—as a snob would be—easily caught, and in due time cast off.

I had been but a few weeks on the *Press*, and all was going on well, when one morning the Colonel abruptly asked me if I could start in the morning for Fort Riley, of which all I knew was that it constituted an extreme frontier station in Kansas. There was to be a Kansas Pacific railway laid out, and a large party of railroad men intended to go as far as the last surveyor's camp. Of course, a few editors had been invited to write up the road, and these in turn sent some one in their

place. I knew at once that I should have something like the last year's wild life over again, and I was delighted. I borrowed John Forney's revolver, provided an agate-point and "manifold paper" for duplicate letters to our "two papers, both daily," and at the appointed hour was at the railway station. There had been provided for us the directors' car, a very large and extremely comfortable vehicle, with abundance of velvet "settees" or divan sofas, with an immense stock of lobster-salad, cold croquettes, game, with "wines of every fineness," and excellent waiters. The excursion, indeed, cost £1000; but it was made to pay, and that to great profit.

We were all a very genial, congenial party of easy-going geniuses. There was Hazard, the "day-editor" of the *New York Tribune*, who had been with me on the *Cyclopædia*, and to whom I was much attached, for he was a gentlemanly scholar, and withal had seen enough of life on the *Tribune* to hold his own with any man; and Captain William Colton, who had been with me in Tennessee; Robert Lambourn, who had studied science in Germany, and was now a railroad man, and many more who are recorded in my pamphlet "Three Thousand Miles in a Railway Car," and my old associate, Caspar Souder of the *Bulletin*. This excursion was destined, in connection with this pamphlet, to have a marvellous effect on my future life.

In every town where we paused—and our pauses were frequent, as we travelled very much on the

"go as you please" plan—we were received by the authorities with honour and speeches and invited to dinners or drinks. Our conductors were courtesy itself. One afternoon one of them on a rough bit of road said, "Gentlemen, whenever you wish to open a bottle of champagne, please to pull the cord and stop the train. You can then drink without spilling your wine."

So we went to Chicago and St. Louis, where we were entertained by Mr. Blow, and where I became acquainted with his daughter Susan. She was then a beautiful blonde, and, as I soon found, very intelligent and cultured. She was long years afterwards busy in founding philanthropic schools in St. Petersburg, Russia, when I was there—a singularly noble woman. However, at this time neither of us dreamed of the school-keeping which we were to experience in later years. At this soirée, and indeed for the excursion the next day, we had as a guest Mr. Walter of the London *Times*.

The next day we had a special train and an excursion of ladies and gentlemen to visit the marvellous Nob or Iron Mountain. This is an immense conical hill with a deep surrounding dale, beyond which rise other hills all of nearly solid iron. Returning that evening in the train, a very strange event took place. There was with us a genial, pleasant, larky young fellow, one of the famous family of the MacCooks. When the war came on, he was at college—went into the army,

fought hard—rose to be captain, and then after the peace went back to the college and finished his studies. This was the "event." We were telling stories of dreams; when it came to my turn I said:—

"In 1860 I had never been in Ohio, nor did I know anything about it. One night—it was at Reading, Pennsylvania—I fell asleep. I dreamed that I *woke up*, rose from the bed, went to the match-box, struck a light, and while it burned observed the room, which was just the same as when I had retired. The match went out. I lit another, when what was my amazement to observe that *everything in the room had changed its colour to a rich brown!* Looking about me, I saw on a kind of *étagere* scores of half-burned candles in candlesticks, as if there had been a ball. I lighted nearly all of them. Hearing a sound as of sweeping and the knocking of a broom-handle without, I went into the next room, which was the hall where the dance had been held. A very stupid fellow was sweeping it out. I asked him where I was. He could not reply intelligently. There came into the hall a bustling pleasant woman, rather small, who I saw at a glance was the housekeeper. She said something to the man as to the room's being dark. I remarked that there was light enough in my room, for I had lit all the candles. She cried, laughing, 'What extravagance!' I answered, 'My dear little woman, what does a candle or two signify to you? Now

please tell me where I am. Last night I went to sleep in Reading, Pennsylvania. Where am I now?' She replied (and of this word I was not sure), 'In *Columbus*, Ohio.' I asked if there was any prominent man in the place who was acquainted with Philadelphia, and who might aid me to return. She reflected, and said that Judge *Duer* and his two daughters (of whom I had never heard) had just returned from the East."

Here MacCook interrupted me eagerly: "You were not in Columbus, but in *Dayton*, Ohio. And it was not Judge Duer, but Judge *Duey* with his two daughters who was that summer in the East." I went on:—

"I left the room, and went into the hall. I came to the front door. Far down below me I saw a winding river and a steamboat."

Here MacCook spoke again: "That was *surely* Dayton. I know the house and the view. But it could not have been Columbus." I went on:—

"I went downstairs too far by mistake into the cellar. There I found a man sawing wood. I went up again. [Pray observe that a year *after*, when I went West, this very incident occurred one morning in Cincinnati, Ohio.] I found in the bar-room three respectable-looking men. I told them my story. One said to the others, 'He is always the same old fellow!' I stared at him in amazement. He held out one hand and moved the other as if fiddling. Monotonous creaking sounds followed, and I gradually awoke.

The same sounds continued, but they were caused by the grasshoppers and tree-toads, who pipe monotonously all night long in America."

Nothing ever came of the dream, but it all occurred *exactly* as I describe it. I have had several quite as strange. Immediately after I had finished my narration, some one, alluding to our party, asked if there was any one present who could sing "Hans Breitmann's Barty," and I astonished them not a little by proclaiming that I was the author and by singing it.

We went on to Leavenworth, where we had a dinner at the hotel which was worthy of Paris. We had, for example, prairie pullets or half-grown grouse, wild turkeys and tender venison. Thence to Fort Riley, and so on in waggons to the last surveyor's camp. I forget where it was on the route that we stopped over-night at a fort, where I found some old friends and made new ones. A young officer, Lieutenant Brown, I think, gave me a bed in his cabin. His ceiling was made of canvas. For weeks he had heard a great rattlesnake moving about on it. One day he had made a hole in the ceiling and put into it a great fierce tom-cat. The cat "went for" the snake and there was an awful row. After a time the cat came out looking like a devil with every hair on end, made straight for the prairie, and was never heard of again. Neither was the snake. They had finished one another. On another occasion, when sitting in a similar cabin, my gentle hostess, an officer's

wife, whom I had known a few years before as a beauty in society, remarked that she had two large rattlesnakes in her ceiling, and that if we would be silent we might hear them crawling about. They could not be taken out without rebuilding the roof.

Captain Colton had just recovered from a very bad attack of fever and ague, and being young, had the enormous appetite which follows weeks of quinine. I saw him this day eat a full meal of beefsteaks, and then immediately after devour another, at Brown's, of buffalo-meat. The air of the Plains causes incredible hunger. We all played a good knife and fork.

About twilight-tide there came in a very gentlemanly Catholic priest. I was told that he was a roving missionary. He led a charmed life, for he went to visit the wildest tribes, and was everywhere respected. I conversed with him in French. After a while he spread his blanket, lay down on the floor and slept till morning, when he read his prayers and departed.

The next day the fort square was full of Kaw Indians, all in savage array, about to depart for their autumnal buffalo-hunt. I met one venerable heathen with his wife and babe, with whom I made genial acquaintance. I asked the wife the name for a whip; she replied *B'meergashee;* a pony was *shoonga*, the nose *hin*, and a woman *shimmy-shindy!* I bought his whip for a dollar. The squaw generously offered to throw in the

baby, which I declined, and we all laughed and parted.

I went to the camp, and there the whole party, seeing my curious whip, went at the Kaws to buy theirs. Bank-bills were our only currency then, and the Indians knew there were such things as counterfeits. They consulted together, eyed us carefully, and then every man as he received his dollar brought it to me for approval. By chance I knew the Pawnee word for "good" (*Washitaw*), and they also knew it. Then came a strange wild scene. I spoke to the chief, and pointing to my whip said, "*B'meergashee*," and indicating a woman and a pony, repeated, "*Shimmy-shindy, shoonga-hin*," intimating that its use was to chastise women and ponies by hitting them on the nose. Great was the amazement and delight of the Kaws, who roared with laughter, and their chief curiously inquired, "*You* Kaw?" To which I replied, "*O, nitchee, me* Kaw, *washitá* good Injun me." He at once embraced me with frantic joy, as did the others, to the great amazement of my friends. A wild circular dance was at once improvised to celebrate my reception into the tribe; at which our driver Brigham dryly remarked that he didn't wonder they were glad to get me, for I was the first Injun ever seen in that tribe with a whole shirt on him. This was the order of proceedings:—I stood in the centre and sang wildly the following song, which was a great favourite with our party, and all joining in the chorus:—

I slew the chief of the Muscolgee;
I burnt his squaw at the blasted tree!
By the hind-legs I tied up the cur,
He had no time to fondle on her.

Chorus.

Hoo! hoo! hoo! the Muscolgee!
Wah, wah, wah! the blasted tree!

A faggot from the blasted tree
Fired the lodge of the Muscolgee;
His sinews served to string my bow
When bent to lay his brethren low.

Chorus.

Hoo! hoo! hoo! the Muscolgee!
Wah, wah, wah! the blasted tree!

I stripped his skull all naked and bare,
And here's his skull with a tuft of hair!
His heart is in the eagle's maw,
His bloody bones the wolf doth gnaw.

Chorus.

Hoo! hoo! hoo! the Muscolgee!
Wah, wah, wah! the blasted tree!

The Indians yelled and drummed at the Reception Dance. "Now you good Kaw—Good Injun you be—all same me," said the Chief. Hazard and Lambourn cracked time with their whips, and in short we made a grand circular row; truly it was a wondrous striking scene! From that day I was called the Kaw chief, even by Hazard in his letters to the *Tribune*, in which he mentioned that in scenes of excitement I rode and whooped like a savage. It *may* be so—*I* never noticed it; perhaps he exaggerated, but I must admit that I do like Indians, and they like me. We took ambulances

or strong covered army-waggons and pushed on. We were now well out on the plains. All day long we passed prairie dog-villages and saw antelopes bounding afar. At night we stopped at the hotel *Alla Fresca*, or slept in the open air. It was perfectly delightful, though in November. Far in the distance many prairie fires stretched like miles of blazing serpents over the distance. I thought of the innumerable camp-fires before the battle of Gettysburg, and determined that the two were among the most wonderful sights of my life. We rose very early in the morning, by grey light, and after a drink of whisky pushed on. I may here mention that from 1863 for six years I very rarely indeed tasted any intoxicant.

So we went on till we reached the last surveyor's camp. We had not been there half-an-hour before a man came in declaring that he had just saved his scalp, having seen a party of Apaches in their war-paint, but luckily hid himself before they discovered him. It was evident that we had now got beyond civilisation. Already, on the way, we had seen ranches which had been recently burned by the Indians who had killed their inmates. One man observing my Kaw whip, casually remarked that as I was fond of curiosities he was sorry that he had not kept six arrows which he had lately pulled out of a man whom he had found lying dead in the road, and who had just been shot by the Indians.

Within this same hour after our arrival there came in a Lieutenant Hesselberger, bringing with him a

Mrs. Box and her two daughters, one about sixteen and the other twelve. The Indians had on the Texas frontier murdered and scalped her husband before her eyes, burned their home, and carried the three into captivity, where for six months they were daily subjected to such *incredible* outrages and cruelty that it was simply a miracle that they survived. As it was, they looked exactly like corpses. Lieutenant Hesselberger, with bravery beyond belief, having heard of these captives, went alone to the Indians to ransom them. Firstly, they fired guns unexpectedly close to his head, and finding that he did not start, brought out the captives and subjected them to the extremes of gross abuse before his eyes, and repeatedly knocked them down with clubs, all of which he affected to disregard. At last the price was agreed on and he took them away.

In after years, when I described all this in London to Stanley, the African explorer, he said, "Strange! I too was there that very day, and saw those women, and wrote an account of it to the *New York Herald*." I daresay that I met and talked to him at the time among those whom we saw.

Not far from our camp there was a large and well-populated beaver-dam, which I studied with great interest. It was more like a well-regulated town than is many a western mining village. I do not wonder that Indians regard *Quah-beet*, the Beaver, as a human being in disguise. *N.B.*—The Beaver always, when he cuts a stick, sharpens it like a lead-pencil—which indicates an artistic nature.

It was now resolved that a number of our party should go into the Smoky Hill country, to attend a very great Indian council, while the rest returned home. So I joined the adventurers. The meeting was not held, for I believe the Indians went to war. But we rode on. One morning I saw afar a few black specks, and thought they were cattle. And so they were, but the free cattle of the plains or buffaloes. That evening, as we were out of meat, Colton and others went out to hunt them, and had a fine chase, but got nothing.

The next morning Colton kindly gave me his chance—that is, he resigned to me a splendid black horse used to the business—and most of us went to the field. After a while, or a four miles' run, we came up with a number. There was a fine cow singled and shot at, and I succeeded in putting a ball in just behind the shoulder. Among us all she became beef, and an expert hunter with us, whose business it was to supply the camp with meat, skinned and butchered her and cooked a meal for us on the spot. The beef was deliciously tender and well flavoured.

Now before this cooking, in the excitement of the chase, I had ridden on like an Indian, as Hazard said in his letter, whooping like one, all alone after the buffalo, and in my joy forgot to shake the spent cartridge out of my Spenser seven-shooter carbine. All at once I found myself right in the herd, close by a monstrous bull, whose height at the instant when he turned on me to gore me seemed to be

about a hundred and fifty feet. But my horse was used to this, and swerved with incredible tact and swiftness, while I held on. I then had a perfectly close shot, not six feet off, under the shoulder, and I raised the carbine and pulled trigger, when it—*ticked!* I had forgotten the dead cartridge, and was not used to the arm which I carried. I think that I swore, and if I did not, I am sorry for it. Before I could arrange my charge the buffaloes were far away.

However, we had got our cow, and that was more than we really needed. At any rate, I had

shot a buffalo, and had a stupendous run. And here I must mention that while racing and whooping, I executed the most insanely foolish thing I ever did in all my life, which astonished the hunter and all present to the utmost. I was at the top of a declivity from which there descended a flight of natural stairs of rock, but every one very broad, like the above sketch.

And being inspired by the devil, and my horse

not objecting at all, I clattered down over it at full speed *à la* Putnam. I have heard that Indians do this very boldly, declaring that it is perfectly safe if the rider is not afraid, and I am quite sure that mine must have been an Indian horse. I hope that no one will think that I have put forward or made too much of these trifling boyish tricks of recklessness. They are of daily occurrence in the Wild West among men who like excitement, and had Robert Hunt been among us, there would have been fun indeed.

So we turned homewards, for the Indian Conference had proved a failure. We had for our driver a man named Brigham, to whom I had taken a great liking. He had lived as a trader among the wildest Indians, spoke Spanish fluently, and knew the whole Western frontier like his pocket. The day after we had seen Mrs. Box come in, I was praising the braveness of Lieutenant Hesselberger in venturing to rescue her.

"It isn't all bravery, at all," said Brigham. "He's brave as a panther, but there's more in it than *that*. There is about one man in a hundred, and not more, who can go among the most God-forsaken devils of Injuns, and never get hurt. The Injuns take to them at a glance and love 'em. *I'm* such a man, and I've proved it often enough, God knows! Lieutenant Hesselberger is one, and," he added abruptly, "Mr. Leland, *you're* another."

"What makes you think so?" I said, greatly surprised.

"'Cause I've watched you. You've got Injun ways that you don't know of. Didn't I notice the other day, when the gentlemen were buying the whips from the Kaws, that every Injun took a squint, and then came straight to *you*. Why didn't they go to one of the other gentlemen? Because they've got an instinct like a dog for their friends, and for such as *we*."

We were coming to Fort Harker. I forget how it all came about, but we found ourselves afoot, with a mile or two to walk, carrying our guns, carpet-bags, and *petites bagages*, while about fifty yards ahead or more there was Brigham driving on merrily to the fort, under the impression that we had secured other conveyance.

Captain Colton fired his carbine. It made about as much noise as a percussion-cap, and the wind was from Brigham towards us. Carried away by an impulse, I caught Colonel Lambourn's light rifle out of his hand.

"Great God!" he cried, "you don't mean to shoot at him?"

"If you'll insure the mules," I said, "I will the driver." My calculation was to send a bullet so near to Brigham that he could hear it whizz, but not to touch him. It was not so dangerous as the shot I had fired over Sam Fox, and the "spirit" was on me!

But I did *not* know that in the covered waggon sat Hazard talking with Brigham, their faces being, as Hazard declared, just about six inches

apart. I fired, and the bullet passed just between their noses!

Hazard heard the whizz, and cried, "What's that?"

"*Injuns*, by God!" roared Brigham, forgetting that we had left the Indian country two days behind us. "Lie down in the waggon while I drive." And drive he did, till out of gunshot, and then putting his face out, turned around, and gave in full desperate cry the taunting war-whoop of the Cheyennes. It was a beautiful sight that of Brigham's broad red face wild with rage—and his great gold-earrings and Mexican sombrero—turning round the waggon at us in defiance like Marmion!

But when he realised that *we* had fired at him, just as a pack of d—d Apaches might have done, for fun, to stop the waggon, his expression became one of utter bewilderment. As I came up I thought there might be a shindy.

"Brigham," I said in Spanish, "*es la mano o el navajo?*" [Is it to be hand or knife?]

Brigham was proud of his Spanish; it was his elegant accomplishment, and this was a good scene. Grasping my hand cordially, he said, "*La mano.*" Like a true frontiersman, he felt in a minute the *grandeur* of the joke. There was, if I may so vulgarly express myself, an *Indian-uity* in it which appealed to his deepest feelings. There was a silence for several minutes, which he broke by exclaiming—

"I've driven waggons now this twelve years on the frontier, but I never heard before of tryin' to stop the waggon by shootin' at the driver."

There was another long silent pause, when he resumed—

"I wish to God there was a gulch (ravine) between here and the fort. I'd upset this crowd into it d—d quick!"

That evening I took leave of Brigham. I drank healths with him in whisky, and shook hands, and said—

"I did a very foolish and reckless thing to-day, Brigham, when I shot at you, and I am sorry for it, and I beg your pardon. Here is a dagger which I have had for twenty-five years. I carried it all over Europe. I have nothing better to give you — please take it. And when you stick a Greaser (Mexican) with it, as I expect you will do some day, then think of me."

The tears rose to his eyes, and he departed. I never met him again, but "well I wot" he ever had kindly remembrance of me. We were to be guests of General Custer at the fort, and I was rather shy of meeting the castellan, after firing at his driver! But he greeted me with a hearty burst of laughter, and said—

"Mr. Leland, you have the most original way of ringing a bell when you want to call a carriage that I ever heard of."

As for Hazard, when he witnessed my parting with Brigham, he said—

"This is all mighty fine! daggers and whisky, and all kinds of beautiful things flying round for Brigham, but what am *I* to have?"

"And what dost thou expect, son Hazard?" I replied.

Holding out both his hands, he replied—

"Much tobacco! much tobacco!"

This was in allusion to a story told us by Lieutenant Brown. Not long before, the Lieutenant, seeing, as he thought, a buffalo, had fired at it. But the buffalo turned out to be an Indian on a pony; and the Indian riding fiercely at the Lieutenant, cried aloud for indemnity or the "blood-fine" in the words, "Much tobacco!" And so I stood cigars.

Life is worth living for—or it would be—if it abounded more in such types as Mrs. General Custer and her husband. There was a bright and joyous chivalry in that man, and a noble refinement mingled with constant gaiety in the wife, such as I fear is passing from the earth. Her books have shown that she was a woman of true culture, and that she came by it easily, as he did, and that out of a little they could make more than most do from a life of mere study. I fear that there will come a time when such books as hers will be the only evidences that there were ever such people—so fearless, so familiar with every form of danger, privation, and trial, and yet joyous and even reckless of it all. Good Southern blood and Western experiences had made them free of petty troubles. The Indians got his scalp at

last, and with him went one of the noblest men whom America ever brought forth.[1]

That evening they sent for a Bavarian-Tyroler soldier, who played beautifully on the cithern. As I listened to the *Jodel-lieder* airs, I seemed to be again in his native land. It was a pleasure to me to hear from him the familiar dialect.

At St. Louis we were very kindly entertained in several distinguished houses. At one they gave us some excellent Rhine wine.

"What do you think of this?" said Hazard, who was a good Latinist.

I replied, "Vinum Rhenense decus et gloria mense."

In the next we had Mosel wine. "And what of this?"

I answered, "Vinum Moslanum fuit omne tempore sanum."

And here I would say that every memory which I have of Missouri (and there are more by far than this book indicates), as of Missourians, is extremely pleasant. The State is very beautiful, and I have found among my friends there born such culture and kindness and genial hospitality as I have never seen surpassed. To the names of Mary A. Owen,[2] Blow, Mark Twain, and the Choteaus I could add many more.

So we jogged on homeward. I resumed my work.

[1] "CUSTER was the life and soul of the greatest hand-to-hand victory ever gained over the Indians of the Plains—except Patsy Connor's Bear River Fight."—*The Masked Venus*, by RICHARD HENRY SAVAGE.

[2] Miss Owen is well-known to all folk-lorists as the first living authority on *Voodoo*.

I had written out all the details of our trip in letters to the *Press*. They had excited attention. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company suggested that they should be published in a pamphlet. I did so, and called it, "Three Thousand Miles in a Railroad Car." They offered to pay me a very good sum for my trouble in so doing. I declined it, because I felt that I had been amply paid by the pleasure which I had derived from the journey. But I received grateful recognition subsequently in another form. The pamphlet was most singular of its kind. It was a full report of all the statistics and vast advantages of the Kansas Pacific Road. It contained very valuable facts and figures; and it was all served up with jokes, songs, buffalo-hunting, Indians, and Brigham. It was a marvellous farrago, and it "took." It was sent to every member of Congress and "every other man."

Before it appeared, a friend of mine named Ringwalt, who was both a literary man and owner of a printing-office, offered me $200 if I would secure him the printing of it. I said that I would not take the money, but that I would get him the printing, which I easily did. But being a very honourable man, he was led to discharge the obligation. One day he said to me, "Why don't you publish your 'Breitmann Ballads?'—everybody is quoting them now." I replied, "There is not a publisher in America who would accept them." And I was quite right, for there was not. He answered, "I will print them for you." I accepted the offer, but when they were set up,

an idea occurred to me by which I could save my friend his expenses. I went to a publisher named T. B. Peterson, who said effectively this—"The book will not sell more than a thousand copies. There will be about a thousand people who will buy it, even for fifty cents, so I shall charge that, though it would be, as books go, only as a twenty-five cent work." He took it and paid my friend for the composition. I was not to receive any money or share in the profits till all the expenses had been paid.

Mr. Peterson immediately sold 2000—4000—I know not how many thousands—at fifty cents a copy. It was republished in Canada and Australia, to my loss. An American publisher who owned a magazine asked me, through his editor, to write for it a long Breitmann poem. I did so, making, however, an explicit verbal arrangement *that it should not be republished as a book.* It was, however, immediately republished as such, with a title to the effect that it was the "Breitmann Ballads." I appealed to the editor, and it was withdrawn, but I know not how many were issued, to my loss.

I had transferred the whole right of publication in England to my friend Nicolas Trübner, whom I had met when he had visited America, and I wrote specially for his edition certain poems. John "Camden" Hotten wrote to me modestly asking me to give *him* the sole right to republish the work. He said, "I hardly know what to say about the price—suppose we say *ten pounds!*" I replied, "Sir, I have given the whole right of publication to Mr. Trübner,

and I would not take it from him for ten thousand pounds." Hotten at once published an edition which was a curiosity of ignorance and folly. There was a blunder on an average to every page. He had annotated it! He explained that *Knasterbart* meant "a nasty fellow," and that the French *garce* was *gare*, "a railway station!" Trübner had sold 5000 copies before this precious affair appeared. After Hotten's death the British public were informed in an obituary that he had "*first* introduced me" to their knowledge!

Hans Breitmann became a type. I never heard of but one German who ever reviled the book, and that was a Democratic editor in Philadelphia. But the Germans themselves recognised that the pen which poked fun at them was no poisoned stiletto. Whenever there was a grand German procession, Hans was in it—the indomitable old *Degen* hung with *loot*—and he appeared in every fancy-ball. Nor were the Confederates offended. One of the most genial, searching, and erudite reviews of the work, which appeared in a Southern magazine (De Bow's), declared that I had truly written the Hudibras of the Civil War. What struck this writer most was the fact that I had opened a *new* field of humour. And here he was quite right. With the exception of Dan Rice's circus song of "Der goot oldt Sherman shentleman," and a rather flat parody of "Jessie, the Flower of Dunblane," I had never seen or heard of any specimen of Anglo-German poetry. To be *merely original* in language is not to excel in

everything—a fact very generally ignored—else my Pidgin-English ballads would take precedence of Tennyson's poems! On the other hand, very great poets have often not made a new *form*. The Yankee type, both as regards spirit and language, had become completely common and familiar in prose and poetry before Lowell revived it in the clever *Biglow Papers*. Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinee," and several other poems, are, however, *both* original and admirable. Whatever the merits or demerits of mine were—and it was years ere I ever gave them a thought—the public, which is always eager for something new, took to them at once.

I say that for years I never gave them a thought. All of the principal poems, except the "Barty" and "Breitmann as a Politician," were merely written to fill up letters to C. A. Bristed of New York, and I kept no copies of them—in fact, utterly *forgot* them. *Weingeist* was first written in a letter to a sister of Captain Colton, with the remark that it was easier to write such a ballad than any prose. But Bristed published them *à mon insu* in a sporting paper. Years after I learned that I published one called "Breitmann's Sermon" in *Leslie's Magazine*. This I have never recovered. If I write so much about these poems now, I certainly was not vain of them when written. The public found them out long before I did, and it is not very often that it gets ahead of a poet in appreciating his own works.

However, I was "awful busy" in those days. I had hardly begun on the *Press* ere I found that it

had a weekly paper, made up from the daily type transferred, which only just paid its expenses. Secondly, I discovered that there was not a soul on the staff except myself who had had any experience of weekly full editing. I at once made out a schedule, showing that by collecting and grouping agricultural and industrial items, putting in two or three columns of original matter, and bringing in a story to go through the daily first, the weekly could be vastly improved at very little expense.

Colonel Forney admired the scheme, but asked "who was to carry it out." I replied that I would. He remonstrated, very kindly, urging that I had all I could do as it was. I answered, "Colonel Forney, this is not a matter of time, but *method*. There is always time for the man who knows how to lay it out." So I got up a very nice paper. But for a very long time I could not get an agent to solicit advertisements who knew the business. The weekly paid its expenses and nothing more. But one day there came to me a young man named M. T. Wolf. He was of Pennsylvania German stock. He had lost a small fortune in the patent medicine business and wanted employment badly. I suggested that, until something else could be found, he should try his hand at collecting "advers."

Now, be it observed, as Mozart was born to music, and some men have a powerful instinct to study medicine, and others are so unnatural as to take to mathematics, Wolf had a grand undeveloped genius beyond all belief for collecting advertisements. He

had tried many pursuits and failed, but the first week he went into this business he brought in $200 (£40), which gave him forty dollars, and he never afterwards fell below it, but often rose above. "Advers" for him meant not adversity. It was very characteristic of Colonel Forney, who was too much absorbed in politics to attend much to business, that long after the *Weekly Press* was yielding him $10,000 a year *clear profit*, he said to me one day, "Mr. Leland, you must not be discouraged as to the weekly; the clerks tell me in the office that it *meets its expenses!*"

There was abundance of life and incident on the newspaper in those days, especially during election times in the autumn. I have known fights, night after night, to be going on in the street below, at the corner of Seventh and Chestnut, between Republicans and Democrats, with revolver shots and flashes at the rate of fifty to a second, when I was literally so occupied with pressing telegrams that I could not look out to see the fun. One night, however, when there were death-shots falling thick and fast, I saw a young man make a most *incredible* leap. He had received a bullet under the shoulder, and when a man or a deer is hit there he always leaps. I heard afterwards that he recovered, though this is a vital place.

It happened once that for a week the Republicans were kept from resisting or retaliating by their leaders, until the Democrats began to disgrace themselves by excesses. Then all at once the Republi-

cans boiled over, thrashed their foes, and attacking the Copperhead clubs, threw their furniture out of the window, and—inadvertently perhaps—also a few Copperheads. Just before they let their angry passions rise in this fashion, there came one night a delegation to serenade Colonel Forney at the office. The Colonel was grand on such occasions. He was a fine, tall, portly man, with a lion-like mien and a powerful voice. He begun—

"My friends, fellow-citizens and Republicans, you have this week acted nobly."

Cries from the crowd, "*We hev; we hev.*"

"You, when smitten on the right cheek, turned unto the oppressor the left."

"We did; we *did.*"

"You are beyond all question models, I may say with truth, paragons of patience, long-suffering, and humility. You are—Christian gentlemen!"

"We air; we *air.*"

While this was passing, a great gloomy thunder-cloud of the Democratic enemy gathered on the opposite side-walk, and as the Colonel lifted his voice again, there came a cry—

"Shut up, you d—d old Republican dead duck!"

That word was a spell to raise the devil withal. Bang! bang! bang! went the revolvers of the Union men in a volley, and the Democrats fled for their lives down Seventh Street, pursued by the meek, lowly, and long-suffering Christians—like rabbits before wolves.

The enemy at last resolved to attack the *Press* and burn the building. Then we had one hundred and fifty policemen sent to garrison and guard. There was a surging howling mob outside, and much guerilla-shooting, but all I can remember is my vexation at having so much to disturb me in making up the paper.

I never went armed in my life when I could help it, for I hate *impedimenta* in my pockets. All of us in the office hung up our coats in a dark place outside. Whenever I sent an assistant to get some papers from mine, he said that he always knew my coat because there was no pistol in it.

Scenes such as these, and quite as amusing, were of constant occurrence in those days in Philadelphia. "All night long in that sweet little village Was heard the soft note of the pistol And the dying scream of the victim." Now, be it noted, that a stuffed dead duck had become the *gonfalon* or banner of the Republicans, and where it swung, there the battle was fiercest. There was a young fellow from South Carolina, who had become a zealous Union man, and who made up for a sinful lack of sense by a stupendous stock of courage. One morning there came into the office an Object, and such an object! His face was all swathed and hidden in bloody bandages; he was tattered, and limped, and had his arm in a sling.

"In the name of heaven, who and what are you?" I exclaimed. "And who has been passing you through a bark-mill, that you look so ground-up?"

In a sepulchral voice, he replied, "I'm ——, and last night *I carried the dead duck!*"

Till I came on the *Press*, there was, it may be said, almost no community between the Germans of North Philadelphia and the Americans in our line. But I had become intimate with Von Tronk, a Hanoverian of good family, a lawyer, and editor, I believe of the *Freie Presse*. I even went once or twice to speak at German meetings. In fact, I was getting to be considered "almost as all de same so goot ash Deutsch," and very "bopular." One day Von Tronk came with a request. There was to be an immense German Republican *Massenversammlung* or mass-meeting in a great beer-garden. "If Colonel Forney could only be induced to address them." I undertook to do it. It was an entirely new field to him, but one wondrous rich in votes. Now Colonel Forney, though from Lancaster county and of German-Swiss extraction, knew not a word of the language, and I undertook to coach him.

"You will only need one phrase of three words," I said, "to pull you through; but you must pronounce them perfectly and easily. They are *Freiheit und Gleichheit*, 'freedom and equality.' Now, if you please, *fry-height*."

The Colonel went at his lesson, and being naturally clever, with a fine deep voice, in a quarter of an hour could roar out *Freiheit und Gleichheit* with an intonation which would have raised a revolution in Berlin. We came to the garden, and there was

an immense sensation. The Colonel had winning manners, with a manly mien, and he was duly introduced. When he rose to speak there was dead silence. He began—

"Friends and German fellow-citizens—yet why should I distinguish the words, since to me every German is a friend. I am myself, as you all know, of unmingled German extraction, and I am very, very proud of it. But there is one German sentiment which from a child has been ever in my heart, and from infancy ever on my lips, and that sentiment, my friends, is *Freiheit und Gleichheit!*"

If ever audience was astonished in this world it was that of the *Massenversammlung* when this burst on their ears. They hurrahed and roared and banged the tables in such a mad storm of delight as even Colonel Forney had never seen surpassed. Rising to the occasion, he thundered on, and as he reached the end of every sentence he repeated, with great skill and aptness, *Freiheit und Gleichheit.*

"You have made two thousand votes by that speech, Colonel," I said, as we returned. "Von Tronk will manage it at this crisis." After that, when the Colonel jested, he would called me "the Dutch vote-maker." This was during the Grant campaign.

Droll incidents were of constant occurrence in this life. Out of a myriad I will note a few. One day there came into our office an Indian agent from the West, who had brought with him a

Winnebago who claimed to be the rightful chief of his tribe. They were going to Washington to enforce the claim. While the agent conversed with some one, the Indian was turned over to me. He was a magnificent specimen, six feet high, clad in a long trailing scarlet blanket, with a scarlet straight feather in his hair which continued him up *ad infinitum*, and he was straight as a lightning rod. He was handsome and very dignified and grave; but I understood *that*. I can come it indifferent well myself when I am "out of my plate," as the French say, in strange society. He spoke no English, but, as the agent said, knew six Indian languages. He was evidently a chief by blood, "all the way down to his moccasins."

What with a few words of Kaw (I had learned about a hundred words of it with great labour) and a few other phrases of other tongues, I succeeded in interesting him. But I could not make him smile, and I swore unto myself that I would.

Being thirsty, the Indian, seeing a cooler of ice-water, with the daring peculiar to a great brave, went and took a glass and turned on the *spicket*. He filled his glass—it was brim-full—but he did not know how to *turn it off*. Then I had him. As it ran over he turned to me an appealing helpless glance. I said "*Neosho*." This in Pottawottamie means an inundation or overflowing of the banks, and is generally applied to the inundation of the Mississippi. There is a town on the latter so called. This was too much for the Indian, and he laughed aloud.

"Great God! what have you been saying to that Indian?" cried the agent, amazed. "It is the first time he has laughed since he left home."

"Only a little pun in Pottawottamie. But I really know very little of the language."

"I have no knowledge of the Indian languages," remarked our city editor, MacGinnis, a genial young Irishman, "least of all, thank God! of Pottawottamie. But I have always understood that when a man gets so far in a tongue as to make *puns* in it, it is time for him to stop."

Years after this I was one evening in London at an opening of an exhibition of pictures. There were present Indian Hindoo princes in gorgeous array, English nobility, literary men, and fine ladies. Among them was an unmistakable Chippeway in a white Canadian blanket-coat, every inch an Indian. I began with the usual greeting, "*Ho nitchi!*" (Ho, brother!), to which he gravely replied. I tried two or three phrases on him with the same effect. Then I played a sure card. Sinking my voice with an inviting wink, I uttered "*Shingawauba*," or whisky. "Dot fetched him." He too laughed. *Gleich mit gleich, gesellt sich gern.*

While living in New York, and during my connection with the *Press*, I often met and sometimes conversed with Horace Greeley. Once I went with him from Philadelphia to New York, and he was in the car the observed of all observers to an extraordinary degree. He sat down, took out an immense roll of proof, and said, "*Lead pencil!*" One was

immediately handed to him by some stranger, who was by that one act ennobled, or, what amounts to the same thing in America, grotesquely *charactered* for life. He was the man who gave Horace Greeley a lead pencil! I, as his companion, was also regarded as above ordinary humanity. When the proof was finished "Horace" said to me—

"How is John Forney getting on?"

"Like Satan, walking to and fro upon the face of the earth, going from the *Chronicle* in Washington one day to the *Press* in Philadelphia on the next, and filling them both cram full of leaders and letters."

"Two papers, both daily! I tell Forney that I find it is all I can do to attend to one. Tell him not to get too rich—bad for the constitution and worse for the country. Any man who has more than a million is a public nuisance."

Finally, we walked together from the Ferry to the corner of Park Place and Broadway, and the philosopher, after minutely explaining to me which omnibus I was to take, bade me adieu. I do not think we ever met again.

In the summer Colonel Forney went to Europe with John the junior. When he left he said, "I do not expect you to raise the circulation of the *Press*, but I hope that you will be able to keep it from falling in the dead season." I went to work, and what with enlarging the telegraphic news, and correspondence, and full reports of conventions, I materially increased the sale. It cost a great deal of money, to be sure, but the Colonel did not

mind that. At this time there came into our office as associate with me Captain W. W. Nevin. He had been all through the war. I took a great liking to him, and we always remained intimate friends. All in our office except myself were from Lancaster county, the birthplace, I believe, of Fitch and Fulton. It is a Pennsylvania German county, and as I notoriously spoke German openly without shame, ours was called a Dutch office. Once when Colonel Forney wrote a letter from Holland describing the windmills, the *Sunday Transcript* unkindly remarked that "he had better come home and look after his own Dutch windmill at the corner of Seventh and Chestnut Streets."

I had at this time a great deal to do with the operas and theatres, and often wrote the reviews. After a while, as Captain Nevin relieved me of a great deal of work, and I had an able assistant named Norcross, I devoted myself chiefly to dramatic criticism and the weekly, and such work as suited me best. As for the dignity of managership, Captain Nevin and I tossed it from one to the other like a hot potato in jest, but between us we ran the paper very well. There was an opera impresario named Maurice Strakosch, of whom I had heard that he was hard to deal with and irritable. I forget now who the prima donna in his charge was, but there had appeared in our paper a criticism which might be interpreted in some detail unfavourably by a captious critic. One afternoon there came into the office, where I was alone, a gentlemanly-seeming

man, who began to manifest anger in regard to the criticism in question. I replied, "I do not know, sir, what your position in the opera troupe may be, but if it be anything which requires a knowledge of English, I am afraid that you are misplaced. There was no intention to offend in the remarks, and so far as the lady is concerned I shall only be too glad to say the very best I can of her. *Comprenez, monsieur, c'est une bagatelle.*" He laughed, and we spoke French, then Italian, then German, and of Patti and Sontag and Lind. Then I asked him what he really was, and he replied, "I do not believe that you even know the name of my native tongue. It is Czech." I stared at him amazed, and said—

"Veliky Bog! Rozprava pochesky? Nekrasneya rejece est."

The Bohemian gentleman drew a handsomely bound book from his pocket. "Sir," he said, "this is my album. It is full of signatures of great artists, even of kings and queens and poets. There is not a name in it which is not that of a distinguished person, and I do not know what your name is, but I beg that you will write it in my book."

Nearly the same scene was repeated soon after, with the same words, when the great actress Fanny Janauschek came to Philadelphia. At that time she played only in German. Her manager, Grau, introduced me to her, and she complimented me on my German, and praised the language as the finest in the world.

"Yes," I replied, "it *is* certainly very fine.

But I know a finer, which goes more nearly to the heart, and with which I can move you more deeply."

"And what is that?" cried the great artist astonished.

"It is," I replied, in her native tongue, "*Bohemian.* That is the language for me."

Madame Janauschek was so affected that she burst out crying, though she was a woman of tremendous nerve. We became great friends, and often met again in after years in England.

I have seen Ristori play for thirty nights in succession,[1] and Rachel and Sarah Bernhardt; but as regards true genius, Janauschek in her earlier days was incomparably their superior; for these all played from nerves and instinct, but Janauschek from her brain and intellect. I often wondered that she did not write plays. It is said of Rachel that there was once a five-act play in which she died at the end of the fourth act. After it had had a long run she casually asked some one *how it ended.* She had never read the fifth act. Such a story could never have been told of Janauschek.

In the summer there were one or two railroad excursions to visit new branch roads in Pennsylvania. While on one of these I visited the celebrated Mauch Chunk coal-mines, and rode on the switch-back railway, where I had a fearfully narrow escape

[1] I am revising this MS. in the beautiful palazzo built for Ristori, 22 Lung Arno Nuovo, Florence. It is now the Pensione Bellini. On the ground floor are statues representing Ristori in different parts.

from death. This switchback is a *montagne Russe* coming up and down a hill, and six miles in length. Yet, though the rate of speed is appalling, the engineer can stop the car in a few seconds' time with the powerful brake. We were going down headlong, when all at once a cow stepped out of the bushes on the road before us, and if we had struck her, we must have gone headlong over the cliff and been killed. But by a miracle the engineer stopped the car just as we got to the cow. We were saved by a second. Something very like it had occurred to my wife and to me in 1859. We were going to Reading by rail, when the train ran off the track and went straight for an embankment where there was a fall of 150 feet. It was stopped just as the locomotive protruded or looked over the precipice. Had there been the *least trifle* more of steam on at that instant we must all have perished.

In the November of this my second year on the *Press* my father died. One thing occurred on this sad bereavement which alleviated it a little. I had always felt all my life that he had never been satisfied with my want of a fixed career or position. He did not, I think, *very* much like John Forney, the audacious, reckless politician, but he still respected his power and success, and it astonished him a little, and many others quite as much, to find that I was in many respects Forney's right-hand man, and manager of a bold political paper which had a great influence. A day or two before he died, my father expressed himself kindly to the effect that I had at last done

well, and that he was satisfied with me. At last, after so many years, he felt that I had an *état*—a calling, a definite position. In fact, in those days it was often said that Forney could make himself President, as he indeed might have done but for certain errors, no greater than have been committed by more successful men, and a stroke of ill-luck such as few can resist.

The winter passed quietly. I was extremely fond of my life and work. Summer came, and with it a great desire for a change and wild life and the West, for I had worked very hard. A very great railway excursion, which was destined to have a great effect, was being organised, and both my wife and I were invited to join it. Mr. John Edgar Thompson, the president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, Mr. Hinckley of the Baltimore road, President Felton, Professor Leidy, Robert Lambourn, and a number of other notables, were to go to Duluth on Lake Superior, and decide on the terminus of the railroad as a site for a city. Mrs. John E. Thompson had her own private car, which was seventy feet in length, and fitted up with every convenience and luxury. To this was added the same directors' car in which I had travelled to Minnesota. There were to be in all ten or twelve gentlemen and ten ladies. There was such efficient service that one young man, a clerk, was detailed especially to look after our luggage. As we stopped every night at some hotel, he would inquire what we required to be taken to our rooms, and saw that it was brought back in the morning. I went off in

such a hurry that I forgot my Indian blanket, nor had I any revolver or gun, all of which, especially the blanket, I sadly missed ere I returned. I got, before I left, a full white flannel or fine white cloth suit, which was then a startling novelty, and wore it to the Falls of the Mississippi. Little did I foresee that ere it gave out I should also have it on at the Cataracts of the Nile!

So we started, and, after a few hours' travel, stopped at Altona. There I was very much amused by an old darkey at the railway-station hotel, who had, as he declared, "specially de kyar of de ladies an' quality." He had been a slave till the war broke out, and had been wondrously favoured by visions and revelations which guided him to freedom. "De Lawd he 'pear to me in a dream, an' I hyar a vice which cry, 'Simon, arise an' git out of dis, an' putt fo' de Norf as fass as you kin travel, fo' de day of de 'pressor is at an end, and you is to be free.' So I rosed and fled, hardly a waitin' to stuff my bag wid some corn-dodgers and bacon, an' foller de Norf Star till I git confused and went to sleep agin, wen, lo, an angel expostulated hisself befo' my eyes in a wision, and say, 'Simon, beholdes' dou dat paff by de riber? Dat's de one fo' you to foller, ole son!' So I follers it till I git on de right trail. Den I met anoder nigger a 'scapin from the bon's of captivity, and carryin' a cold ham, an' I jined in wid him—you bet—and so we come to de Lord's country."

And so gaily on to Chicago. We went directly to the first hotel, and as soon as I had toiletted and

gone below, I saw on the opposite building a sign with the words *Chicago Tribune.* This was an exchange of ours, so I crossed over, and meeting the editor by chance in the doorway, was welcomed and introduced to Governor Desbrosses, who stood by. Then I went to a telegraph office, and sent a despatch to the *Press.* The man wanted me to pay. I told him to C.O.D., "collect on delivery." He declined. I said, "Your principal office is in Philadelphia, is it not?—Third and Chestnut Streets? Just send a telegram and ask the name of your landlord. It's Leland, and *I'm the man.* If you make me pay, I'll raise your rent." He laughed heartily and let me off, but not without a parting shot: "You see, Mr. Leland, there are so many scallawags[1] from the East come here, that we are obliged to be a little particular."

I returned to the hotel, and was immediately introduced to some one having authority. I narrated my late experience. He looked at me and said, "How long have you been in Chicago?" I replied, "About thirty minutes." He answered gravely, "I think you'd better *stay* here. You'll suit the place." I was beginning to feel the moral influence of the genial air of the West. Chicago is emphatically what is termed "a place," and a certain amount of calm confidence in one's self is not in that city to any one's discredit. Once there was an old lady of a "hard" type in the witness-box in an American city. She glared round at the judge, the jury,

[1] Scallawag, from the Gaelic *scallag*, a vagabond.—*D. MacRitchie.*

and the spectators, and then burst out with, "You needn't all be staring at me in that way. I don't keer a —— for you all. I've lived eleven years in Chicago, and ain't affeard of the devil." Chicago is said in Indian to mean the place of skunks, but calling a rose a skunk-cabbage don't make it one.

Walking on the edge of the lake near the city, the waters cast up a good-sized living specimen of that extraordinary fish-lizard, the great *menobranchus*, popularly known as the hell-bender from its extreme ugliness. Owing to the immense size of its spermatozoa, it has rendered great aid to embryology, a science which, when understood *au fond*, will bring about great changes in the human race. We were taken out in a steamboat to the end of the great aqueduct, which was, when built, pronounced, I think by the London *Times*, to be the greatest engineering work of modern times.

In due time we came to St. Paul's, Minnesota. We went to a very fair hotel, and had a very good dinner. In the West it is very common among the commonalty to drink coffee and milk through dinner, and indeed with all meals, instead of wine or ale, but the custom is considered as vulgar by swells. Having finished dessert, I asked the Irish waiter to bring me a small cup of black coffee and brandy. Drawing himself up stiffly, Pat replied, "We don't serve caafy at dinner in *this* hotel." There was a grand roar of laughter, which the waiter evidently thought was at *my* expense, as he retreated smiling.

We were kindly received in St. Paul's by every-

body. There is this immense advantage of English or American hospitality over that of all other countries, that it introduces us to the *home*, and makes us forget that we are strangers. When we were at the end of the fearfully wearisome great moral circus known as the Oriental Congress, held all over Scandinavia in 1890, there came to me one evening in the station a great Norseman with his friends. With much would-be, ox-like dignity he began, "You ha-ave now experienced de glorious haspitality off our country. You will go oom and say——"

"Stop a minute there!" I exclaimed, for I was bored to death with a show which had been engineered to tatters, and to half defeating all the work of the Congress, in order to glorify the King and Count Landberg. "I have been here in your country six weeks, and I had letters of introduction, and have made no end of acquaintances. I have been shown thousands of fireworks, which blind me, and offered dozens of champagne, which I never touch, and public dinners, which I did not attend. But during the whole time I have never once seen the inside of a Swedish or Norwegian house." Which was perfectly true, nor have I ever seen one to this day. There is a kind of "hospitality" which consists of giving yourself a grand treat at a tavern or *café*, and inviting your strangers to it to help you to be glorified. But to very domestic people and utter Philistines, *domestic* life lacks the charm of a brass band, and the mirrors and gilding of a restaurant or hotel;

therefore, what they themselves enjoy most, they, with best intent, but most unwisely, inflict on more civilised folk. But in America and England, where home-life is *worth* living and abounding in every attraction, and public saloons are at a discount, the case is reversed. And in these Western towns, of which many were, so to speak, almost within hearing of the whoop of the savage or the howl of the wolf (as Leavenworth really was), we experienced a refinement of true hospitality in homes—kindness and tact such as I have never known to be equalled save in Great Britain. One evening I was at a house in St. Paul's, where I was struck by the beauty, refined manners, and agreeableness of our hostess, who was a real Chippeway or Sioux Indian, and wife of a retired Indian trader. She had been well educated at a Canadian French seminary.

We were taken over to see the rival city of Minneapolis, of which word my brother Henry said it was a vile grinding up together of Greek and Indian. *Minne* means water; *Minne-sota*, turbid water; and *Minne-haha* does not signify "laughing," but *falling* water. This we also visited, and I found it so charming, that I was delighted to think that for once an Indian name had been kept, and that the young ladies of the boarding-schools of St. Paul's or Minneapolis had not christened or devilled it "Diana's Bath."

We were received kindly by the Council of the city of Minneapolis. Half of them had come

from the East afflicted with consumption, and all had recovered. But it is necessary to remain there to live. My wife's cousin, Mr. Richard Price, who then owned the great saw-mill next to the Fall of St. Anthony, came with this affliction from Philadelphia, and got over it. After six years' absence he returned to Philadelphia, and died in six weeks of consumption. Strangely enough, consumption is the chief cause of death among the Indians, but this is due to their careless habits, wearing wet moccasins and the like.

Now a great question arose. It was necessary for the magnates of our party to go to Duluth, and to do this, they must make a seven days' journey through the wilderness, either on a very rough military road cut through the woods during the war, or sometimes on no road at all. Houses or post-stations, often of only one or two rooms, were sometimes a day's journey apart. The question was whether delicate ladies, utterly unaccustomed to anything like hard travel, could take this trip, during which they must endure clouds of mosquitos, put up with camp-cooking, or often none, and otherwise go through privations such as only an Indian or a frontiersman would care to experience? The entire town of St. Paul's, and all the men of our party, vigorously opposed taking the ladies, while I, joining the latter, insisted on it that they could go. For, as I said to all assembled, where the devil is afraid to go he sends a woman, and I had always observed that

in travelling, long after men are tired out women are generally all right. They are never more played out *than they want to be.*

> " Femme plaint, femme deult,
> Femme est malade quand elle veult,
> Et par Sainte Marie !
> Quand elle veult elle est guerye."

And of course *we* carried the day. Twelve men, even though backed up by a City Council, have no chance against any ten women. To be sure, women, like all other savages, require a male leader—I mean to say, just as Goorkha troops, though brave as lions, must have an English captain—so they conquered under my guidance !

Having had experience in fitting out for the wilderness, I was requested to see to the stores—so many hams to so many people for so many days—so much coffee, and so forth. I astonished all by insisting that there should be one *tin-cup* to every traveller. "Every glass you have will soon be broken," I said. And so it was, sooner than I expected. As tin-cups could not be found in St. Paul's, we bought three or four dozen small tin-basins of about six inches diameter at the rim, and when champagne was served out, it was, *faute de mieux*, drunk from these eccentric goblets.

In the first waggon were Mr. and Mrs. Thompson and Mrs. Leland. Their driver was a very eccentric Canadian Frenchman named Louis. He was to the last degree polite to the ladies, but subject

to attacks of Indian rage at mere trifles, when he would go aside, swear, and destroy something like a lunatic in a fury, and then return quite happy and serene. I was in the second waggon with three ladies, a man being wanted in every vehicle. Our driver was named George, and he was altogether like Brigham, minus the Mexican-Spanish element. George had, however, also lived a great deal among Indians, and been at the great battle of the Chippeways and Sioux, and was full of interesting and naïve discourse.

Of course, we of the two leading waggons all talked to Louis in French, who gave himself great airs on it. One morning George asked me in confidence, "Mr. Leland, you're not all French, are you?" "Certainly not," I replied, "we're from Philadelphia." "Well," replied George, "so I told Louis, but he says you *are* French like him, and shut me up by askin' me if I hadn't heard you talkin' it. Now what I want to know is—if you're *not* French, how came the *whole* of you to know it?" I explained to George, to his astonishment, that in the East it was usual for all well-educated persons, especially ladies, to learn it. I soon became as intimate with George as I had been with Brigham, and began to learn Chippeway of him, and greet the Indians whom we met. One day George said—

"Of course you have no Indian blood in you, Mr. Leland; but weren't you a great deal among 'em when you were young?"

"Why?"

"Because you've got queer, little, old Injun ways. Whenever you stop by the roadside to talk to anybody and sit down, you always rake the small bits of wood together and pull out a match and make a *smudge*" (a very smoky fire made by casting dust on it), "just like an Indian in an Injun kind of way." (In after years I found this same habit of making fires of small bits of wood peculiar to old English gypsies.)

The smudge is the great summer institution of Minnesota. It is the safeguard against mosquitos. They are all over the State in such numbers that they constitute a plague. We all wore all the time over our faces and necks a kind of guard or veil, shaped exactly like an Egyptian *fanous* or folding lantern. It is cylindrical, made of *tulle* or coarse lace, with rings. At every house people sat in the porticos over a tin bucket, in which there was a smudge, that is to say, in smoke. In the evening some one goes with a tin or iron pail containing a smudge, and fills the bedrooms with dense smoke. One evening Mr. Hinckley and another of our party went fishing without veils. They returned with their necks behind swollen up as if with *goitres* or *Kröpfe*. I knew a young Englishman who with friends, somewhere beyond Manitoba, encountered such a storm of mosquitos that their oxen were killed, and the party saved themselves by riding away on horseback. So he told me.

At the stations—all log-houses—the ladies col-

lected pillows and buffalo-blankets, and, making a great bed, all slept in one room. We men slept in waggons or under a tent, which was not quite large enough for all. The Indian women cut spruce twigs, and laid them over-lapping on the ground for our bed. By preference I took the outside, *al fresco*. One night we stayed at a house which had an upper and a lower storey. The ladies camped upstairs. In the morning, when we men below awoke, all took a drink of whisky. There entered a very tall Indian, clad in a long black blanket, who looked on very approvingly at the drinking. I called to my wife above to hand me down my whisky-flask. "There is a big Indian here, who wants a drink," I remarked. "I think I know," she replied, "who that big Indian is," but handed down the flask. "Don't waste whisky on an *Indian*," said one of my companions. But I filled the cup with a tremendous slug, and handed it to the Objibeway. He took it down like milk, and never a word spoke he, but when it was swallowed he looked at me and winked. Such a wink as that was! I think I see it now—so inspired with gratitude and humour as to render all words needless. He had a rare sense of tact and gratitude. Soon after I was sitting out of doors among a few ladies, when the Indian, who had divined that I was short of Chippeway and wished to learn, stalked up, and pointing to our beauty, said gravely, *squoah*, *i.e.*, woman. Then he indicated several other articles, told me the Indian name for each, and walked away. It was all he could

do. The ladies, who could not imagine why this voluntary lesson was given to me, were much amused at it. But *I* understood it; he had seen the Injun in me at a glance, and knew what I wanted most!

One night we stopped at a place called Kettle River. It was very picturesque. Over the rushing stream the high rocky banks actually overhung the water. I got into a birch canoe with my wife, and two Indian boys paddled us, while others made a great fire on the cliff above, which illuminated the scene. Other Indian youths jumped into the water and swam about and skylarked, whooping wildly. It reminded me strangely of the Blue Grotto of Capri, where our boatmen jumped in and swam in a sulphur-azure glow, only that this was red in the firelight.

Our whisky ran short — it always does on all such excursions—and our drivers in consequence became very "short" also, or rather unruly. But *bon chemin, mal chemin*, we went on, and the ladies, as I had predicted, pulled through merrily.

One day, at a halt, I found, with the ladies, in the woods by a stream, a pretty sight. It was a wigwam, which was very open, and which had been made to look like a bower with green boughs. When I was in the artillery, I was the only person who ever thus adorned our tent in Indian style. It is very pleasant on a warm day, and looks artistic. In the wigwam sat a pretty Indian woman with a babe. The ladies were, of course, at once deeply interested, but the Indian could not speak English.

One of the ladies had a common Japanese fan, with the picture of a grotesque god, and I at once saw my way to interest our hostess.

I once read in the journal of a missionary's wife in Canada that she had a curious Malay or Cingalese dagger, with a curved blade and wooden sheath, while on the handle was the figure of an idol. One day she showed this to an Indian, and the next day he came with five more, and these again with fifteen, till it seemed as if the whole country had gone wild over it. Very much alarmed at such heathenism, the lady locked it up and would show it no more. Ere she did so, she asked an old Indian how it was possible to make a scabbard of one piece of wood, with a hole in it to fit the blade. This man, who had been one of the most devoted admirers of the deity on the handle, saw no puzzle in this. He explained that the hole was burned in by heating the blade.

I showed the god on the fan to the Indian woman, and said, "*Manitū—ktchee manitū*" ("A god—a great god"). She saw at once that it was heathen, and her heart went out unto it with great delight. With a very few Chippeway words and many signs, I explained to her that forty days' journey from us was the sea, and forty days beyond another country where the people had this *manitou.* I believe that the lady gave her the fan, and it may be that she worships it to this day. How absurd it is to try to force on such people Catholic or Protestant forms, which they do *not* understand and never will,

while their souls take in with joy the poly-pantheistic developments of supernaturalism, and that which suits their lives. Like the little boy who *thought* he would like to have a Testament, but *knew* he wanted a squirt, the Indian, unable to rise to the grandeur of monotheistic trinitarianism, is delighted with goblins, elves, and sorcery. He can manage the squirt.

At Fond-du-Lac I became acquainted with a Mr. Duffy, a very genial and clever man, a son of a former governor of Rhode Island. He had an Indian wife and family, and was looked up to by the Indians as *Kitchimōkomon*, "the white man." That he was a gentleman will appear from the following incident. There was one of our party who, to put it mildly, was not remarkable for refinement. A trader at Fond-du-Lac had a very remarkable carved Indian pipe, for which he asked me fifteen dollars. It certainly was rather a high price, so I offered ten. Immediately the man of whom I spoke laid down fifteen dollars and took the pipe. He was *dans son droit*, but the action was churlish. It seemed so to Duffy, who was standing by. After I had returned to Philadelphia, Mr. Duffy sent me a very handsome pipe for a present, which he assured me had been smoked at two grand councils. He was indeed a "white man."

There was an old Indian here whose name in Indian meant "He who changes his position while sitting," but white people called him Martin "for short." He was wont to smoke a very handsome pipe. One day, seeing him smoking a wretched

affair rudely hewn, I asked him if he had not a better. He replied, "I had, but I sold it to the *kcheemo-komon iqueh*"—the long-knife woman (*i.e.*, to a white lady). Inquiry proved that the "long-knife woman" was Miss Lottie Foster, a very beautiful and delicate young lady from Philadelphia, to whom such a barbaric term seemed strangely applied. As for me, because I always bought every stone pipe which I could get, the Indians called me *Poaugun* or Pipe. Among the Algonkin of the East in after-days I had a name which means *he who seeks hidden things* (*i.e.*, mysteries).

We came to Duluth. There were there in those days exactly six houses and twenty-six Indian wigwams. However, we were all accommodated somehow. Here there were grand conferences of the railroad kings with the authorities of Duluth and Superior City, which was a few miles distant, and as the Dulutherans outbid the Father Superiors, the terminus of the road was fixed at Duluth.

It was arranged that the ladies should remain at Duluth, while we, the men, were to go through the woods to examine a situation a day's march distant. We had Indians to carry our luggage. Every man took a blanket and a cord, put his load into it, turned the ends over the cord, and then drew it up like a bag. They carried very easily from 150 to 250 lbs. weight for thirty miles a day over stock and stone, up and down steep banks or amid rotten crumbling trees and moss. Though a good walker, I could not keep up with them.

I had with me a very genial and agreeable man as walking companion. His name was Stewart, and he was mayor, chief physician, and filled half-a-dozen other leading capacities in St. Paul's. Our fellow-travellers vanished in the forest. Mayor Stewart and I with one Indian carrier found ourselves at two o'clock very thirsty indeed. The view was beautiful enough. A hundred yards below us by the steep precipice rushed the St. Lawrence, but we could not get at it to drink.

Stewart threw himself on the grass in despair. "Yes," he cried, "we're lost in the wilderness, and I'm going to die of thirst. Remember me to my family. I say," he suddenly cried, "ask that Injun the name of that river."

I asked of the Indian, "*Wa go nin-iu?*—How do you call that?" Thinking I wanted to know the name for a stream, he replied "*Sebe.*" This is the same as *sipi* in Missis-sipi.

"I knew it," groaned Stewart. "There is no such river as the *Sebe* laid down on the map. We're lost in an unknown region."

"It occurs to me," I said, "that this is a judgment on me. When I think of the number of times in my life when I have walked past bar-rooms and neglected to go in and take a drink, I must think that it is a retribution."

"And I say," replied Stewart, "that if you ever do get back to civilisation, you'll be the —— old toper that ever was."

When we came to the camp, we found there by

mere chance a large party of surveyors. As there were thirty or forty of us, it was resolved, as so many white men had never before been in that region, to constitute a township and elect a member to the Legislature, or Congress, or something—I forget what; but it appeared that it was legal, and it was actually done—I voting with the rest as a settler. I too am a *Minnesot.*

We railroad people formed one party and sat at our evening meal by ourselves, the surveyors made another, and the Indians a third *table-d'hôte.* An open tin of oysters was before us, and somebody said they were not good. One only needs say so to ruin the character of an oyster—and too often of "a human bivalve," as the Indiana orator said. We were about to pitch it away, when I asked the attendant to give it to the Indians. It was gravely passed by them from man to man till it came to the last, who lifted it to his mouth and *drank off the entire quart, oysters and all,* as if it had been so much cider. Amazed at this, I asked what it meant, but the only explanation I could get was, "He like um oyster."

This was a charming excursion, all through the grene wode wilde, and I enjoyed it. I had Indian society, and learned Indian talk, and bathed in charming rushing waters, and saw enormous pine-trees 300 feet high, and slept *al fresco,* and ate *ad libitum.* To this day its remembrance inspires in me a feeling of deep true poetry.

I think it was at Duluth that one morning there

was brought in an old silver cross which had just been found in an Indian grave on the margin of the lake, not very far away. I went there with some others. It was evidently the grave of some distinguished man who had been buried about a hundred years ago. There were the decayed remains of an old-fashioned gun, and thousands of small beads adhering, still in pattern, to the *tibiæ*. I dug up myself—in fact they almost lay on the surface—the sand being blown away—several silver bangles, which at first looked exactly like birch-bark peelings, and what I very much prized, two or three stone cylinders or tubes, about half-an-inch in diameter, with a hole through them. Antiquaries have been much puzzled over these, some thinking that they were musical instruments, others implements for gambling. My own theory always was that they were used for smoking tobacco, and as those which I found were actually stuffed full of dried semi-decayed "fine cut," I still hold to it. I also purchased from a boy a red stone pipe-head which was found in the same grave. I should here say that the pipe which had been bought away from me by the man above mentioned had on it the carving of a *reindeer*, which rendered it to me alone of living men peculiarly valuable, since I have laboured hard, and subsequently set forth in my "Algonkin Legends" the theory that the Algonkin Indians went far to the North, and there mingled with the Norsemen of Greenland and Labrador. The man who got the pipe promised to leave it to me when he died, but

he departed from life and never kept his word. A frequent source of grief to me has been to see objects of great value, illustrating some point in archæology, seized as "curiosities" by ignorant wealthy folk. The most detestable form of this folly is the buying of *incunabula*, first editions or uncut copies, and keeping them from publication or reading, and, in short, of worshipping anything, be it a book or a coin, merely because it is *rare*. Men never expatiate on *rariora* in literature or in china, or talk cookery and wines over-much, without showing themselves prigs. It is not any beauty in the *thing*, but the delightful sense of their own culture or wealth which they cultivate. When there is nothing in a thing but mere *rarity* and cost to commend it, it is absolutely worthless, as is the learning and connoisseurship thereupon dependent.

Business concluded, we took a steamboat, and were very sea-sick on Lake Superior for twenty-four hours. Then we went to the Isle Royale, and saw the mines, which had been worked even by the ancient Mexicans, also an immense mass of amethysts. The country here abounds in agates. At Marquette there was brought on board a single piece of pure virgin copper from the mine which weighed more than 4000 pounds. There it was, I think, that we found our cars waiting, and returned in them to Philadelphia.

It was at this time that my brother Henry died, and his loss inflicted on me a terrible mental blow, which went far, subsequently, to bring about a great

crisis in my health. My dear brother was the most remarkable illustration of the fact that there are men who, by no fault of their own, and who, despite the utmost honour or integrity, deep intelligence, good education, and varied talents, are overshadowed all their lives by sorrow, and meet ill-luck at every turn. He went at sixteen as employé into a Cuban importing house, where he learned Spanish. His principal failed, and thence he passed to a store in New York, where he worked far too hard for $600 a year. His successor, who did much less, was immediately paid $2500 per annum. Finding that his employer was being secretly ruined by his partner, he warned the former, but only with the result of being severely reprimanded by the merchant and my father as a mischief-maker. After a while this merchant was absolutely ruined and bankrupted by his partner, as he himself declared to me, but, like many men, still kept his *rancune* against my poor brother. By this time the eyesight and health of Henry quite gave out for some time. Every effort which he made, whether to get employment, to become artist or writer, failed. He published two volumes of tales, sporting sketches, &c., with Lippincott in Philadelphia, which are remarkable for originality. One of them was subsequently written out by another distinguished author in another form. I do not say it was after my brother's, for I have known another case in which two men, having heard a story from Barnum, both published it, ignorant that the other

had done so. But I would declare, in justice to my brother, that he told this story, which I am sure the reader knows, quite as well as did the other.

He travelled a great deal, was eighteen months in Rome and its vicinity, visited Algeria, Egypt, and Cuba and the West, always spending so little money that my father expressed his amazement at it. I regret to say that in my youth I never astonished him in this way. But this morbid conscientiousness or delicacy as to being dependent did him no good, for he might just as well have been thoroughly comfortable, and my father would never have missed it. The feeling that he could get no foothold in life, which had long troubled me, became a haunting spectre which followed him to the grave. His work "Americans in Rome" is one of the cleverest, most sparkling, and brilliant works of humour, without a trace of vulgarity, ever written in America. It had originally some such title as "Studios and Mountains," but the publisher, thinking that the miserable clap-trap title of "Americans in Rome" would create an impression that there was "gossip," and possibly scandal, in it, insisted on that. It was published in the weary panic of 1862 in the war, and fell dead from the press. Though he never really laughed, and was generally absolutely grave, my brother had an incredibly keen sense of fun, and in conversation could far outmaster or "walk over the head" of any humourist whom I ever met. He was very far, however, from showing

off or being a professional wit. He was very fond, when talking with men who considered themselves clever, of making jests or puns in such a manner and in such an unaffected ordinary tone of voice that they took no note of the *quodlibets*. He enjoyed this much more than causing a laugh or being complimented. But taking his life through, he was simply unfortunate in everything, and his worst failures were when he made wisely directed energetic efforts to benefit himself or others. He rarely complained or grieved, having in him a deep *fond* of what I, for want of a better term, call *Indian nature*, or stoicism, which is common in Americans, and uttterly incomprehensible to, or rarely found in, a European.

The death of my father left me a fifth of his property, which was afterwards somewhat augmented by a fourth share of my poor brother's portion. For one year I drew no money from the inheritance, but went on living as before on my earnings, so that my wife remarked it really took me a year to realise that I had any money. After some months I bought a house in Locust Street, just opposite to where my father had lived, and in this house I remained six months previously to going to Europe in 1869. We had coloured servants, and I never in all my life, before or since, lived so well as during this time. The house was well furnished; there was even the great luxury of no piano, which is a great condition of happiness.

This year I was fearfully busy. As I had taken

the dramatic criticism in hand, for which alone we had always employed a man, I went during twelve months 140 times to the opera, and every evening to several theatres, *etcetera*. Once I was caught beautifully. There had been an opera bouffe, the "Grande Duchesse" or something, running for two or three weeks, and I had written a criticism on it. This was laid over by "press of matter," but as the same play was announced for the next night with the same performers, we published the critique. But it so chanced that the opera by some accident was not played! The *Evening Bulletin*, my old paper, rallied me keenly on this blunder, and I felt badly. John Forney, jun., however, said it was mere rubbish of no consequence. He was such an arrant Bohemian and hardened son of the press, that he regarded it rather as a joke and a feather in our caps, indicating that we were a bounding lot, and not tied down to close observances. Truly this is a very fine spirit of freedom, but it may be carried too far, as I think it was by a friend of mine, who had but one principle in life, and that was *never* to write his newspaper correspondence in the place from which it was dated. It came to pass that about three weeks after this, retribution overtook the *Bulletin*, for it also published a review of an opera which was not sung, but I meanly passed the occurrence by without comment. When a man hits you, it is far more generous, manly, and fraternal to hit him back a good blow than to degrade him by silent contempt.

The Presidential campaign between Grant and Johnson was beginning to warm up. Colonel Forney was in a cyclone of hard work between Washington, Pennsylvania, and New York, carrying on a thousand plots, and finely or coarsely drawn intrigues, raising immense sums, speaking in public, and, not to put it too finely, buying or trading votes in a thousand tortuous or "mud-turtlesome and possum-like ways" —for *non possumus* was not in his Latin. Never shall I forget the disgust and indignation with which the great Republican champion entered the office one evening, and flinging himself on a chair, declared that votes in New Jersey had gone up to sixty dollars a head! And I was forced to admit that sixty dollars for a Jersey-man did seem to be an exorbitant price. So he went forth on the war-path with fresh paint and a sharp tomahawk.

It often happened to me in his absence to have very curious and critical decisions in my power. One of these is the "reading in" or "reading out" of a man from his party. This is invariably done by a leading political newspaper. I remember, for instance, a man who had been very prominent in politics, and gone over to the Democrats, imploring me to readmit him to the fold; but as I regarded him as a mere office-hunter, I refused to do it. *Excommunicatus sit!*

There was a *very* distinguished and able man in a very high position. To him I had once addressed a letter begging a favour which would have been nothing at all to grant, but which was of great

importance to me, and he had taken no notice of it. It came to pass that we had in our hands to publish certain very damaging charges against this great man. He found it out, and, humiliated, I may say agonised with shame and fear, he called with a friend, begging that the imputations might not be published. I believe from my soul that if I had not been so badly treated by him I should have refused his request, but, as it was, I agreed to withdraw the charges. It was the very best course, as I afterwards found. I am happy to say that, in after years, and in other lands, he showed himself very grateful to me. I am by nature as vindictive as an unconverted Indian, and as I am deeply convinced that it is vile and wicked, I fight vigorously against it. In my *Illustrated News* days in New York, I used to keep an old German hymn pasted up before me in the sanctum to remind me not to be revengeful. Out of all such battling of opposing principles come good results. I feel this in another form in the warring within me of superstitious *feelings* and scientific convictions.

It became apparent that on Pennsylvania depended the election of President. The State had only been prevented from turning Copperhead-Democrat—which was the same as seceding—by the incredible exertions of the Union League, led by George H. Boker, and the untiring aid of Colonel Forney. But even now it was very uncertain, and in fact the election—on which the very existence of the Union virtually depended—was turned by only a few hundred votes;

and, as Colonel Forney and George H. Boker admitted, it would have been lost but for what I am going to narrate.

There were many thousand Republican Clubs all through the State, but they had no one established official organ or newspaper. This is of vast importance, because such an organ is sent to doubtful voters in large numbers, and gives the keynote or clue for thousands of speeches and to men stumping or arguing. It occurred to me early, to make the *Weekly Press* this organ. I employed a young man to go to the League and copy all the names and addresses of all the thousands of Republican Clubs in the State. Then I had the paper properly endorsed by the League, and sent a copy to every club at cost-price or for nothing. This proved to be a *tremendous* success. It cost us money, but Colonel Forney never cared for that, and he greatly admired the *coup*. I made the politics hot, to suit country customers. I found the gun and Colonel Forney the powder and ball, and between us we made a hit.

One day Frank Wells of the *Bulletin* (very active indeed in the Union League) met me and asked if I, since I had lived in New York, could tell them anything as to what kind of a man George Francis Train really was. "He has come over all at once," he said, "from the Democratic party, and wishes to stump Pennsylvania, if we will pay him his expenses." I replied—

"I know Train personally and understand him better than most men. He is really a very able

speaker for a popular American audience, and will be of immense service if rightly managed. But you must get some steady, sensible man to go with him and keep him in hand and regulate expenses, &c."

It was done. After the election I conversed with the one who had been the bear-leader, and he said—

"It was an immense success. Train made thousands of votes, and was a most effective speaker. His mania for speaking was incredible. One day, after addressing two or three audiences at different towns, we stopped at another to dine. While waiting for the soup, I heard a voice as of a public speaker, and looking out, saw Train standing on a load of hay, addressing a thousand admiring auditors."

There are always many men who claim to have carried every Presidential election—the late Mr. Guiteau was one of these geniuses—but it is also true that there are many who would by *not* working have produced very great changes. Forney was a mighty wire-puller, if not exactly before the Lord, at least before the elections, and he opined that I had secured the success. There were *certainly* other men—*e.g.*, Peacock, who influenced as many votes as the *Weekly Press*, and George Francis Train—without whose aid Pennsylvania and Grant's election would have been lost, but it is something to have been one of the few who did it.

When General Grant came in, he resolved to have nothing to do with "corrupt old politicians," even though they had done him the greatest service. So he took up with a lot of doubly corrupt young

ones, who were only inferior to the veterans in ability. Colonel Forney was snubbed cruelly, in order to rob him. Whatever he had done wrongly, he had done his *work* rightly, and if Grant intended to throw his politicians overboard, he should have informed them of it before availing himself of their services. His conduct was like that of the old lady who got a man to saw three cords of wood for her, and then refused to pay him because he had been divorced.

I had never in my life asked for an office from anybody. Mr. Charles A. Dana once said that the work I did for the Republican party on *Vanity Fair* alone was worth a foreign mission, and that was a mere trifle to what I did with the *Continental Magazine*, my pamphlet, &c. When Grant was President, I petitioned that a little consulate, worth $1000 (£200) might be given to a poor Episcopal clergyman, but a man accustomed to consular work, who spoke French, and who had been secretary to two commodores. It was for a small French town. It was supported by Forney and George H. Boker; but it was *refused* because I was "in Forney's set," and the consulate was given to a Western man who did not know French.

If John Forney, instead of using all his immense influence for Grant, had opposed him tooth and nail, he could not have been treated with more scornful neglect. The pretence for this was that Forney had defaulted $40,000! I know every detail of the story, and it is this:—While Forney was in Europe, an agent to whom he had confided his affairs did

take money to that amount. As soon as Forney learned this, he promptly raised $40,000 by mortgage on his property, and repaid the deficit. Even his enemy Simon Cameron declared he did not believe the story, and the engine of *his* revenge was always run by "one hundred Injun power."

I had "met" Grant several times, when one day in London I was introduced to him again. He said that he was very happy to make my acquaintance. I replied, "General Grant, I have had the pleasure of being introduced to you *six times* already, and I hope for many happy renewals of it." A week or two after, this appeared in *Punch*, adapted to a professor and a duchess.

When the Sanitary Fair was held in Philadelphia in 1863, a lady in New York wrote to Garibaldi, begging him for some personal souvenir, to be given to the charity. Garibaldi replied by actually sending the dagger which he had carried in every engagement, expressing in a letter a hope that it might pass to General Grant. But a warm partisan of MacLellan so arranged it that there should be an election for the dagger between the partisans of Grant and MacLellan, every one voting to pay a dollar to the Fair. For a long time the MacLellanites were in a majority, but at the last hour Miss Anna M. Lea, now Mrs. Lea Merritt, very cleverly brought down a party of friends, who voted for Grant, secured the dagger for him, and so carried out the wish of Garibaldi. Long after an amusing incident occurred relative to this. In con-

versation in London with Mrs. Grant, I asked her if the dagger had been received. She replied, "Oh, yes;" and then added naïvely, "But wasn't it really *all a humbug?*"

The death of my father and brother within a year, the sudden change in my fortunes, the Presidential campaign, and above all the working hard seven days in the week, had been too much for me. I began to find, little by little, that I could not execute half the work to which I was accustomed. Colonel Forney was very kind indeed, and never said a word. But I began to apprehend that a break-down in my health was impending. I needed change of scene, and so resolved, finding, after due consideration, that I had enough to live on, to go abroad for a long rest. It proved to be a very wise resolve. So I rented my house, packed my trunks, and departed, to be gone "for a year or two."

I would say, in concluding this chapter, that Colonel John Forney was universally credited, with perfect justice, as having carried Grant's election. When Grant was about to deliver his inaugural speech, a stranger who stood by me, looking at the immense expectant crowd, remarked to a friend, "This is a proud day for John Forney!" "Yes," replied the other; "the Dead Duck has elected Grant." But Forney cheerfully and generously declared that it was the *Weekly Press* which had carried Pennsylvania, and that I had managed it entirely alone. All these things were known to thousands at the time, but we lived in such

excitement that we made but little account thereof. However, there are men of good repute still living who will amply confirm all that I have said of my work on the *Continental Magazine;* and that Abraham Lincoln himself did actually credit me with this is proved by the following incident. Because I had so earnestly advocated Emancipation as a war measure at a time when even the most fiery and advanced Abolition papers, such as the *Tribune*, were holding back and shouting *pas trop de zèle*—and as it proved wisely, by advocating it publicly—*merely as a war measure*—the President, at the request of George H. Boker, actually signed for me fifty duplicate very handsome copies of the Proclamation of Emancipation on parchment paper, to every one of which Mr. Seward also added his signature. One of these is now hanging up in the British Museum as my gift. I perfectly understood and knew at the time, as did all concerned, that this was a recognition—and a very graceful and appropriate one—of what I had done for Emancipation,—Harvard having A.M.'d me for the same. The copies I presented to the Sanitary Fair to be sold for its benefit, but there was not much demand for them; what were left over I divided with George Boker.

VIII.

EUROPE RE-VISITED.

1869–1870.

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Voyage on the *Pereire*—General Washburne—I am offered a command in another French Revolution—Paris—J. Meredith Reed and Prevost Paradol—My health—Spa—J. C. Hotten—Octave Delepierre — Heidelberg — Dresden — Julian Hawthorne and G. Lathrop — Verona — Venice — Rome—W. W. Story — Florence—Lorimer Graham—"Breitmann" in the Royal Family—Tuscany.

We sailed on the famed *Pereire* from New York to Brest in May 1869. We had not left port before a droll incident occurred. On the table in the smoking-room lay a copy of the "Ballads of Hans Breitmann." A fellow-passenger asked me, "Is that your book?" I innocently replied, "Yes." "Excuse me, sir," cried another, "it is *mine*." "I beg your pardon," I replied, "but it is really mine." "Sir, I *bought* it." "I don't care if you did," I replied, "it is mine—for I wrote it." There was a roar of laughter, and we all became acquainted at once.

General Washburne was among the passengers. He had been appointed Minister to France and was going to Paris, where he subsequently distinguished himself during the siege by literally taking the place of seven foreign Ministers who had left, and kindly caring for all their *protégés*. It never occurred to

the old frontiersman to leave a place or his duties because fighting was going on. I had a fine twelve-feet blue Indian blanket, which I had bought somewhere beyond Leavenworth of a trader. When sitting on deck wrapped in it, the General would finger a fold lovingly and say, "Ah! the Indians always have good blankets!"

We arrived in Brest, and Mrs. Leland, who had never been before in Europe, was much pleased at her first sight, early in the morning, of a French city—the nuns, soldiers, peasants, and all, as seen from our window, were indeed very picturesque. We left that day by railway for Paris, and on the road a rather remarkable incident occurred. There was seated opposite to us a not very amiable-looking man of thirty, who might be of the superior class of mechanics, and who evidently regarded us with an evil eye, either because we were suspected *Anglais* or aristocrats. I resolved that he should become amicable. Ill-tempered though he might be, he was still polite, for at every stopping-place he got out to smoke and extinguished his cigar ere he re-entered. I said to him, "Madame begs that you will not inconvenience yourself so much — pray continue to smoke in here." This melted him, as it would any Frenchman. Seeing that he was reading the *Rappel*, I conversed "liberally." I told him that I had been captain of barricades in Forty-eight, and described in full the taking of the Tuileries. His blood was fired, and he confided to me all the details of a

grand plot for a Revolution which he was going up to Paris to attend to, and offered me a prominent place among the conspirators, assuring me that I should have a glorious opportunity to fight again at the barricades! I was appalled at his want of discretion, but said nothing. Sure enough there came the *émeute* of the plebiscite, as he had predicted, but it was suppressed. George Boker wrote to me: "When I heard of a Revolution in Paris, I knew at once that you must have arrived and had got to work." And when I told him that I knew of it in advance and had had a situation offered me as leader, he dryly replied, "Oh, I suppose so—as a matter of course." It was certainly a strange coincidence that I left Paris in Forty-eight as a Revolutionary *suspect*, and re-entered it in 1870 in very nearly the same capacity.

We found agreeable lodgings at the Rond Point of the Champs Elysées. The day after our arrival I determined to arrange the terms of living with our landlord. He and his wife had the reputation of being fearful screws in their "items." So he, thinking I was a newly arrived and perfectly ignorant American, began to draw the toils, and enumerate so much for the rooms, so much for every towel, so much, I believe, for salt and every spoon and fork. I asked him how much he would charge for everything in the lump. He replied, "*Mais, Monsieur, nous ne faisons pas jamais comme cela à Paris.*" Out of all patience, I burst out into vernacular: "*Sacré nom de Dieu et mille tonnerres, vieux*

galopin! you dare to tell *me*, a *vieux carabin du Quartier Latin*, that you cannot make arrangements! *Et depuisse-quand, s'il vous plait?*"[1] He stared at me in blank amazement, and then said with a smile: "*Tiens! Monsieur est donc de nous!*" "That I am," I replied, and we at once made a satisfactory compromise.

We had pleasant friends, and saw the sights and shopped; but I began to feel in Paris for the first time that the dreaded break-down or collapse which I had long apprehended was coming over me. There was a very clever surgeon and physician named Laborde, who was called Nelaton's right-hand man. I met him several times, and he observed to a mutual friend that I was evidently suffering seriously from threatening nervous symptoms, and that he would like to attend me. He did so, and gave me daily a teaspoonful of bromide of potassium. This gave me sleep and appetite; but, after some weeks or months, the result was a settled, mild melancholy and tendency to rest. In fact, it was nearly eighteen months before I recovered so that I could write or work, and *live* as of old.

I had inherited from both parents, and suffered all my life fearfully at intervals, from brachycephalic or dorsal neuralgia. Dr. Laborde made short work of this by giving me appallingly strong doses of *tincture of aconite* and *sulphate of quinine*. Chemists have often been amazed at the prescription. But in due time the trouble quite disappeared, and

[1] For *depuisse-quand, vide* Paul de Kock.

I now, *laus Deo !* very rarely ever have a touch of it. As many persons suffer terribly from this disorder, which is an *aching* in the back of the head and neck accompanied by "sick headache," I give the ingredients of the cure ; the proper quantity must be determined by the physician.[1]

We dined once with Mr. Washburne, who during dinner showed his extreme goodness of heart in a very characteristic manner. Some foolish American had during the *émeute*—in which I was to have been a leader, had I so willed—got himself into trouble, not by fighting, but through mere prying Yankee "curiosity" and mingling with the crowd. Such people really deserve to be shot more than any others, for they get in the way and spoil good fighting. He was deservedly arrested, and sent for his Minister, who, learning it, at once arose, drove to the *prefecture*, and delivered his inquisitive compatriot. On another occasion we were the guests of J. Meredith Reed, then our Minister to Athens, where we met Prevost Paradol. But at this time there suddenly came over me a distaste for operas, theatres, dinners, society—in short, of crowds, gaslight, and gaiety in any form, from which I have never since quite recovered. I had for years been fearfully overdoing it all in America, and now I was in the reaction, and longed for rest. I was in that state when one could truly say that life would be

[1] On due reflection, I believe that I have here had a slip of memory. It was not till after a year, when returning from Italy, that these incidents occurred. But as it is all strictly true in every detail, I let it remain, as of little consequence.

tolerable but for its amusements. It is usual for most people to insist in such cases that what the sufferer needs is "excitement" and "distraction of the mind," change of scene or gaiety, when, in reality, the patient should be most carefully trained to repose, which is not always easily done, for so very little attention has been paid to this great truth, that even medical science as yet can do very little towards calming nervous disorders. In most cases the trouble lies in the presence, or unthinking heedless influence, of other people; and, secondly, in the absence of interesting minor occupations or arts, such as keep the mind busy, yet not over-excited or too deeply absorbed. An important element in such cases is to interest deeply the patient in himself as a vicious subject to be subdued by his own exertions. No one who has *never* had the gout severely can form any conception of the terribly arrogant irritability which accompanies it. I say *arrogant*, because it is independent of any voluntary action of the mind. I have often felt it raging in me, and laughed at it, as if it were a chained wild beast; and conversed with perfect serenity. Unfortunately, even our dearest friends, generally women, cannot, to save their very lives and souls, refrain from having frequent piquant scenes with such tempting subjects; while, on the other hand, the subjects are often led by mere vanity into exhibiting themselves as something peculiar. Altogether, I believe that where there is no deeply-seated hereditary or congenital defect,

or no displacement or injury from violence or disease, there is always a cure to be hoped for, or at least possible; but this cure depends in many cases so very much upon the wisdom and patience of friends and physicians, that it is only remarkable that we find so many recoveries as we do. Where the patient and friends are all really persons of superior intelligence, almost miraculous cures may be effected. But unfortunately, if it be not born in us, it requires a great deal of genius to acquire properly the real *dolce far niente.*

From Paris we went to Spa in the Ardennes. In this very beautiful place, in a picturesque land of legends, I felt calmer and more relieved. I think it was there that for the first time I got an inkling that my name was becoming known in Europe. There was a beautiful young English lady whom I occasionally met in an artist's studio, who one day asked me with some interest whom the Leland could be of whom one heard sometimes—"he writes books, I think." I told her that I had a brother who had written two or three clever works, and she agreed with me that he must be the man; still she inclined to think the name was not Henry, but Charles.

Mr. Nicolas Trübner, whom I had not seen since 1856, came with his wife and daughter to Spa, and this was the beginning of a great intimacy which lasted to his death. Which meeting reminds me of something amusing. I had written the first third of "Breitmann as a Politician," which J. "Camden" Hotten had republished, promising the public to give

them the rest before long. This I prevented by copyrighting the two remaining thirds in England! Being very angry at this, Hotten accused me in print of having written this conclusion expressly to disappoint and injure *him!* In fact, he really seemed to think that Mr. Trübner and I were only a pair of foreign rogues, bound together to wrong Mr. J. C. Hotten out of his higher rights in "Breitmann." I wrote a pamphlet in which I said this and some other things very plainly. Mr. Trübner showed this to his lawyer, who was of the opinion that it could not be published because it bore on libel, though there was nothing in it worse than what I have here said. However, Mr. Trübner had it privately printed, and took great joy, solace, and comfort for a very long time in reading it to his friends after dinner, or on other occasions, and as he had many, it got pretty well about London. I may here very truly remark that Mr. Hotten, in the public controversy which he had with Mr. Trübner on the subject of my "Ballads," displayed an effrontery absolutely without parallel in modern times, apropos of which *Punch* remarked—

> "The name of Curll will never be forgotten,
> And neither will be thine, John Camden Hotten."

From Spa we went to Brussels, where I remember to have seen many times at work in the gallery the famous artist without arms who painted with his toes. What was quite as remarkable was the excellence of his copies from Rembrandt. Nature

succeeded in his case in "heaping voonders oopen voonders," as Tom Hood says in his "Rhine." I became well acquainted with Tom Hood the younger in after years, and to this day I contribute something every year to *Tom Hood's Annual.* At Brussels we stayed at a charming old hotel which had galleries one above the other round the courtyard, exactly like those of the White Hart Inn immortalised in "Pickwick." There was in Philadelphia a perfect specimen of such an inn, which has of late years been rebuilt as the Bingham House. While in Spa I studied Walloon.

From Brussels to Ghent, which I found much modernised from what it had been in 1847, when it was still exactly as in the Middle Age, but fearfully decayed, and, like Ferrara, literally with grass-grown streets. *Und noch weiter*—to Ostend, where for three weeks I took lessons in Flemish or Dutch from a young professor, reading "Vondel" and "Bilderdjk," who, if not in the world of letters known, deserves to be. I had no dictionary all this time, and the teacher marvelled that I always knew the meaning of the words, which will not seem marvellous to any one who understands German and has studied Anglo-Saxon and read "Middle or Early English." Then back to Spa to meet Mr. and Mrs. Trübner and her father, Octave Delepierre, who was a great scholar in *rariora, curiosa,* and old French, and *facile princeps* the greatest expert in Macaronic poetry who ever wrote. May I here venture to mention that he always declared that my

later poem of "Breitmann and the Pope" was the best Macaronic poem which he had ever read? His reason for this was that it was the most reckless and heedless or extravagant combination of Latin and modern languages known to him. I had, however, been much indebted to Mr. Oscar Browning for revising it. And so the truth, which long in darkness lay, now comes full clearly to the light of day.

Thence to Liège, Amsterdam, the Hague, Haarlem, and Leyden, visiting all the great galleries and many private collections. At Amsterdam we saw the last grand kermess or annual fair ever held there. It was a Dutch carnival, so wild and extravagant that few can comprehend now to what extremes "spreeing" can be carried. The Dutch, like the Swedes, have or had the strange habit of bottling up their hilarity and letting it out on stated occasions in uproarious frolics. I saw *carmagnoles* in which men and women, seized by a wild impulse, whirled along the street in a frantic dance to any chance music, compelling every bystander to join. I heard of a Prince from Capua, who, having been thus *carmagnoled*, returned home in rags.

In Leyden I visited the Archæological Museum, where I by chance became acquainted with the chief or director, who was then engaged in rearranging his collections, and who, without knowing my name, kindly expressed the wish that I would remain a week to aid him in preparing the catalogue. As there are few works on prehistoric relics which I

do not know, and as I had for many years studied with zeal innumerable collections of the kind, I venture to believe that his faith in my knowledge was not quite misplaced. Even as I write I have just received the *Catalogue of Prehistoric Works in Eastern America*, by Cyrus Thomas, a work of very great importance.

Thence we went to Cologne, where it was marvellous to find the cathedral completed, in spite of the ancient legend which asserts that though the devil had furnished its design he had laid a curse upon it, declaring that it should never be finished. Thence up the Rhine by castles grey and smiling towns, recalling my old foot-journey along its banks; and so on to Heidelberg, where I stayed a month at the Black Eagle. Herr Lehr was still there. He had grown older. His son was taking dancing lessons of Herr Zimmer, who had taught me to waltz twenty years before. One day I took my watch to a shop to be repaired, when the proprietor declared that he had mended it once before in 1847, and showed me the private mark which he put on it at the time.

There were several American students, who received me very kindly. I remember among them Wright, Manly, and Overton. When I sat among them smoking and drinking beer, and mingling German student words with English, it seemed as if the past twenty years were all a dream, and that I was a *Bursch* again. Overton had the reputation of being *par éminence* the man of men in all Heidel-

berg, who could take off a full quart at one pull without stopping to take breath, a feat which I had far outdone at Munich, in my youth, with the *horn*, and which I again accomplished at Heidelberg "without the foam," Overton himself, who was a very noble young fellow, applauding the feat most loudly. But I have since then often done it with Bass or Alsopp, which is much harder. I need not say that the "Breitmann Ballads," which had recently got among the Anglo-American students, and were by them greatly admired, did much to render me popular.

I found or made many friends in Heidelberg. One night we were invited to a supper, and learned afterwards that the two children of our host, having heard that we were Americans, had peeped at us through the keyhole and expressed great disappointment at not finding us *black.*

In November we went to Dresden. We were so fortunate as to obtain excellent rooms and board with a Herr and Madame Röhn, a well-to-do couple, who, I am sure, took boarders far more for the sake of company than for gain. Herr Röhn had graduated at Leipzig, but having spent most of his life in Vienna, was a man of exuberant jollity — a man of gold and a gentleman, even as his wife was a truly gentle lady. As I am very tall, and detest German small beds, I complained of mine, and Herr Röhn said he had another, of which I could not complain. And I certainly could not, for when it came, I found it was at

least eight feet in length. It seems that they had once had for a boarder a German baron who was *more than seven feet* high, and had had this curiosity constructed; and Herr Röhn roared with laughter as I gazed on it, and asked if I would have it lengthened.

We remained in Dresden till February, and found many friends, among whom there was much pleasant home-like hospitality. Among others were Julian Hawthorne and sisters, and George Parsons Lathrop. They were young fellows then, and not so well known as they have since become, but it was evident enough that they had good work in them. They often came to see me, and were very kind in many ways. I took lessons in porcelain-painting, which art I kept up for many years, and was, of course, assiduous in visiting the galleries, Green Vault, and all works of art. I became well acquainted with Passavant, the director. I was getting better, but was still far from being as mentally vigorous as I had been. I now attribute this to the enormous daily dose of bromide which I continued to take, probably mistaking its *influence* for the original nervous exhaustion itself. It was not indeed till I got to England, and substituted *lupulin* in the form of hops—that is to say, pale ale or "bitter"—in generous doses, that I quite recovered.

So we passed on to Prague, which city, like everything Czech, always had a strange fascination for me. There I met a certain Mr. Vojtech Napristek

(or Adalbert Thimble), who had once edited in the United States a Bohemian newspaper, with which I had exchanged, and with whom I had corresponded, but whom I had never before seen. He had established in Prague, on American lines, a Ladies' Club of two hundred, which we visited, and was, I believe, owing to an inheritance, now a prosperous man. Though I am not a Thimble, it also befell me, in later years, to found and preside over a Ladies' Art Club of two hundred souls. At that time the famous legendary bridge, with the ancient statue of St. John Nepomuk, still existed as of yore. No one imagined that a time would come when they would be washed away through sheer neglect.

So on to Munich, where, during a whole week, I saw but one *Riegelhaube*, a curious head-dress or chignon-cover of silver thread, once very common. Even the old Bavarian dialect seemed to have almost vanished, and I was glad to hear it from our porter. Many old landmarks still existed, but King Louis no longer ran about the streets —I nearly ran against him once—people no longer were obliged by law to remove cigars or pipes from their mouths when passing a sentry-box. Lola Montez had vanished. *Mais où sont les neiges d'antan?*

So we went over the Brenner Pass, stopped at Innspruck, and saw the church described by Heine in his *Reisebilder*, and came to Verona, the Bern of the *Heldenbuch*. "*Ich will gen Bern ausreiten sprach Meister Hildebrand.*"

It was a happy thought of the Italians to put picturesque Verona down as the first stopping-place for Northern travellers, and I rather like Ruskin's idea of buying the town and keeping it intact as a piece of *bric-à-brac*. He might have proposed Rome while he was about it—"anything there can be had for money," says Juvenal.

When we arrived at the station, I alone was left to encounter the fierce douaniers. One of them, inquisitive as to tobacco, when I told him I had none, laid his finger impressively on the mouth-piece of my pipe, remarking that where the tail of the fox was seen the fox could not be far off. To which I replied that I indeed had no tobacco, but wanted some very badly, and that I would be much obliged to him if he would give me a little to fill my pipe. So all laughed. My wife entering at this instant, cried in amazement, "Why, Charles! where did you ever learn to talk Italian?" Which shows that there can be secrets even between married people; though indeed my Italian has always been of such inferior quality that it is no wonder that I never boasted of it even in confidence. It is, in fact, the Hand-organo dialect flavoured with Florentine.

There was an old lady who stood at the door of a curiosity-shop in Verona, and she had five pieces of bone-carvings from some old *scatola* or marriage-casket. She asked a fabulous price for them, and I offered five francs. She scorned the paltry sum with all the vehemence of a susceptible

soul whose tenderest feelings have been outraged. So I went my way, but as I passed the place returning, the old lady came forth, and, graciously courtesying and smiling, held forth to me the earrings neatly wrapped in paper, and thanked me for the five francs! Which indicated to me that the good small folk of Italy had not materially changed since I had left the country.

We came to Venice, and went to a hotel, where we had a room given to us which, had we wished to give a ball, would have left nothing to be desired. I counted in it twenty-seven chairs and seven tables, all at such a distance from one another that they seemed not to be on speaking terms. I do not think I ever got quite so far as the upper end of that room while I inhabited it—it was probably somewhere in Austria. I have spoken of having met Mr. Wright at Heidelberg. He was from Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania. The next day after my arrival, I found among the names of the departed, "Signore Wright-*Kilkes*, from Barre, Pennsylvania, America." This reminded me of the Anglo-American who was astonished at Rome at receiving invitations and circulars addressed to him as "Illustrissimo Varanti Solezer." It turned out that an assistant, reading aloud to the clerk the names from the trunks, had mistaken a very large "WARRANTED SOLE LEATHER" for the name of the owner.

And this on soles reminds me that there was a *femme sole* or lone acrimonious British female at

our hotel, who declared to me one evening that she had *never* in all her life been so *insulted* as she was that day at a banker's; and the insult consisted in this, that she, although quite unknown to him, had asked him to cash a cheque on London, which he had declined to do. I remarked that no banker who did business properly ever ought to cash a cheque from a total stranger.

"Sir," said the lady, "do *I look* like an impostor?"

"Madame," I replied, "I have seen thieves and wretches of the vilest type, who could not have been distinguished from either of us as regards respectability of appearance. You do not appear to know much about such people."

"I am happy to say, sir," replied the lady with intense acidity, "that *I* do *not*." But she added triumphantly, "What do you say when I tell you that I had my *cheque-book?* How could I have possessed it if I had not a right to draw?"

"Any scamp," I replied, "can deposit a few pounds in a bank, buy a cheque-book, and then draw his money."

But the next day she came to me in radiant sneering triumph. She had found another banker, who was a gentleman, with a marked emphasis, who had cashed her cheque. How many people are there in this world whose definition of a gentleman is "one who does whatever pleases *us*."

In Florence we went directly to the Hotel d'Europe in the Via Tuornabuoni, where my Indian

blanket vanished even while entering the hotel, and surrounded only by the servants to whom the luggage had been confided. As the landlord manifested great disgust for me whenever I mentioned such a trifle, and as the porter and the rest declared that they would answer soul and body for one another's honesty, I had to grin and bear it. I really wonder sometimes that there are not more boarders, who, like Benvenuto Cellini, set fire to hotels or cut up the bed-clothes before leaving them. That worthy, having been treated not so badly as I was at the Hotel d'Europe and at another in Florence, cut to pieces the sheets of his bed, galloped away hastily, and from the summit of a distant hill had the pleasure of seeing the landlord in a rage. Now people write to the *Times*, and "cut up" the whole concern. It all comes to the same thing.

In Florence I saw much of an old New York friend, the now late Lorimer Graham. When he died, Swinburne wrote a poem on him. He was a man of great culture and refined manner. There was something sympathetic in him which drew every one irresistibly into liking. It was his instinct to be kind and thoughtful to every one. He gave me letters to Swinburne, Lord Houghton, and others.

I made an acquaintance by chance in Florence whom I can never forget: for he was a character. One day while in the Uffizi Gallery engaged in studying the great Etruscan vase, now in the

Etruscan Museum, a stranger standing by me said, "Does not this seem to you like a mysterious book written in forgotten characters? Is not a collection of such vases like a library?"

"On that hint I spake." "I see," I replied, "you refer to the so-called Etruscan Library which an Englishman has made, and which contains only vases and inscriptions in that now unknown tongue of Etruria. And indeed, when we turn over the pages of Inghirami, Gherard, and Gori, Gray, or Dennis, it does indeed really seem—but what do you really think the old Etruscan language truly was?"

"Look here, my friend," cried the stranger in broad Yankee, "I guess I'm barkin' up the wrong tree. I calculated to tell *you* something, but you're ahead of me."

We both laughed and became very good friends. He lived at our hotel, and had been twenty-five years in Italy, and knew every custode in every gallery, and could have every secret treasure unlocked. He was perfectly at home about town—would stop and ask a direction of a cab-driver, and was capable of going into an umbrella-shop when it rained.

We went on to Rome, and I can only say that, as regards what we saw there, my memory is confused literally with an *embarras de richesses*. The Ecumenical Council was being held, at which an elderly Italian gentleman, who possibly did not know oxygen from hydrogen, or sin from sugar,

was declared to be infallible in his judgment of all earthly things.

While in Rome we saw a great deal of W. W. Story, the sculptor, and his wife and daughter, Edith, for whom Thackeray wrote his most beautiful tale, and I at my humble distance the ballad of "Breitmann in Rome," which contained a remarkable prophecy of the Franco-German war. At their house we met Odo Russell and Oscar Browning, and many more whose names are known to all. It was there also that a lady of the Royal English household amused us very much one evening by narrating how the "Breitmann Ballads," owing to their odd mixture of German and English, were favourite subjects for mutual reading and recitation among the then youthful members of the Royal family, and what haste and alarm there was to put the forbidden book out of the way when Her Majesty the Queen was announced as coming. I also met in Rome the American poet and painter T. Buchanan Read, who gave me a dinner, and very often that remarkable character General Carroll Tevis, who, having fought under most flags, and been a Turkish bey or pacha, was now a chamberlain of the Pope. In the following year he fought for the French, behaved with great bravery in Bourbaki's retreat, and was decorated on the field of battle. Then again, when I was in Egypt, Tevis was at the head of the military college. He had fairly won his rank of general in the American Civil War, but as there was some

disinclination or other to give it to him, I had used my influence in his favour with Forney, who speedily secured it for him. He was a perfect type of the old *condottiero*, but with Dugald Dalgetty's scrupulous faith to his military engagements. The American clergyman in Rome was the Rev. Dr. Nevin, a brother of my friend Captain Nevin. There was also Mrs. John Grigg, an old Philadelphia friend (now residing in Florence), to whom we were then, as we have continually been since, indebted for the most cordial hospitality.

Through the kind aid of General Tevis we were enabled to see all the principal ceremonies of the Holy Week and Easter. This year, owing to the Council, everything was on a scale of unusual magnificence. I can say with Panurge that I have seen three Popes, but will not add with him, "and little good did it ever do me," for Mrs. Leland at least was much gratified with a full sight and quasi-interview with His Holiness.

There was a joyous sight for a cynic to be seen in Rome in those days—in fact, it was only last year (1891) that it was done away with. This was the drawing of the lottery by a priest. There was on a holy platform a holy wheel and a holy little boy to draw the holy numbers, and a holy old priest to oversee and *bless* the whole precious business. The blessing of the devil would have been more appropriate, for the lotteries are the curse of Italy. What the Anglo-American mechanic puts into a savings-bank, the Italian invests in lotteries. In

Naples there are now fourteen tickets sold per annum for the gross amount of the population, and in Florence twelve.

One day I took a walk out into the country with Briton Riviére and some other artists. I had a cake or two of colour, and Riviére with wine for water, at a *trattoria* where we lunched, made a picture of the attendant-maid. He pointed out to me on the road a string of peasants carrying great loaves of coarse bread. They had walked perhaps twenty miles to buy it, because in those days people were not allowed to bake their own bread, but must buy it at the public *forno*, which paid a tax for the privilege. So long as Rome was under Papal control, its every municipal institution, such as hospitals, prisons, and the police, were in a state of absolutely incredible inhuman vileness, while under everything, ran corruption and dishonesty. The lower orders were severely disciplined as to their sexual morals, because it was made a rich source of infamous taxes, as it now is in other cities of Europe; but cardinals and the wealthier priests kept mistresses, almost openly, since these women were pointed out to every one as they flaunted about proudly in their carriages.

From Rome we passed into Pisa, Genoa, Spezzia, and Nice, over the old Cornici road, and so again to Paris, where we remained six weeks, and then left in June 1870, just before the war broke out. While in the city we saw at different times in public the Emperor and Empress, also the Queen

of Spain. The face of Louis Napoleon was indeed somewhat changed since I saw him in London in 1848, but it had not improved so much as his circumstances, as he was according to external appearances and popular belief now extremely well off. But appearances are deceptive, as was soon proved, for he was in reality on the verge of a worse bankruptcy than even his uncle underwent, for the nephew lost not only kingdom and life, but also every trace of reputation for wisdom and honesty, remaining to history only as a brazen royal adventurer and "copper captain."

In Rome our dear old friend Mrs. John Grigg showed us—as I said—many kind attentions, which she has—in Florence—continued to this day. This lady is own aunt to my old school friend General George MacLellan. At an advanced age she executes without glasses the most exquisite embroidery conceivable, and her heart and intellect are in keeping with her sight.

IX.

ENGLAND.

1870.

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The Trübners—George Eliot and G. H. Lewes—Heseltine—Edwards—Etched by Bracquemond and Legros—Jean Ingelow—Tennyson—Hepworth Dixon—Lord Lytton the elder—Lord Houghton—Bret Harte — France, Alsace, and Lorraine—Samuel Laing—Gypsies—The Misses Horace Smith — Brighton and odd fish—Work and Books—Hunting—Doré—Art and Nature—Taglioni—Chevalier Wykoff — Octave Delepierre — Breitmann—Thomas Carlyle—George Borrow—A cathedral tour round about England—Salisbury, Wells, and York.

It is pleasant being anywhere in England in June, and the passing from picturesque Dover to London through laughing Kent is a good introduction to the country. The untravelled American, fresh from the "boundless prairies" and twenty-thousand-acre fields of wheat, sees nothing in it all but the close cultivation of limited land; but the tourist from the Continent perceives at once that, with most careful agriculture, there are indications of an exuberance of wealth, true comfort, and taste rarely seen in France or Germany. The many trees of a better quality and slower growth than the weedy sprouting poplar and willow of Normandy; the hedges, which are very beautiful and ever green; the flower-beds and walks about the poorest cottage; the neatly-planted, prettily-bridged side-roads, all indicate a

superiority of wealth or refinement such as prevails only in New England, or rather which *did* prevail, until the native population, going westward, was supplanted by Irish or worse, if any worse there be at turning neatness into dirty disorder.

That older American population was deeply English, with a thousand rural English traditions religiously preserved; and the chief of these is clean *neatness*, which, when fully carried out, always results in simple, unaffected beauty. This was very strongly shown in the Quaker gardens, once so common in Philadelphia—and in the people.

We arrived in London, and went directly to the Trübners', No. 29 Upper Hamilton Terrace, N.W. The first person who welcomed me was Mr. Delepierre, an idol of mine for years; and the first thing I did was to borrow half-a-crown of him to pay the cab, having only French money with me. It was a charming house, with a large garden, so redolent of roses that it might have served Chriemhilda of old for a romance. For twenty years that house was destined to be an occasional home and a dwelling where we were ever welcome, and where every Sunday evening I had always an appointed place at dinner, and a special arm-chair for the never-failing Havannah. Mrs. Trübner had, in later years, two boxes of Havannahs of the best, which had belonged to G. H. Lewes, and which George Eliot gave her after his death. I have kept two *en souvenir*. I knew a man once who had formed a large collection of such relics. There was a cigar which he had

received from Louis Napoleon, and one from Bismarck, and so forth. But alas! once while away on his travels, the whole museum was smoked up by a reckless under-graduate younger brother. *In fumo exit.*

How many people well known to the world—or rather how few who were not—have I met there—Edwin Arnold, G. H. Lewes, Mrs. Trübner's uncle H. Dixon, M. Van der Weyer, Frith the artist, Lord Napier of Magdala, Pigott, Norman Lockyer, Bret Harte, "and full many more," scholars, poets, editors, and, withal, lady-writers of every good shade, grade, and quality. How many of them all have passed since then full silently into the Silent Land, where we may follow, but return no more! How many a pleasant smile and friendly voice and firm alliances and genial acquaintances, often carried out in other lands, date their beginning in my memory to the house in Hamilton Terrace! How often have I heard by land or sea the familiar greeting, "I think I met you once at the Trübners'!" For it was a salon, a centre or sun with many bright and cheering rays—a civilising institution!

Mrs. Trübner was the life of this home. Anglo-Belgian by early relation and education, she combined four types in one. When speaking English, she struck me as the type of an accomplished and refined British matron; in French, her whole nature seemed Parisienne; in Flemish, she was altogether Flamande; and in German, Deutsch. If Cerberus was three gentlemen in one, Mrs. Trübner was four

ladies united. Very well read, she conversed not only well on any subject, but, what is very unusual in her sex, with sincere interest, and not merely to entertain. If interrupted in a conversation she resumed the subject! This is a remarkable trait!

The next day after our arrival Mrs. Trübner took Mrs. Leland, during a walk, to call on George Eliot, and that evening G. H. Lewes, Hepworth Dixon, and some others came to a reception at the Trübners'. Both of these men were, as ever, very brilliant and amusing in conversation. I met them very often after this, both at their homes and about London. I also became acquainted with George Eliot or Mrs. Lewes, who left on me the marked impression, which she did on all, of being a woman of genius, though I cannot recall anything remarkable which I ever heard from her. I note this because there were most extraordinary reports of her utterances among her admirers. A young American lady once seriously asked me if it were true that at the Sunday-afternoon receptions in South Bank, one could always see rows of twenty or thirty of the greatest men in England, such as Carlyle, Froude, and Herbert Spencer, all sitting with their note-books silently taking down from her lips the ideas which they subsequently used in their writings! There seemed, indeed, to be afloat in America among certain folk an idea that something enormous, marvellous, and inspired went on at these receptions, and that George Eliot posed as a Pythia or Sibyl, as the great leading mind of England, and lectured while we listened. There is no

good portrait, I believe, of her. She had long features, and would have been called plain but for her solemn earnest eyes, which had an expression quite in keeping with her voice, which was one not easily forgotten. I never detected in her any trace of genial humour, though I doubt not that it was latent in her; and I thought her a person who had drawn her ideas far more from books and an acquaintance with certain types of humanity whom she had set herself deliberately to study—albeit with rare perception—than from an easy intuitive familiarity with all sorts and conditions of men. But she worked out *thoroughly* what she knew by the intuition of genius, though in this she was very far inferior to Scott. Thus she wrote the "Spanish Gypsy," having only seen such gypsies two or three times. One day she told me that in order to write "Daniel Deronda," she had read through two hundred books. I longed to tell her that she had better have learned Yiddish and talked with two hundred Jews, and been taught, as I was by my friend Solomon the Sadducee, the art of distinguishing Fraülein Löwenthal of the Ashkenazim from Senorita Aguado of the Sephardim *by the corners of their eyes!*

I had read more than once Lewes's "Life of Goethe," his "History of Philosophy and Physiology," and even "written him" for the *Cyclopædia*. With him I naturally at once became well acquainted. I remember here that Mr. Ripley had once reproved me for declaring that Lewes had really a

claim to be an original philosopher or thinker; for Boston intellect always frowned on him after Margaret Fuller condemned him as "frivolous and atheistic." I remember that Tom Powell had told me how he had dined somewhere in London, where there was a man present who had really been a cannibal, owing to dire stress of shipwreck, and how Lewes, who was there, was so fascinated with the man-eater that he could think of nothing else. Lewes told me that once, having gone with a party of archæologists to visit a ruined church, he found on a twelfth-century tombstone some illegible letters which he persuaded the others to believe formed the name Golias, probably having in mind the poems of Walter de Mapes. When I returned from Russia, I delighted him very much by describing how I had told the fortunes by hand of six gypsy girls. He declared that telling fortunes to gypsies was the very height of impudence!

> "A hundred jests have passed between us twain,
> Which, had I space, I'd gladly tell again."

A call which I have had, since I wrote that last line, from John Postle Heseltine, Esq., reminds me that he was one of the first acquaintances I made in London. Mr. E. Edwards, a distinguished etcher and painter, gave me a dinner at Richmond, at which Mr. Heseltine was present. In Edwards' studio I met with Bracquemond and Legros, both of whom etched my portrait on copper. Mr. Heseltine is well known as a very distinguished

artist of the same kind, as well as for many other things. Edwards was very kind to me in many ways for years. Legros I found very interesting. There was in Edwards' studio the unique *complete* collection of the etchings of Méryon, which we examined. Legros remarked of the incredibly long-continued industry manifested in some of the pictures, that lunatics often manifested it to a high degree. Méryon, as is known, was mad. I had etched a very little myself and was free of the fraternity.

Within a few days Mr. Strahan, the publisher, took me to Mr. (now Lord) Tennyson's reception, where I met with many well-known people. Among them were Lady Charlotte Locker and Miss Jean Ingelow. These ladies, with great kindness, finding that I was married, called on Mrs. Leland, and invited us to dine. I became a constant visitor for years at Miss Ingelow's receptions, where I have met Ruskin, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall (whom I had seen in 1848), Calverly, Edmund Gosse, Hamilton Aïdé, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hunt. I conversed with Tennyson, but little passed between us on that occasion. I got to know him far better "later on."

I here anticipate by several years two interviews which I had with Tennyson in 1875, who had *ad interim* been deservedly "lauded into Lordliness," and which, to him, at least, were amusing enough to be recalled. The first was at a dinner at Lady Franklin's, and her niece Miss Cracroft. And here I may, in passing, say a word as to the extraordinary kindly nature of Lady Franklin. I think

it was almost as soon as we became acquainted that she, learning that I suffered at times from gout, sent me a dozen bottles of a kind of bitter water as a cure.

There were at the dinner as guests Mr. Tennyson, Sir Samuel and Lady Baker, Dr. Quain, and myself. There was no lack of varied anecdote, reminiscences of noted people and of travel; but by far the most delightful portion of it all was to watch the gradual unfreezing of Tennyson, and how from a grim winter of taciturnity, under the glowing influence of the sun of wine—as the Tuscan Redi hath it—

> "Dell' Indico Oriente
> Domator glorioso il Dio di Vino . . . .
> Di quel Sol, che in Ciel vedete . . ."

he passed into a glorious summer of genial feeling. I led unto it thus:—My friend Professor Palmer and I had projected a volume of songs in English Romany or Gypsy, which is by far the sweetest and most euphonious language in Europe. My friend had translated, "Home they brought her warrior dead," by Tennyson, into this tongue, and I had the MS. of it in my pocket. Tennyson was very much pleased at the compliment, and asked me to read the poem, which I did. The work was by permission dedicated to him. At last, when dinner was over, Tennyson, who had disposed of an entire bottle of port, rose, and approaching me, took me gaily-gravely by both sides, as if he would lift me up, and drawing himself up to his full height, said, "I like to see a poet a

full-sized substantial man," or "tall and strong," or words to that effect. I replied that it was very evident from the general appearance of Shakespeare's bust that he was a very tall man, but that though the thunder of height had hit twice—the Poet Laureate being the second case—that I had been very slightly singed, tall as I was. *Enfin*, some days after, Tennyson in a letter invited me to call and see him should I ever be in the Isle of Wight; which took place by mere chance some time after —in fact, I did not know, when I was first at the hotel in Freshwater, that Tennyson lived at a mile's distance.

I walked over one afternoon and sent in my card. Mr. Hallam Tennyson, then a very handsome young man of winsome manner, came out and said that his father was taking his usual *siesta*, but begged me to remain, kindly adding, "Because I know, Mr. Leland, he would be very sorry to have missed you." After a little time, however, Tennyson himself appeared, and took me up to his den or studio, where I was asked to take a pipe, which I did with great good-will, and blew a cloud, enjoying it greatly, because I felt with my host, as with Bulwer, that we had quickly crossed acquaintanceship into the more familiar realm where one can talk about whatever you please with the certainty of being understood and getting a sympathetic answer. There are life-long friends with whom one never really gets to this, and there are acquaintances of an hour at *table-d'hôtes*, who "come like shadows, so depart"—who talk with

a touch to our hearts. Bulwer and Tennyson were such to me, and *apré miro zī*, as the Gypsies say—on my life-soul!—if I had talked with them, as I did, without knowing who they were, I should have recalled them with quite as much interest as I now do, and seen them again in dreams. And here I may add, that the common-place saying that literary men are rarely good talkers, and generally disappointing, is not at all confirmed by my experiences.

After burning our tobacco, in Indian fashion, to better acquaintance (I forgot to say that the poet had two dozen clay pipes ranged in a small wooden rack), we went forth for a seven miles' walk on the Downs. And at last, from the summit of one, I pointed down to a small field below and said——

But first I must specify that the day before I had gone with a young lady of fourteen summers named Bee or Beatrice Fredericson, both of us bearing baskets, to pick blackberries for tea, and coming to a small field which was completely surrounded by a hedge, we saw therein illimitable blackberries glittering in the setting sunlight, and longed to enter. Finding a gap which had been filled by a dead thorn-bush, I removed the latter, and going in, we soon picked a quart of the fruit. But on leaving we were met by the farmer, who made a to-do, charging us with trespassing. To which I replied, "Well, what is to pay?" He asked for two shillings, but was pacified with one; and so we departed.

Therefore I said to Tennyson, "I went into that

field yesterday to pick your blackberries, and your farmer caught us and made me pay a shilling for trespassing."

And he gravely replied, though evidently delighted—

"Served you right! What business had you to come over my hedge into my field to steal my blackberries?"

"*Mea culpa*," I answered, "*mea maxima culpa*."

"Mr. Leland," pursued Tennyson, as gravely as ever, grasping all the absurdity of the thing with evident enjoyment, "you have no idea how tourists trespass here to get at me. They climb over my gate and look in at my windows. It is a fact—one did so only last week. But I declare that you are the very first poet and man of letters who ever came here—to steal blackberries!" Here he paused, and then added forcibly—

"I *do* believe you are a gypsy, after all."

Then we talked of the old manor-houses in the neighbourhood, and of the famous Mortstone, a supposed Saxon rude monolith near by. I thought it prehistoric, because I had dug out from the pile of earth supporting and coeval with it (and indeed only with a lead-pencil) a flint flake chipped by hand and a bit of cannel-coal, which indicate dedication. My host listened with great interest, and then told me a sad tale: how certain workmen employed by him to dig on his land had found a great number of old Roman bronze coins, but instead of taking them to him, had kept them, though they

cared so little for them that they gave a handful to a boy whom they met. "I told them," said Tennyson, "that they had been guilty of mal-appropriation, and though I was not quite sure whether the coins belonged to me or to the Crown, that they certainly had no right to them. Whereupon their leader said that if I was not satisfied they would not work any longer for me, and so they went away." I had on this occasion a long and interesting discussion with Mr. Tennyson relative to Walt Whitman, and involving the principles or nature of poetry. According to the poet-laureate, poetry, as he understood it, consisted of elevated or refined, or at least superior thought, expressed in melodious form, and in this latter it seemed to him (for it was very modestly expressed) that Whitman was wanting. Wherein he came nearer to the truth than does Symonds, who overrates, as it seems to me, the value, as regards art and poetry, of simply *equalising* all human intelligences. Though I never met Symonds, there was mutual knowledge between us, and when I published my "Etrusco-Roman Remains in Popular Traditions," which contains the results of six years' intimacy with witches and fortune-tellers, he wrote a letter expressing enthusiastic admiration of it to Mr. T. Fisher Unwin. Now all three of these great men are dead. I shall speak of Whitman anon, for in later years for a long time I met him almost daily.

I can remember that during the conversation Tennyson expressed himself, rather to my amaze-

ment, with some slight indignation at a paltry review abusing his latest work; to which I replied—

"If there is anything on earth for which I have envied you, even more than for your great renown as a poet, it has been because I supposed you were completely above all such attacks and were utterly indifferent to them." Which he took amiably, and proceeded to discuss ripe fruit and wasps—or their equivalent. Yet I doubt whether I was quite in the right, since those who live for fame honourably acquired must ever be susceptible to stings, small or great. An editor who receives abusive letters so frequently that he ends by pitching them without reading into the waste-basket, and often treats ribald attacks in print in the same manner—as I have often done—has so many other affairs on his mind that he becomes case-hardened. But I have observed from long experience that there is a Nemesis who watches those who arrogate the right to lay on the rod, and gives it to them with interest in the end.

It was very soon after my arrival in London that I was invited to lunch at Hepworth Dixon's to meet Lord Lytton, or Bulwer, the great writer. His works had been so intensely and sympathetically loved by me so long, that it seemed as if I had been asked to meet some great man of the past. I found him, as I expected, quite congenial and wondrous kind. I remember a droll incident. Standing at the head of the stairs, he courteously made way and asked me to go before. I replied, "When Louis XIV. asked Crillon to do the same, Crillon com-

plied, saying, 'Wherever your Majesty goes, be it before or behind, is always the first place or post of honour,' and I say the same with him," and so went in advance at once. I saw by his expression that he was pleased with the quotation.

We were looking at a portrait of Shakespeare which Dixon had found in Russia. Lord Lytton asked me if I thought it an original or true likeness. I observed that the face was full of many fine seamy lines, which infallibly indicate great nervous genius of the highest order—noting at the same time that Lord's Lytton's countenance was very much marked in a like manner. The observation was new to him, and he seemed to be interested in it, as he always was in anything like chiromancy or metoscopy. A few days later I was invited to come and pass nearly a week with Hepworth Dixon at Knebworth, Lord Lytton's country seat. It is a very picturesque château, profusely adorned with fifteenth-century Gothic grotesques, with a fine antique hall, stained glass windows and gallery. There is in it a chamber containing a marvellous and massive carved oak bedstead, the posts of which are human figures the size of life, and in it and in the same room Queen Elizabeth is said to have slept when she heard of the destruction of the Spanish Armada. It was the room of honour, and it had been kindly assigned to me. It all seemed like a dream.

There was in the family the late Lord Lytton, his son, who made a most favourable impression on me. I think the first *coup* was my finding that he knew

the works of Andreini, and that it had occurred to him as well as to me that Euphues Lily's book had been modelled on them. There was also his wife, a magnificent and graceful beauty; Lord Lytton's nephew, Mr. Bulwer; and several ladies. The first morning we all fished in the pond, and, to my great amazement, Lord Lytton pulled out *a great one-eyed perch!* I almost expected to see him pull out Paul Clifford or Zanoni next! In the afternoon we were driven out to Cowper Castle to see a fine gallery of pictures, our host acting as cicerone, and as he soon found that I was fairly well educated in art, and had been a special pupil of Thiersch in Munich, and something more than an amateur, we had many interesting conversations. I think I may venture to say that he did *not* expect to find a whilom student of æsthetics, art-history, and philosophy in the author of "Hans Breitmann." What was delightful was his exquisite tact in never saying as much; but I could detect it in the sudden interest and involuntary compliment implied in his tone of conversation. In a very short time he began to speak to me on all literary or artistic subjects without preliminary question, taking it for granted that I understood them and chimed in with him. I was with every interview more and more impressed with his *culture* —I mean with what had resulted from his reading —his marvellous tact of kindness in small things to all, and his quick and vigorous comparing and contrasting of images and drawing conclusions. But there was evidently enough a firm bed-rock or hard

pan under all this gold. I was amazed one day when a footman, who had committed some *bévue* or blunder, or apprehended something, actually turned pale and stammered with terror when Lord Lytton gravely addressed a question to him. I never in my life saw a man so much frightened, even before a revolver.

But Lord Lytton was beyond all question really interested when he found me so much at home in Rosicrucian and occult lore, and that I had been with Justinus Kerner in Weinsberg, and was familiar with the forgotten dusky paths of mysticism. He had in his house the famous Earl Stanhope crystal, and wished me to sleep with it under my pillow, but I was so afraid lest the precious relic should be injured, that I resolutely declined the honour, for which I am now sorry, for I sometimes have dreams of a most extraordinary character. This Stanhope crystal is not, however, the great mirror of Dr. Dee, though it has been said to be so. The latter belonged to a gentleman in London, who also offered to lend it to me. It is made of cannel-coal. That Lord Lytton made a very remarkable impression on me is proved by the fact that I continued to dream of him at long intervals after his death; and I am quite sure that such feeling is, by its very nature, always to a certain slight degree reciprocal. He had a natural and unaffected *voice*, yet one with a marked character; something like Tennyson's, which was even more striking. Both were far removed from the now fashionable intonation which is the admiration and

despair of American swells. It is only the *fin de siècle* form of the *demnition* dialect of the 'Forties and the *La-ard* and *Lunnon* of an earlier age.

Lord Lytton was generally invisible in the morning, sometimes after lunch. In the evening he came out splendidly groomed, fresh as a rose, and at dinner and after was as interesting as any of his books. He had known "everybody" to a surprising extent, and had anecdotes fresh and vivid of every one whom he had met. He loved music, and there was a lady who sang old Spanish ballads with rare taste. I enjoyed myself incredibly.

I may be excused for mentioning here that I sent a copy of the second edition of my "Meister's Karl's Sketch-Book" to Lord Lytton. No one but Irving and Trübner had ever praised it. When Lord Lytton published afterwards "Kenelm Chillingly," I found in it *three* passages in which I recognised beyond dispute others suggested by my own work. I do not in the least mean that there was *any* borrowing or taking beyond the mere suggestion of thought. Why I think that Lord Lytton had these hints in his mind is that he gave the name of Leland to one of the minor characters in the book.

When I published a full edition of "Breitmann's Poems," he wrote me a long letter criticising and praising the work, and a much longer and closely written one, of seven pages, relating to my "Confucius and other Poems." I was subsequently invited to receptions at his house in London, where I first met Browning, and had a long conversation with him.

I saw him afterwards at Mrs. Proctor's. This was the wife of Barry Cornwall, whom I also saw. He was very old and infirm. I can remember when the "Cornlaw Rhymes" rang wherever English was read.

As I consider it almost a duty to record what I can remember of Bulwer, I may mention that one evening, at his house in London, he showed me and others some beautiful old brass salvers in *repoussé* work, and how I astonished him by describing the process, and declaring that I could produce a *fac-simile* of any one of them in a day or two; to which assertion hundreds to whom I have taught the art, as well as my "Manual of Repoussé," and another on Metal Work, will, I trust, bear witness. And this I mention, not vainly, but because Lord Lytton seemed to be interested and pleased, and because, in after years, I had much to do with reviving the practice of this beautiful art. It was practising this, and a three years' study of oak-wood carving, which led me to write on the Minor Arts. *Mihi æs et triplex robur.*

Lord Lytton had the very curious habit of making almost invisible hieroglyphics or crosses in his letters, at least I found them in those to me, as it were for luck. It was a very common practice from the most ancient Egyptian times to within two centuries. Lord Lytton's were evidently intended to escape observation. But there was indeed a great deal in his character which would escape most persons, and which has not been revealed by any writer

on him. This I speedily divined, though, of course, I never discovered what it all was.

Lord Houghton, "Richard Monckton Milnes," to whom I had a letter of introduction from Lorimer Graham, was very kind to me. I dined and lunched at his house, where I met Odo Russell or Lord Ampthill, the Duke of Bedford, the Hon. Mrs. Norton, W. W. Story, and I know not how many more distinguished in society, or letters. At Lord Lytton's I made the acquaintance of the Duke of Wellington. I believe, however, that this meeting with Lord Houghton and the Duke was in my second year in London.

The first English garden-party which I ever attended was during this first season, at the villa of Mr. Bohn, the publisher, at Twickenham. There I made the acquaintance of George Cruikshank, whom I afterwards met often, and knew very well till his death. He was a gay old fellow, and on this occasion danced a jig with old Mr. Bohn on the lawn, and joked with me. There, too, we met Lady Martin, who had been the famed Helen Faucit. Cruikshank was always inexhaustible in jokes, anecdotes, and reminiscences. At his house I made the acquaintance of Miss Ada Cavendish.

To revert to Mr. Trübner's, I may say that one evening after dinner, when, genial though quiet, Bret Harte was one of the guests, he was asked to repeat the "Heathen Chinee," which he could not do, as he had never learned it, which is not such an unusual thing, by the way, as many suppose.

But I, who knew it, remarked, "Ladies and gentlemen, it is nothing to merely *write* a poem. True genius consists in getting it by or from heart [*from* Bret Harte, for instance], and repeating it. This genius nature has denied to the illustrious poet before you — but not to me, as I will now illustrate by declaiming the 'Heathen Chinee.'" Which performance was received with applause, in which Harte heartily joined. But my claim to possess genius would hardly have borne examination, for it was years before I ever learned "Hans Breitmann's Barty," nor would I like to risk even a pound to one hundred that I can do it now without mixing the verses or committing some error.

Once during the season I went with my wife and Mr. W. W. Story to Eton, where we supped with Oscar Browning. We were taken out boating on the river, and I enjoyed it very much. There is a romance about the Thames associated with a thousand passages in literature which goes to the very heart. I was much impressed by the marked character of Mr. Browning and his frank, genial nature; and I found some delightful old Latin books in his library. May I meet with many such men!

This year, what with the German war and the Trübner-Hotten controversy, my "Breitmann Ballads" had become, I may say, well known. The character of Hans was actually brought into plays on three stages at once. Boucicault, whom I knew

well of yore in America, introduced it into something. I had found Ewan Colquhoun—the same old sixpence—and one night he took me to the Strand Theatre to see a play in which my hero was a prominent part. I was told afterwards that the company having been informed of my presence, all came to look at me through the curtain-hole. There were some imitations of my ballads published in *Punch* and the *Standard*, and the latter were so admirably executed—pardon the vain word!—that I feared, because they satirised the German cause, that they might be credited to me; therefore I wrote to the journal begging that the author would give some indication that I had not written them, which was kindly done. Finally, a newspaper was started called *Hans Breitmann*, and the Messrs. Cope of Liverpool issued a brand of Hans Breitmann cigars. Owing to the resemblance between the words Bret and Breit, there was a confusion of names, and my photograph was to be seen about town with the name of Bret Harte attached to it. This great injustice to Mr. Harte was not agreeable, and I, or my friends, remonstrated with the shop-folk with the to-be-expected result, "Yes-sir, yes-sir—very sorry, sir—we'll correct the mistake, sir!" But I don't think it was ever corrected till the sale ceased.

I was sometimes annoyed with many imitations of my poems by persons who knew no German, which were all attributed to me. A very pious Presbyterian publication, in alluding to something

of the kind, said that "Mr. Leland, *because he is the author* of *Bret Harte*, thinks himself justified in publishing any trash of this description." I thought this a *very* improper allusion for a clergyman, not to say libellous. In fact, many people really believed that Bret Harte was a *nom de plume* or the title of a poem. And I may here say by the way that I never "wrote under" the pseudonym of Hans Breitmann in my life, nor called myself any such name at any time. It is simply the name of one of many *books* which I have written. An American once insisting to me that I *should* be called so from my work, I asked him if he would familiarly accost Mr. Lowell as "Josh Biglow." If there is anything in the world which denotes a subordinate position in the social scale or defect in education, it is the passion to call men "out of their names," and never feel really acquainted with any one until he is termed Tom or Jack. It is doubtless all very genial and jocose and sociable, but the man who shows a tendency to it should *not* complain when his betters put him in a lower class or among the "lower orders."

Once at a reception at George Boughton's, the artist, there was, as I heard, an elderly gentleman rushing about asking to see or be introduced to *Hart Bretmann*, whose works he declared he knew by heart, and with whom he was most anxious to become acquainted. Whether he ever discovered this remarkable conglomerate I do not know.

I once made the acquaintance of an American

at the Langham Hotel who declared that I had made life a burden to him. His name was H. Brightman, and being in business in New York, he never went to the Custom-House or Post-Office but what the clerks cried, "Hans Brightman! of course. Yes, we have read about you, sir—in history."

But even in this London season I found more serious work to attend to than comic ballads or society. Mr. Trübner was very anxious to have me write a pamphlet vindicating the claim of Germany to Alsace and Lorraine, and I offered to do it gladly, if he would provide all the historical data or material. The result of this was the *brochure* entitled "France, Alsace, and Lorraine," which had a great success. It at once reappeared in America, and even in Spanish in South America. The German Minister in London ordered six copies, and the *Times* made the work, with all its facts and figures, into an editorial article, omitting, I regret to say, to mention the source whence it was derived, but this I forgive with all my heart, considering the good words which it has given me on other occasions. For the object of the work was not at all to glorify the author, but to send home great truths at a very critical time, and the article in the *Times*, which was little else but my pamphlet condensed, caused a great sensation. But the principal result from it was this: I had in the work discussed the idea, then urged by the French and their friends, that, to avoid driving France

to "desperation," very moderate terms should be accepted in order to conciliate. For the French, as I observed in effect, will do their *very worst in any case*, and every possible extreme should be anticipated and assumed. This same argument had previously been urged in my "Centralisation *versus* State Rights."

When Prince Bismarck conversed with the French Commissioners to arrange terms of peace, he met this argument of not driving the French to extremes with a phrase so closely like the one which I had used in my pamphlet, that neither Mr. Trübner nor several others hesitated to declare to me that it was beyond all question taken from it. Bismarck had *certainly* received the pamphlet, which had been recognised by the *Times*, and in many other quarters, as a more than ordinary paper, and Prince Bismarck, like all great diplomatists, *prend son bien où il le trouve.* In any case this remains true, that that which formed the settling argument of Germany, found at the time expression in my pamphlet and in the Chancellor's speech.

We made soon after a visit to the Rev. Dean and Mrs. Carrington, in Bocking, Essex. They had a fair daughter, Eva, then quite a girl, who has since become well known as a writer, and now is the Countess Cesaresco Martinengro—an Italian name, and not Romany-Gypsy, as its terminations would seem to indicate. There is in the village of Bocking, at a corner, a curious and very large grotesque figure of oak, which was evidently

in the time of Elizabeth a pilaster in some house-front. My friend Edwards, who was wont to roam all over England in a mule-waggon etching and sketching, when in Bocking was informed by a rustic that this figure was the image of Harkilés (Hercules), a heathen god formerly worshipped in the old Catholic convent upon the hill, in the old times!

From London we went in August 1870 to Brighton, staying at first at the Albion Hotel. There, under the influence of fresh sea-air, long walks and drives in all the country round, I began to feel better, yet it was not for many weeks that I fairly recovered. A chemist named Phillips, who supplied me with bromide of potass, suggested to me, to his own loss, that I took a great deal too much. I left it off altogether, substituting pale ale. Finding this far better, I asked Mr. Phillips if he could not prepare for me *lupulin*, or the anodyne of hops. He laughed and said, "Do you find the result required in ale?" I answered, "Yes." "And do you like ale?" "Yes." "Then," he answered, "why don't you *drink* ale?" And I did, but before I took it up, my very vitality seemed to be well nigh exhausted with the bromide.

Samuel Laing, M.P., the chairman of the Brighton Railway, had at that time a house in Brighton, with several sons and daughters, the latter of whom have all been very remarkable for beauty and accomplishments. In this home there was a hospitality so profuse, so kind, so brilliant and refined, that

I cannot really remember to have ever seen it equalled, and as we fully participated in it at all times in every form, I should feel that I had omitted the deepest claim to my gratitude if I did not here acknowledge it. Mr. Laing was or is of a stock which deeply appealed to my sympathies, for he is the son of the famous translator of the *Heimskringla*, a great collection of Norse sagas, which I had read, and in which he himself somewhat aided. Of late years, since he has retired from more active financial business, Mr. Laing has not merely turned his attention to literature; he has deservedly distinguished himself by translating, as I may say, into the clearest and most condensed or succinct and lucid English ever written, so as to be understood by the humblest mind, the doctrines of Darwin, Huxley, and the other leading scientific minds of the day. Heine in his time received a great deal of credit for having thus acted as the flux and furnace by which the ore of German philosophy was smelted into pure gold for general circulation; but I, who have translated all that Heine wrote on this subject, declare that he was at such work as far inferior to Samuel Laing as a mere verbal description of a beautiful face is inferior to a first-class portrait. This family enters so largely into my reminiscences and experiences, that a chapter would hardly suffice to express all that I can recall of their hospitality for years, of the dinners, hunts, balls, excursions, and the many distinguished people whom I have met under their roof. It is worth noting of Mr. Laing's

daughters, that Mary, now Mrs. Kennard, is at the head of the sporting-novel writers; that the beautiful Cecilia, now Mrs. MacRae, was pronounced by G. H. Lewes, who was no mean judge, to be the first amateur pianiste in England; while the charming "Floy," or Mrs. Kennedy, is a very able painter. With their two very pretty sisters, they formed in 1870 as brilliant, beautiful, and accomplished a quintette as England could have produced.

One day Mr. Laing organised an excursion with a special train to Arundel Castle. By myself at other times I found my way to Lewes and other places rich in legendary lore. Of this latter I recall something worth telling. Harold, the conquered Saxon king, had a son, and the conqueror William had a daughter, Gundrada. The former became a Viking pirate, and in his old age a monk, and was buried in a church, now a Presbyterian chapel. There his epitaph may be read in fine bold lettering, still distinct. That man is dear to me.

Gundrada married, died, and was buried in a church with a fine Norman tombstone over her remains. The church was levelled with the ground, but the slab was preserved here and there about Lewes as a relic. When the railway was built about 1849, there was discovered, where the church had been, the bones of Gundrada and her husband in leaden coffins distinctly inscribed with their names. A very beautiful Norman chapel was then built to receive the coffins, and over them is placed the original memorial in black marble. There is also

in Lewes an archæological museum appropriately bestowed in an old Gothic tower. All of which things did greatly solace me. As did also the Norman or Gothic churches of Shoreham, Newport, the old manor of Rottingdean, and the marvellous Devil's Dyke, which was probably a Roman fort, and from which it is said that fifty towns or villages may be seen, "far in the blue."

One day I went with my wife and two ladies to visit the latter. The living curiosity of the place was a famous old gypsy woman named Gentilla Cooper, a pure blood or real *Kalorat* Romany. I had already in America studied Pott's "Thesaurus of Gypsy Dialects," and picked up many phrases of the tongue from the works of Borrow, Simson, and others. The old dame tackled us at once. As soon as I could, I whispered in her ear an improvised rhyme :—

"The bashno and kāni,
The rye and the rāni,
Hav'd akai 'pré o boro lon pāni."

Which means that the cock and the hen, the gentleman and the lady, came hither across the great salt water. The effect on the gypsy was startling; she fairly turned pale. Hustling the ladies away to one side to see a beautiful view, she got me alone and hurriedly exclaimed, "*Rya*—master! *be* you one of our people?" with much more. We became very good friends, and this little incident had in time for me great results, and many strange experiences of gypsy life.

There live in Brighton two ladies, Miss Horace Smith and her sister Rosa, who were and are well known in the cultured world. They are daughters of Horace Smith, who, with his brother James, wrote the "Rejected Addresses." Their reminiscences of distinguished men are extremely varied and interesting. The elder sister possesses an album to which Thackeray contributed many verses and pen-sketches. Their weekly receptions were very pleasant; at them might be seen most of the literary or social celebrities who came to Brighton. A visit there was like living a chapter in a book of memoirs and reminiscences. I have had, if it be only a quiet, and not very eventful or remarkable, at least a somewhat varied life, and the Laings and Smiths, with their surroundings, form two of its most interesting varieties. I believe they never missed an opportunity to do us or any one a kindly act, to aid us to make congenial friends, or the like. How many good people there really are in the world!

Of these ladies the author of "Gossip of the Century" writes:—

"Horace Smith's two daughters are still living, and in Brighton. Their very pleasant house is frequented by the best and most interesting kind of society, affording what may be called a *salon*, that rare relic of ancient literary taste and cementer of literary intimacies—a salon which the cultivated consider it a privilege to frequent, and where these ladies receive with a grace and geniality which their

friends know how to appreciate. It is much to be regretted that gatherings of this description seem to be becoming rarer every year, for as death disturbs them, society seems to lack the spirit or the good taste, or the ability to replace them."

Brighton is a very pleasant place, because it combines the advantages of a seaside resort with those of a clean and cheerful city. Walking along the front, you have a brave outlook to the blue sea on one hand, and elegant shop-windows and fine hotels on the other. A little back in the town on a hill is the fine old fifteenth-century church of St. Nicholas, in which there is perhaps the most curious carved Norman font in England; but all this is known to so few visitors, that I feel as if I were telling a great secret in letting it out. Smith's book-store on the Western Road, and Bohn's near the station, are kept by very well-informed and very courteous men. I have been much indebted to the former in many ways, and found by his aid many a greatly needed and rare work.

When I first went to Brighton, there was one evening a brilliant aurora borealis. As I looked at it, I heard an Englishman say, to my great amazement, it was the first time he had ever seen one in his life! I once saw one in America of such extraordinary brilliancy and duration, that it prolonged the daylight for half-an-hour or more, till I became amazed, and then found it was a Northern Light. It lasted till sunrise in all its splendour. I have taken down from Algonkin

Indians several beautiful legends relating to them. In one, the Milky Way is the girdle of a stupendous deity, and the Northern Lights, the splendid gleams emitted by his ball when playing. In another, the narrator describes him as clad in an ineffable glory of light, and in colours unknown on earth!

And this reminds me further that I have just read in the newspapers of the death of Edwin Booth, who was born during the famous star shower of 1833, which phenomenon I witnessed from beginning to end, and remember as if it were only yesterday. Now, I was actually dreaming that I was in a room, in which *cigars* were flying about in every direction, when my father came and woke me and my brother Henry, to come and see an exceeding great marvel. There were for a long time many thousands of stars at once in the sky, all shooting, as it were, or converging towards a centre. They were not half so long as the meteors which we see; one or two had a crook or bend in the middle, *e.g.* ( ). The next day I was almost alone at school in the glory of having seen it, for so few people were awake in sober Philadelphia at three in the morning that one of the newspapers ridiculed the whole story.

I can distinctly recall that the next day at Mr. Alcott's school I read through a very favourite work of mine, a translation of the German *Das Mährchen ohne Ende*—"The Story without an End."

All kinds of odd fish came to Brighton, floating here and there; but two of the very oddest were

encountered by me in it on my last visit. I was looking into a chemist's window, when two well-dressed and decidedly jolly feminines, one perhaps of thirty years, and the other much younger and quite pretty, paused by me, while the elder asked—

"Are you looking for a hair-restorer?"

"I am not, though I fear I need one much more than you do."

"The search for a good hair-restorer," she replied in Italian, "is as vain as the search for happiness."

"True," I answered in the same tongue, "and unless you have the happiness in you, or a beautiful head of hair like yours already growing on you, you will find neither."

"What we *forget*," added the younger in Spanish, "is the best part of our happiness."

"*Señorita, parece que no ha olvidado su Español*—The young lady appears not to have forgotten her Spanish," I replied. (Mine is not very good.)

"There is no use asking whether *you* talk French," said the elder. "*Können Sie auch Deutsch sprechen?*"

"*Ja wohl!* Even worse than German itself," I answered.

Just then there came up to us a gypsy girl whom I knew, with a basket of flowers, and asked me in Gypsy to buy some; but I said, "*Parraco pen, jā vrī, mandy kāms kek ruzhia kedívvus*—Thank you, sister, no flowers to-day," and she darted away.

"Did you understand *that?*" I inquired.

"No; what was it?"

"*Gitano*—gypsy."

"But how in heaven's name," cried the girl, "could she *know* that *you* spoke Gitano?"

"Because I am," I replied slowly and grimly, "the chief of all the Gypsies in England, the *boro Romany rye* and President of the Gypsy Society. Subscription one pound per annum, which entitles you to receive the journal for one year, and includes postage. Behold in me the gypsy king, whom all know and fear! I shall be happy to put your names down as subscribers."

At this appalling announcement, which sounded like an extract from a penny dreadful, my two romantic friends looked absolutely bewildered. They seemed as if they had read in novels how mysterious gypsy chiefs cast aside their cloaks, revealing themselves to astonished maidens, and as I had actually spoken Gitano to a gypsy in their hearing, it must be so. They had come for wool with all their languages, poor little souls! and gone back shorn. The elder said something about their having just come to Brighton for six hours' frolic, and so they departed. They had had their spree.

I have often wondered what under the sun they could have been. Attachés of an opera company—ladies'-maids who had made the grand tour—who knows? A mad world, my masters!

I can recall of that first year, as of many since at Brighton, long breezy walks on the brow of the

chalk cliffs, looking out at the blue sea white capped, or at the downs rolling inland to Newport, sometimes alone, at times in company. On all this chalk the grass does not grow to more than an inch or so in length, and as the shortest tenderest food is best for sheep, it is on this that they thrive—I believe by millions — yielding the famous South Downs mutton. In or on this grass are incredible numbers of minute snails, which the sheep are said to devour; in fact, I do not see how they could eat the grass without taking them in, and these contribute to give the mutton its delicate flavour. Snails are curious beings. Being epicene, they conduct their wooings on the mutual give and take principle, which would save human beings a great deal of spasmodic flirtation, and abolish the whole *femme incomprise* business, besides a great many bad novels, if we could adopt it. When winter comes, half-a-dozen of them retire into a hole in a bank, connect themselves firmly into a loving band like a bunch of grapes by the tenderest ties, and stay there till spring. Finally, in folk-lore the snail is an uncanny or demoniac being, because it has horns. Its shell is an amulet, and the presentation of one by a lady to a gentleman is a very decided declaration of love, especially in Germany. *Sed mittamus hæc.*

At this time, and for some time to come, I was engaged in collecting and correcting a book of poems of a more serious character than the "Breitmann Ballads." This was "The Music Lesson of

Confucius and other Poems." Of which book I can say truly that it had a *succès d'estime*, though it had a very small sale. There were in it ten or twelve ballads only which were adapted to singing, and *all* of these were set to music by Carlo Pinsutti, Virginia Gabriel, or others. There was in it a poem entitled "On Mount Meru." In this the Creator is supposed to show the world when it was first made to Satan. The adversary finds that all is fit and well, save "the being called Man," who seems to him to be the worst and most incongruous. To which the Demiurgus replies that Man will in the end conquer all things, even the devil himself. And at the last the demon lies dying at the feet of God, and confesses that "Man thy creature hath vanquished me for ever—*Vicisti Galilæe!*" Some years after I read a work by a French writer in which this same idea of God and the Devil is curiously carried out and illustrated by the history of architecture. And as in the case of the letter from Lord Lytton Bulwer, warm praise from other persons of high rank in the literary world and reviews, I had many proofs that these poems had made a favourable impression. The only exception which I can recall was a very sarcastic review in the *Athenæum*, in which the writer declared his belief that the poems or Legends of Perfumes in the book were originally written as advertisements for some barber or tradesman, and being by him rejected as worthless, had been thrown back on my hands! Other works by me it treated kindly—so

it goes in this world—like a recipe for a cement which I have just copied into my great work on "Mending and Repairing"—in which vinegar is combined with sugar!

While at Brighton we met Louis Blanc, whom we had previously seen several times at the Trübners' in London. In Brighton he heard the news of the overthrow of the Empire and departed for Paris. At Christmas we went to London to visit the Trübners, and thence to the Langham Hotel, where we remained till July. I recall very little of what I witnessed or did beyond seeing the Queen prorogue Parliament and translating Scheffel's *Gaudeamus*, a little volume of German humorous poems. Scheffel, as I have before written, was an old *Mitkneipant*, or evening-beer companion of mine in Heidelberg.

In July we made up a travelling party with Mrs. S. Laing and her daughters Cecilia and Floy, and departed for a visit to the Rhine—that is to say, these ladies preceded us, and we joined them at the Hotel des Quatre Saisons in Homburg. It was a very brilliant season, for the German Emperor, fresh with the glory of his great victory, was being *fêted* everywhere, and Homburg the brilliant was not behind the German world in this respect. I saw the great man frequently, near and far, and was much impressed with his appearance. *Punch* had not long before represented him as Hans Breitmann in a cartoon, deploring that he had not squeezed more milliards out of the French, and I indeed found in the original very closely my ideal of Hans, who always

occurs to me as a German gentleman, who drinks, fights, and plunders, not as a mere rowdy raised above his natural sphere, but as a rough cavalier. And that the great-bearded giant Emperor Wilhelm did drink heavily, fight hard, and mulct France mightily, is matter of history. This was the last year of the gaming-tables at Homburg. Apropos of these, the roulette-table was placed in the Homburg Museum, where it may be seen amid many Roman relics. Two or three years ago, while I was in the room, there came in a small party of English or Yankee looking or gazing tourists, to whom the attendant pointed out the roulette-table. "And did the old Romans really play at roulette, and was *that* one of their tables?" said the leader of the visitors. This ready simple faith indicates the Englishman. The ordinary American is always possessed with the conviction that everything antique is a forgery. Once when I was examining the old Viking armour in the Museum of Copenhagen, a Yankee, in whose face a general vulgar distrust of all earthly things was strongly marked, came up to me and asked, "Do you believe that all these curiosities air *genooine?*" "I certainly do," I replied. With an intensely self-satisfied air he rejoined, "I guess you can't fool *me* with no such humbug."

There was a great deal of cholera that year in Germany, and I had a very severe attack either of it in an incipient form or something thereunto allied: suffice it to say that for twelve hours I almost thought I should die of pure pain. I took in vain laudanum,

cayenne pepper, brandy, camphor, and kino—nothing would remain. At last, at midnight, when I was beginning to despair, or just as I felt like being wrecked, I succeeded in keeping a little weak laudanum and water on my stomach, and then the point was cleared. After that I took the other remedies, and was soon well. But it was a crisis of such fearful suffering that it all remains vividly impressed on my memory. I do not know whether any sensible book has ever been written on the moral influence of pain, but it is certain that a wonderful one might be. So far as I can understand it, I think that in the vast majority of cases it is an evil, or one of Nature's innumerable mistakes or divagations, not as yet outgrown or corrected; and it is the great error of Buddhistic-Christianity that it *accepts* pain not merely as inevitable, but glorifies and increases it, instead of making every conceivable exertion to *diminish* it. Herein clearly lies the difference between Science and Religion. Science strives in every way to alleviate pain and suffering; erroneous "Religion" is based on it. During the Middle Ages, the Church did all in its power to hinder, if not destroy, the healing art. It made anatomy of the human body a crime, and carried its precautions so far that, quite till the Reformation, the art of healing (as Paracelsus declares) was chiefly in the hands of witches and public executioners. *Torturers*, chiefly clergymen such as Grillandus, were in great honour, while the healing leech was disreputable. It was not, as people say, "the age" which caused all this

—it was the result of religion based on crucifixion and martyrdoms and pain—in fact, on that element of *torture* which we are elsewhere taught, most inconsistently, is the special province of the devil in hell. The *cant* of this still survives in Longfellow's "Suffer and be strong," and in the pious praise of endurance of pain. What the world wants is the hope held out to it, or enforced on it as a religion or conviction, that pain and suffering are to be diminished, and that our chief duty should consist in diminishing them, instead of always praising or worshipping them as a cross!

We left our friends and went for a short time to Switzerland, where we visited Lucerne, Interlaken, Basle, and Berne. Thence we returned to London and the Langham Hotel. This was at that time under the management of Mr. John Sanderson, an American, whom I had known of old. He was a brother of Professor Sanderson of Philadelphia, who wrote a remarkably clever work entitled *The American in Paris*. John Sanderson himself had contributed many articles to Appleton's *Cyclopædia*, belonged to the New York Century Club, and, like all the members of his family, had culture in music and literary taste. While he managed the Langham, it was crowded during all the year, as indeed any decent hotel almost anywhere may be by simple proper liberal management. This is a subject which I have studied *au fond*, having read *Das Hotelwesen der Gegenwart*, a very remarkable work, and passed more than twenty years of my life in hotels in all countries.

I can remember that during the first year of my residence in England I tried to persuade a chemist to import from South America the *coca* leaf, of which not an ounce was then consumed in Europe. Weston the walker brought it into fashion "later on." I had heard extraordinary and authentic accounts of its enabling Indian messengers to run all day, from a friend who had employed them. Apropos of this, "I do recall a wondrous pleasant tale." My cousin, Godfrey Davenport, a son of the uncle Seth mentioned in my earlier life, owned what was regarded as the model plantation of Louisiana. My brother, Henry, visited him one winter, and while there was kindly treated by a very genial, hospitable neighbouring planter, whom I afterwards met at my father's house in Philadelphia. He was a good-looking, finely-formed man, lithe, and active as a panther—the *replica* of Albert Pike's "fine Arkansas gentleman." And here I would fain disquisit on Pike, but type and time are pressing, and it will be only by the mercy of Mr. Heinemann that even this finds place. Well, this gentleman had one day a difference of opinion with another planter, who was, like himself, a great runner, and drawing his bowie knife, pursued him on the run, *twenty-two miles*, ere he "got" his victim. The distance was subsequently measured and verified by the admiring neighbours, who put up posts in commemoration of such an unparalleled pedestrian feat.

When I returned to Brighton, after getting into lodgings, I began to employ or amuse myself in novel

fashion. Old Gentilla Cooper, the gypsy, had an old brother named Matthias, a full-blood Romany, of whom all his people spoke as being very eccentric and wild, but who had all his life a fancy for picking up the old "Egyptian" tongue. I engaged him to come to me two or three times a week, at half-a-crown a visit, to give me lessons in it. As he had never lived in houses, and, like Regnar Lodbrog, had never slept under a fixed roof, unless when he had taken a nap in a tavern or stable, and finally, as his whole life had been utterly that of a gypsy in the roads, at fairs, or "by wood and wold as outlaws wont to do," I found him abundantly original and interesting. And as on account of his eccentricity and amusing gifts he had always been welcome in every camp or tent, and was watchful withal and crafty, there was not a phase, hole, or corner of gypsy life or a member of the fraternity with which or whom he was not familiar. I soon learned his jargon, with every kind of Gypsy device, dodge, or peculiar custom, and, with the aid of several works, succeeded in drawing from the recesses of his memory an astonishing number of forgotten words. Thus, to begin with, I read to him aloud the Turkish Gypsy Dictionary of Paspati. When he remembered or recognised a word, or it recalled another, I wrote it down. Then I went through the vocabularies of Liebrich, Pott, Simson, &c., and finally through Brice's Hindustani Dictionary and the great part of a much larger work, and one in Persian. The reader may find most of the results

of Matty's teaching in my work entitled "The English Gypsies and their Language." Very often I went with my professor to visit the gypsies camped about Brighton, far or near, and certainly never failed to amuse myself and pick up many quaint observations. In due time I passed to that singular state when I could never walk a mile or two in the country anywhere without meeting or making acquaintance with some wanderer on the highways, by use of my newly-acquired knowledge. Thus, I needed only say, "Seen any of the Coopers or Bosvilles lately on the drum?" (road), or "Do you know Sam Smith?" &c., to be recognised as one of the grand army in some fashion. Then it was widely rumoured that the Coopers had got a *rye*, or master, who spoke Romany, and was withal not ungenerous, so that in due time there was hardly a wanderer of gypsy kind in Southern England who had not heard of me. And though there are thousands of people who are more thoroughly versed in Society than I am, I do not think there are many so much at home in such extremely *varied* phases of it as I have been. I have sat in a gypsy camp, like one of them, hearing all their little secrets and talking familiarly in Romany, and an hour after dined with distinguished people; and this life had many other variations, and they came daily for many years. My gypsy experiences have not been so great as those of Francis H. Groome (once a pupil and *protégé* of Benfey), or the Grand Duke Josef of Hungary, or of Dr. Wlislocki, but next after these great masters,

and as an all-round gypsy rye in many lands, I believe that I am not far behind any *aficionado* who has as yet manifested himself.

To become intimate, as I did in time, during years in Brighton, off and on, with all the gypsies who roamed the South of England, to be beloved of the old fortune-tellers and the children and mothers as I was, and to be much in tents, involves a great deal of strangely picturesque rural life, night-scenes by firelight, in forests and by river-banks, and marvellously odd reminiscences of other days. There was a gypsy child who knew me so well that the very first words she could speak were "*O 'omany 'i*" (O Romany rye), to the great delight of her parents.

After a little while, I found that the *Romany* element was spread strangely and mysteriously round about among the rural population in many ways. I went one day with Francis H. Groome to Cobham Fair. As I was about to enter a tavern, there stood near by three men whose faces and general appearance had nothing of the gypsy, but as I passed one said to the other so that I could hear—

"*Dikk adovo rye, se o Romany rye, yuv, tàcho!*" (Look at that gentleman; he is a gypsy gentleman, sure!)

I naturally turned my head hearing this, when he burst out laughing and said—

"I told you I'd make him look round."

Once I was startled at hearing a well-dressed, I may say a gentlemanly-looking man, seated in a

gig with a fine horse, stopping by the road, say as I passed with my wife—

"*Dikk adovo gorgio adoi!*" (Look at that Gentile, or no-gypsy.)

Not being accustomed to hear myself called a *gorgio*, I glanced up at him angrily, when he, perceiving that I understood him and was of the mysterious brotherhood, smiled and touched his hat to me. One touch of nature makes the whole world grin.

But the drollest proposal ever made to me in serious earnest came from that indomitable incarnate old *gypsissimus Tsingarorum*, Matthew Cooper, who proposed that I should buy a donkey. He knew where to get one for a pound, but £2, 10s. would buy a "stunner." He would borrow a small cart and a tent, and brown my face and hands so that I would be dark enough, and then on the *drum*—"over the hills." As for all the expenses of the journey, I need not spend anything, for he could provide a neat nut-brown maid, who would not only do all our cooking, but earn money enough by fortune-telling to support us all. I would be expected, however, to greatly aid by my superior knowledge of ladies and gentlemen—and so all would go merrily on, with unlimited bread and cheese, bacon and ale, and tobacco—into the blue away!

I regret to say that Matthew expected to inherit the donkey.

About this time, as all my friends went hunting once or twice a week, I determined to do the same.

Now, as I had never been a good rider, and had anything but an English seat in the saddle, I went to a riding-school and underwent a thorough course both on the pig-skin and bare-backed. My teacher, Mr. Goodchild, said eventually of me that I was the only person whom he had ever known who had at my time of life learned to ride well. But to do this I gave my whole mind and soul to it; and Goodchild's standard, and still more that of his riding-master, who had been a captain in a cavalry regiment, was very high. I used to feel quite as if I were a boy again, and one under pretty severe discipline at that, when the Captain was drilling me. For his life he could not treat his pupils otherwise than as recruits. "Sit up straighter, sir! Do you call *that* sitting up? *That's* not the way to hold your arms! Knees in! Why, sir, when I was learning to ride, I was made to put shillings between my knees and the side, and if I dropped one *I forfeited it!*"

Then in due time came the meets, and the fox and hare hunting, during which I found my way, I believe, into every village or nook for twenty miles round. By this time I had forgotten all my troubles, mental or physical, and after riding six or seven hours in a soft fog, would come home the picture of health.

I remember that one very cold morning I was riding alone to the meet on a monstrous high black horse which Goodchild had bought specially for me, when I met two gypsy women, full blood, selling wares, among them woollen mittens—just what I

wanted, for my hands were almost frozen in Paris kids. The women did not know me, but I knew them by description, and great was the amazement of one when I addressed her by name and in Romany.

"*Pen a mandy, Priscilla Cooper, sa buti me sosti del tute for adovo pustini vashtini?*" (Tell me, Priscilla Cooper, how much should I give you for those woollen gloves?)

"Eighteen-pence, master." (The common price was ninepence.)

"I will *not* give you eighteen-pence," I replied.

"Then how much *will* you give, master?" asked Priscilla.

"*Four shillings* will I give, and not a penny less—*miri pen*—you may take it or leave it."

I went off with the gloves, while the women roared out blessings in Romany. There was something in the whole style of the gift, or the *manner* of giving it, which was specially gratifying to gypsies, and the account thereof soon spread far and wide over the roads as a beautiful deed.

The fraternity of the roads is a strange thing. Once when I lived at Walton there was an old gypsy woman named Lizzie Buckland who often camped near us. A good and winsome young lady named Lillie Doering had taken a liking to the old lady, and sent her a nice Christmas present of clothing, tea, &c., which was sent to me to give to the Egyptian mother. But when I went to seek her, she had flown over the hills and far away.

It made no difference. I walked on till I met a perfect stranger to me, a woman, but evidently a "traveller." "Where is old Liz?" I asked. "Somewhere about four miles beyond Moulsey." "I've got a present for her; are you going that way?" "Not exactly, but I'll take it to her; a few miles don't signify." I learned that it had gone from hand to hand and been safely delivered. It seems a strange way to deliver valuables, to walk forth and give them to the first tramp whom you meet; but I knew my people.

I may here say that during this and the previous winter I had practised wood-carving. In which, as in studying Gypsy, I had certain ultimate aims, which were fully developed in later years. I have several times observed in this record that when I get an idea, I cherish it, think it over, and work it up. Out of this wood-carving and *repoussé* and the designing which it involved I in time developed ideas which led to what I may fairly call a great result.

We remained at Brighton until February, when we went to London and stayed at the Langham Hotel. Then began the London life of visits, dinners, and for me, as usual, of literary work. In those days I began to meet and know Professor E. H. Palmer, Walter Besant, Walter H. Pollock, and many other men of the time of whom I shall anon have more to say. I arranged with Mr. Trübner as to the publication of "The English Gypsies." I think it was at this time that I dined one evening at Sir

Charles Dilke's, where a droll incident took place. There was present a small Frenchman, to whom I had not been introduced, and whose name therefore I did not know. After dinner in the smoking-room I turned over with this gentleman a very curious collection of the works of Blake, which were new to him. Finding that he evidently knew something about art, I explained to him that Blake was a very strange visionary—that he believed that the spirits of the dead appeared to him, and that he took their portraits.

"*C'était donc un fou*," remarked the Frenchman.

"*Non*, Monsieur," I replied, "he was not a madman. He was almost a genius. Indeed, *c'était un Doré manqué*"—he was all but a Doré.

There was a roar of laughter from all around, and I, innocently supposing that I had said something clever unawares, laughed too.

After all had departed, and I was smoking alone with Sir Charles, he said—

"Well, what did you think of Doré?"

"Doré!" I replied astonished; "why, I never saw Doré in all my life."

"That was Doré to whom you were talking," he answered.

"Ah! well," was my answer, "then it is all right."

I suppose that Doré believed that I knew at the time who he was. Had he been aware that I did not know who he was, the compliment would have seemed much stronger.

I have either been introduced to, conversed with,

or been well acquainted at one time or another with Sir John Millais, Holman Hunt, the Rossettis, Frith, Whistler, Poynter, Du Maurier, Charles Keene, Boughton, Hodges, Tenniel (who set my motive of "Ping-Wing," as I may say, to music in a cartoon in *Punch*), the Hon. John Collier, Riviére, Walter Crane, and of course many more—or less—here and there in the club, or at receptions. Could I have then foreseen or imagined that I should ever become—albeit in a very humble grade—an artist myself, and that my works on design and the minor arts would form the principal portion of my writings and of my life's work, I should assuredly have made a greater specialty of such society. But at this time I could hardly draw, save in very humble fashion indeed, and little dreamed that I should execute for expensive works illustrations which would be praised by my critics, as strangely happened to my "Gypsy Sorcery." But we never know what may befall us.

"Oh, little did my mother think,
The day she cradled me,
The lands that I should travel in,
Or the sights that I should see;
Or gae rovin' about wi' Gypsy carles,
And sic like companie."

As the *Noctes* varies it. For it actually came to pass that a very well-known man of letters, while he, with the refined politeness characteristic of *his* style, spoke of mine as "rigmarole," still praised my pictures.

In April we went to Leamington to pay a visit to a Mr. Field, where we also met his brother, my old friend Leonard Field, whom I had known in Paris in 1848. During this journey we visited Kenilworth, the town and castle of Warwick, Stratford-on-Avon, and all therewith connected. At the Easter spring-tide, when primroses first flush by running waters, and there are many long bright sunny days in the land, while birdes' songs do ripple in the aire, it is good roaming or resting in such a country, among old castles, towers, and hamlets quaint and grey. To him who can think and feel, it is like the reading of marvellously pleasant old books, some in Elizabethan type, some in earlier black letter, and hearing as we read sweet music and far-distant chimes. And apropos of this, I would remark that while I was at Princeton an idea fixed itself so firmly in my mind, that to this day I live on it and act on it. It is this:—There is a certain stage to be reached in reading and reflection, especially if it be aided by broad æsthetic culture and science, when every landscape, event, or human being is or may be to us exactly the same as a *book*. For everything in this world which can be understood and felt can be described, and whatever can be described may be written and printed. For ordinary people, no ideas are distinct or concentrated or "literary" till they are in black and white; but the scholar or artist in words puts thoughts into as clear a form in his own mind. Having deeply meditated on this idea for forty

years, and been constantly occupied in realising it, I can say truly that I *often* compose or think books or monographs which, though not translated into type, are as absolutely *literature* to me as if they were. There is so *much* more in this than will at first strike most readers, that I cannot help dwelling on it. It once happened to me in Philadelphia in 1850 to pass *all* the year—in fact, nearly two years—"in dusky city pent," and during all that time I never got a glimpse of the country. As a director of the Art Union, I was continually studying pictures, landscapes by great artists, and the like. The second year, when I went up into Pennsylvania, I found that I had strangely developed what practically amounted to a kind of pseudophia. Every fragment of rural scenery, every rustic "bit," every group of shrubs or weeds, everything, in fact, which recalled pictures, or which could itself be pictured, appeared to me to be a picture perfectly executed. This lasted as a vivid or real perception for about a week, but the memory of it has been in my mind ever since. It was not so much the beautiful in all Nature which I saw, as that in Nature which was within the power of the skilled artist to execute. In like manner the practised reflector and writer reads books in everything to a degree which no other person can understand. Wordsworth attained this stage, and the object of the "Excursion" is to teach it.

In the "Letters of James Smetham" there is a passage to the effect that he felt extremely happy

among English hedgerows, and found inexhaustible delight in English birds, trees, flowers, hills, and brooks, but could not appreciate his little back-garden with a copper-beech, a weeping-ash, nailed-up rose-trees, and twisting creepers. After I had made a habit, till it became a passion, of seeking decorative motives, strange and novel curves—in short, began to detect the transcendent alphabet or written language of beauty and mystery in every plant whatever (of which the alphabet may be found in the works of Hulme), I found in every growth of every kind, yes, in every weed, enough to fill my soul with both art and poetry. I may say specially in weeds, since in them the wildest and most graceful motives are more abundant than in garden-flowers. Unto me *now* anything that grows is, in simple truth, more than what any landscape once was. This began in youth in much reading of, and long reflection on, the signatures, correspondences, and mystical fancies of the Paracelsian writers—especially of Gaffarel—of whom I have a Latin version by me as I write—and of late years I have carried its inspiration into decorative art. I have said so much of this because, as this is an autobiography, I cannot omit from it something which, unseen in actions, still forms a predominant motive in my life. It is something which, while it perfectly embraces *all* landscaping or picture-making or dainty delicate cataloguing in poetry, *à la* Morris at times, or like the Squyre of Lowe Degre, in detail, also involves a far more earnest feeling, and one

which combines thought or *religion* with emotion, just as a melody which we associate with a beautiful poem is worth more to us than one which we do not. Burne Jones is a higher example of this.

During this season we met at Mrs. Inwood Jones' —who was a niece of Lady Morgan and had many interesting souvenirs of her aunt—several people of note, among whom was Mme. Taglioni, now a very agreeable and graceful though naturally elderly lady. I was charmed with her many reminiscences of well-known characters, and as I had seen her as well as Ellsler and all the great *ballerine* many times, we had many conferences. Somebody said to her one day, "So you know Mr. Leland?" "Yes," replied Taglioni in jest, "he was one of my old lovers." This was reported to me, when I said, "I wish she had told me that thirty years sooner." In 1846 Taglioni owned three palaces in Venice, one of them the Ca' d'oro, and in 1872 she was giving lessons in London. At Mrs. Frank Hill's I made the acquaintance of the marvellously clever Eugene Schuyler, and at Mr. Smalley's of the equally amazingly cheeky and gifted "Joaquin" Miller. Somewhere else I met several times another curious celebrity whom I had known in America, the Chevalier Wykoff. Though he was almost the type and proverb of an adventurer, I confess that I always liked him. He was gentlemanly and kind in his manner, and agreeable and intelligent in conversation. Though he had been Fanny Ellsler's agent or secretary, and written those two curiously cool works,

"Souvenirs of a Roving Diplomatist" (he had been employed by Palmerston) and "My Courtship and its Consequences" (in reference to his having been imprisoned in Italy for attempting to carry off an elderly heiress), he was also the author of a really admirable work on the political system of the United States, which any man may read to advantage. A century ago or more he would have been a great man in his way. He knew everybody. I believe that as General Tevis formed his bold ideal of life from much reading of *condottieri* or military adventurers, and Robert Hunt from Cooper's novels, so Wykoff got his inspiration for a career from studying and admiring the diplomatic *parvenus* of Queen Anne's time. These *Bohémiens de la haute volée*, who drew their first motives from study, are by far more interesting and tolerable than those of an illiterate type.

One summer when I was at Bateman's, near Newport, with G. H. Boker, Robert Leroy, and our wives, Leroy reported one day that he had seen Wykoff, Hiram Fuller, a certain very dashing *prima donna*, and two other notorieties sitting side by side in a row on the steps of the Ocean House. I remarked that if there had only been with them the devil and Lola Montez, the party would have been complete. Leroy was famous for his quaint *mots*, in which he had a counterpart in "Tom Appleton" of Boston, whom I also knew very well. The Appletoniana and Leroyalties which were current in the Sixties would make a lively book.

I remember that one evening at a dinner at Trübner's in this year there were present M. Van der Weyer, G. H. Lewes, and M. Delepierre. I have rarely heard so much good talk in the same time. Thoughts so gay and flashes so refined, such a mingling of choice literature, brilliant anecdote, and happy jests, are seldom heard as I heard then. *Tempi passati!*

Apropos of George H. Boker and Leroy, I may here remark that they were both strikingly tall and *distingué* men, but that when they dressed themselves for bass-fishing, and "put on mean attire," they seemed to be common fisher-folk. One day, while fishing on the rocks, there came up the elegant *prima donna* referred to, who, seeing that they had very fine lobsters, ordered them to be taken to the hotel for her. "Can't do it, ma'am," answered Leroy brusquely; "we want them for bait." The lady swept away indignantly. To her succeeded Ralph Waldo Emerson, who did not know them personally, and who began to put to Mr. Boker questions as to his earnings and his manner of life, to all of which Mr. Boker replied with great *naïveté*. Mr. B., however, had on his pole a silver reel, which had cost £30 ($150), and at last Mr. Emerson's eye rested on that, and word no more spoke he, but, with a smile and bowing very politely, went his road. *Ultimam dixit salutem.*

One evening I was sitting in the smoking-room of the Langham Hotel when an American said to me, "I hear that Charles Leland, who wrote

'Breitmann,' is staying here." "Yes, that is true," I replied. "Could you point him out to me?" asked the stranger. "I will do so with pleasure—in fact, if you will tell me your name, I think I can manage to introduce you." The American was very grateful for this, and asked when it would be. "*Now* is the time," I said, "for I am he." On another occasion another stranger told me, that having heard that Mr. Leland was in the smoking-room, he had come in to see him, and asked me to point him out. I pointed to myself, at which he was much astonished, and then, apologetically and half ashamed, said, "Who do you really suppose, of all the men here present, I had settled on as being you?" I could not conjecture, when he pointed to a great broom-bearded, broad-shouldered, jovial, intemperate, German-looking man, and said, "There! I thought that must be the author of 'Hans Breitmann.'" Which suggested to me the idea, "Does the public then generally believe that poets look like their heroes?" One can indeed imagine Longfellow as Poor Henry of the "Golden Legend," but few would expect to find the counterpart of Biglow in a Lowell. And yet this belief or instinct is in every case a *great* compliment, for it testifies that there is that in the poem which is inspired by Nature and originality, and that it is not all mere art-work or artificial. And it is true that by some strange law, name, body, and soul generally do preserve some kind of unity in the realm of literature. There

has never been, as yet, a really great Gubbins or Podgers in poetry, or Boggs in romance; and if literature has its Hogg, let it be remembered that the wild-boar in all Northern sagas and chronicles, like the Eber in Germany, or the Wolf, was a name of pride and honour, as seen in Eberstein. The Whistler of St. Leonard's is one of the most eccentric and original of Scott's characters, and the Whistler of St. Luke's, or the patron saint of painting, is in no respect deficient in these noble qualifications. The Seven Whistlers who fly unseen by night, ever piping a wild nocturne, are the most uncanny of birds, while there is, to my mind, something absolutely grotesquely awful (as in many of "Dreadful Jemmy's" pictures) in the narration that in ancient days the immense army of the Mexican Indians marched forth to battle all whistling in unison—probably a symphony in blood-colour. Fancy half a million of Whistlers on the war-path, about to do battle to the death with as many Ruskins—I mean Red-skins! *Nomen est omen.*

One of the most charming persons whom I ever met in my life was the Hon. Mrs. Caroline Norton, and one of the most delightful dinners at which my wife and I were ever present was at her house. As I had been familiar with her poems from my boyhood, I was astonished to find her still so beautiful and young—if my memory does not deceive me, I thought her far younger looking than myself. I owe her this compliment, for I can recall her speaking

with great admiration of Mrs. Leland to Lord Houghton and "Bulwer."

Mrs. Norton had not only a graceful, fascinating expression of figure and motion, but narrated everything so well as to cast a peculiar life and interest into the most trifling anecdote. I remember one of the latter.

"Lord Houghton," she said, "calls you, Mr. Leland, the poet of jargons." (He indeed introduced me to all his guests once by this term.) "Jargon is a confusion of language, and I have a maid who lives in a jargon of ideas—as to values. The other day she broke to utter ruin an antique vase"—(I do not accurately recall what the object was)—"which cost four hundred pounds, and when I said that it was such a grief to me to lose it, she replied, while weeping, 'Oh, do not mind it, my lady—*I'll* buy you just such another,' as if it were worth tenpence."

Mrs. Norton had marvellously beautiful and expressive eyes, such as one seldom meets thrice in a life. As a harp well played inspires tears or the impulse to dance, so her glances conveyed, almost in the same instant, deep emotion and exquisite merriment. I remember that she was much amused with some of my American jests and reminiscences, and was always prompt to respond, *eodem genere.* So nightingale the wodewale answereth.

During this season in London I met Thomas Carlyle. Our mutual friend, Moncure Conway, had arranged that I should call on the great writer at

the house of the latter in Chelsea. I went there at about eleven in the morning, and when Mr. Carlyle entered the room, I was amazed—I may say almost awed—by something which was altogether unexpected, and this was his *extraordinary* likeness to my late father. A slight resemblance to Carlyle may be seen in my own profile, but had he been with my father, the pair might have passed for twins; and in iron-grey grimness and the never-to-be-convinced expression of the eyes they were identity itself.

I can only remember, that for the first twenty or thirty minutes Mr. Carlyle talked such a lot of skimble-skamble stuff and rubbish, which sounded like the very debris and lees of his "Latter Day Pamphlets," that I began to suspect that he was quizzing me, or that this was the manner in which he ladled out Carlyleism to visitors who came to be Carlyled and acted unto. It struck me as if Mr. Tennyson, bored with lion-hunting guests, had begun to repeat his poetry to them out of sheer sarcasm, or as if he felt, "Well, you've come to *see* and *hear* me—a poet—so take your poetry, and be d—d to you!" However, it may be I felt a coming wrath, and the Socratic demon or gypsy *dook*, which often rises in me on such occasions, and never deceives me, gave me a strong premonition that there was to be, if not an exemplary row, at least a lively incident which was to put a snapped end to this humbugging.

It came thus. All at once Mr. Carlyle abruptly

asked me, in a manner or with an intonation which sounded to me almost semi-contemptuous, "And what kind of an American may you be?" (I *think* he said, "will you be?") "German or Irish, or what?"

To which I replied, not over amiably—

"Since it interests you, Mr. Carlyle, to know the origin of my family, I may say that I am descended from Henry Leland, whom the tradition declares to have been a noted Puritan, and active in the politics of his time, and who went to America in 1636."

To this Mr. Carlyle replied—

"I doubt whether any of your family have since been equal to your old Puritan great-grandfather" (or "done anything to equal your old Puritan grandfather"). With this something to the effect that we had done nothing in America since Cromwell's Revolution equal to it in importance or of any importance.

Then a great rage came over me, and I remember *very* distinctly that there flashed through my mind in a second the reflection, "Now, if I have to call you a d—d old fool for saying that, I *will;* but I'll be even with you." When as quickly the following inspiration came, which I uttered, and I suspect somewhat energetically—

"Mr. Carlyle, I think that my brother, Henry Leland, who got the wound from which he died standing by my side in the war of the rebellion, fighting against slavery, was worth ten of my old Puritan ancestors; at least he died in a ten times

better cause. "And" (here my old 'Indian' was up and I let it out) "allow me to say, Mr. Carlyle, that I think that in all matters of historical criticism you are principally influenced by the merely melodramatic and theatrical."

Here Mr. Carlyle, looking utterly amazed and startled, though not at all angry, said, for the first time, in broad Scotch—

"Whot's *thot* ye say?"

"I say, Mr. Carlyle," I exclaimed with rising wrath, "that I consider that in all historical judgments you are influenced only by the melodramatic and theatrical."

A grim smile as of admiration came over the stern old face; whether he really felt the justice of the hit I know not, but he was evidently pleased at the manner in which it was delivered, and it was with a deeply reflective and not displeased air that he replied, still in Scotch—

"Na, na, I'm nae *thot*."

It was the terrier who had ferociously attacked the lion, and the lion was charmed. From that instant he was courteous, companionable, and affable, and talked as if we had been long acquainted, and as if he liked me. It occurred to me that the resemblance of Carlyle to my father during the row was appalling, the difference being that my father *never* gave in. It would have been an awful sight to see and a sound to hear if the two could have "discussed" some subject on which they were equally informed—say the American tariff or slavery.

After a while Mr. Froude the historian came in, and we all went out together for a walk in the Park. Pausing on the bridge, Mr. Carlyle called my attention to the very rural English character of a part of the scenery in the distance, where a church-spire rises over ranges of tree-tops. I observed that the smoke of a gypsy fire and a tent by a hedge was all that was needed. Then we began to talk about gypsies, and I told Mr. Carlyle that I could talk Romany, and ran on with some reminiscences, whereat, as I now recall, though I did not note it then, his amusement at or interest in me seemed to be much increased, as if I had unexpectedly turned out to be something a little out of the ordinary line of tourist interviewers; and truly in those days Romany ryes were not so common as they now are. Then Mr. Carlyle himself told a story, how his father—if I remember rightly—had once lent a large sum to or trusted a gypsy in some extraordinary manner. It befell in after days that the lender was himself in sore straits, when the gypsy took him by night to a hut, and digging up or lifting the *hard-stane* or hearth-stone, took out a bag of guineas which he transferred to his benefactor.

We parted, and this was the only time I ever conversed with Mr. Carlyle, though I saw him subsequently on more than one occasion. He sent word specially by Mr. Conway to me that he would be pleased to have me call again; but "once bitten twice shy," and I had not so much enjoyed my

call as to wish to repeat it. But I believe that what Mr. Carlyle absolutely needed above all things on earth was somebody to put on the gloves with him metaphorically about once a day, and give and take a few thumping blows; nor do I believe that he would have shrunk from a tussle *à la Choctaw*, with biting, gouging, tomahawk and scalper, for he had an uncommonly *dour* look about the eyes, and must have been a magnificent fighter when once roused. But though I had not his vast genius nor wit, I had the great advantage of having often had very severe differences with my father, who was, I believe, as much Carlyled by Nature as Carlyle himself, if not more so, whereas it is morally impossible that the Sage of Chelsea could ever have found any one like himself to train under. But to Carlyle people in conversation requires constant practice with a master — *consuetudine quotidiana cum aliquo congredi*—and he had for so long a time knocked everybody down without meeting the least resistance, that victory had palled upon him, and he had, so to speak, "vinegared" on himself. With somebody to "sass him back," Carlyle would have been cured of the dyspepsia, and have lived twenty years longer.

Carlyle's was and ever will be one of the greatest names in English literature, and it is very amusing to observe how the gossip-makers, who judge of genius by tittle-tattle and petty personal defects, have condemned him *in toto* because he was not an angel to a dame who was certainly a bit of a

diablesse. Thus I find in a late very popular collection the remark that—

"It is curious to note in the 'Life and Correspondence of Lord Houghton' the high estimation in which Carlyle was held by him. His regard and admiration cannot but seem exaggerated, now that we know so much of the Chelsea philosopher's real character."

This is *quite* the moral old lady, who used to think that Raphael was a good painter, "till she read all about that nasty Fornarina."

There was another hard old character with whom I became acquainted in those days, and one who, though not a Carlyle, still, like him, exercised in a peculiar way a great influence on English literature. This was George Borrow. I was in the habit of reading a great deal in the British Museum, where he also came, and there I was introduced to him. He was busy with a venerable-looking volume in old Irish, and made the remark to me that he did not believe there was a man living who could read old Irish with ease (which I now observe to myself was "fished" out of Sir W. Betham). We discussed several Gypsy words and phrases. I met him in the same place several times. He was a tall, large, fine-looking man, who must have been handsome in his youth. I knew at the time in London a Mr. Kerrison, who had been as a very young man, probably in the Twenties, very intimate with Borrow. He told me that one night Borrow acted very wildly, whooping and vociferating so as

to cause the police to follow him, and after a long run led them to the edge of the Thames, "and there they thought they had him." But he plunged boldly into the water and swam in his clothes to the opposite shore, and so escaped.

"For he fled o'er to t'other side,
And so they could not find him;
He swam across the flowing tide,
And never looked behind him."

About this time (1826?) George Borrow published a small book of poems which is now extremely rare. I have a copy of it. In it there is a lyric in which, with his usual effrontery, he describes a very clever, tall, handsome, accomplished man, who knows many languages and who can drink a pint of rum, ending with the remark that he himself was this admirable person. As Heine was in England at this time, it is not improbable that he met with this poem; but in any case, there is a resemblance between it and one of his own in the *Buch der Lieder*, which runs thus:—

"Brave man, he got me the food I ate,
His kindness and care I can never forget,
Yet I cannot kiss him, though other folk can,
For I myself am this excellent man!"

It came to pass that after a while I wrote my book on "The English Gypsies and their Language," and sent a note to Mr. Borrow in which I asked permission to dedicate it to him. I sent it to the care of Mr. Murray, who subsequently assured me

that Mr. Borrow had actually received it. Now Mr. Borrow had written thirty years before some sketches and fragments on the same subject, which would, I am very certain, have remained unpublished to this day but for me. He received my note on Saturday—never answered it—and on Monday morning advertised in all the journals his own forthcoming work on the same subject.

Now, what is sincere truth is, that when I learned this, I laughed. I thought very little of my own work, and if Mr. Borrow had only told me that it was in the way of his, I would have withdrawn it at once, and that with right good-will, for I had so great a respect for the Nestor of Gypsyism, that I would have been very glad to have gratified him with such a small sacrifice. But it was not in him to suspect or imagine so much common decency in any human heart, and so he craftily, and to my great delight and satisfaction, "got ahead" of me. For, to tell the truth of truth, I was pleased to my soul that I had caused him to make and publish the work.

I have said too hastily that it was written thirty years before. What I believe is, that Mr. Borrow had by him a vocabulary, and a few loose sketches, which he pitchforked together, but that the book itself was made and cemented into one with additions for the first time after he received my note. He was not, take him altogether, over-scrupulous. Sir Patrick Colquhoun told me that once when he was at Constantinople, Mr. Borrow came there, and

gave it out that he was a marvellous Oriental scholar. But there was great scepticism on this subject at the Legation, and one day at the *table-d'hôte*, where the great writer and divers young diplomatists dined, two who were seated on either side of Borrow began to talk in Arabic, speaking to him, the result being that he was obliged to confess that he not only did not understand what they were saying, but did not even know what the language was. Then he was tried in Modern Greek, with the same result. The truth was that he knew a great deal, but did all in his power to make the world believe it was far more—like the African king, or the English prime-minister, who, the longer his shirts were made, insisted on having the higher collars, until the former trailed on the ground and the latter rose above the top of his head—"when they came home from the wash!"

What I admire in Borrow to such a degree that before it his faults or failings seem very trifling, is his absolutely vigorous, marvellously varied originality, based on direct familiarity with Nature, but guided and cultured by the study of natural, simple writers, such as Defoe and Smollett. I think that the "interest" in, or rather sympathy for gypsies, in his case as in mine, came not from their being curious or dramatic beings, but because they are so much a part of free life, of out-of-doors Nature; so associated with sheltered nooks among rocks and trees, the hedgerow and birds, river-sides, and wild roads. Borrow's heart was large and true as

regarded English rural life; there was a place in it for everything which was of the open air and freshly beautiful. He was not a view-hunter of "bits," trained according to Ruskin and the *deliberate* word-painting of a thousand novels and Victorian picturesque poems; but he often brings us nearer to Nature than they do, not by photography, but by casually letting fall a word or trait, by which we realise not only her form, but her soul. Herein he was like Washington Irving, who gives us the impression of a writer who was deeply inspired with calm sweet sunny views of Nature, yet in whose writings literal description is so rarely introduced, that it is a marvel how much the single buttercup lights up the landscape for a quarter of a mile, when a thousand would produce no effect whatever. This may have possibly been art in Irving—art of the most subtle kind—but in Borrow it was instinct, and hardly intentional. In this respect he was superior even to Whitman.

And here I would say, apropos of Carlyle, Tennyson, Irving, Borrow, Whitman, and some others whom I have met, that with such men in only one or two interviews, one covers more ground and establishes more intimacy than with the great majority of folk whom we meet and converse with hundreds of times. Which fact has been set forth by Wieland in his work on Democritus or the Abderites so ingeniously, as people expressed it a century ago, or so cleverly, as we now say, or so sympathetically, as an Italian would say, that

my pen fails to utter the thoughts which arise in me compared to what he has written.

When the summer came, or on the 1st of August, we started on a grand tour about England. First we went to Salisbury. I was deeply interested in the cathedral there, because it is possibly the only great Gothic structure of the kind in Europe which was completed in a single style during a single reign. Stonehenge was to me even more remarkable, because it is more mysterious. Its stupendous barbarism or archaic character, involving a whole lost cycle of ideas, contrasts so strangely with the advanced architectural skill displayed in the cutting and fitting of the vast blocks, that the whole seems to be a mighty paradox. This was the work of many thousands of men — of very well directed labour under the supervision of architects who could draw and measure skilfully with a grand sense of *proportion* or symmetry, who had, however, not attained to ornament—a thing without parallel in humanity. This is absolutely bewildering, as is the utter want of all indication as to its real purpose. The old British tradition that the stones were brought by magic from Africa, coupled with what Sir John Lubbock and others declare as to similar remains on the North African coast, suggest something, but what that was remains to be discovered. Men have, however, developed great works of the massive and simple order in poetry, as well as in architecture. The Nibelungen Lied is a Stonehenge. There are in it only one or two

similes or decorations. "Simplicity is its sole ornament."

From Salisbury we went to Wells. The cathedrals of England form the pages of a vast work in which there is written the history of a paradox or enigma as marvellous as that of Stonehenge. And it is this, that the farther back we go, even into a really barbarous age, almost to the time when Roman culture had died, and the mediæval had not begun, the more exquisite are the proportions of buildings, the higher their tone, and, as in the case of Early and Decorated English, the more beautiful their ornament. That is to say, that exactly in the time when, according to all our modern teaching and ideas, there should have been *no* architectural art, it was most admirably developed, while, on the contrary, in this end of the nineteenth century, when theory, criticism, learning and science abound, it is in its lowest and most depraved state, its highest flights aiming at nothing better than cheap imitation of old examples. The age which produced the Romanesque architecture, whether in Northern Italy, along the Rhine as the Lombard, or in France and England as Norman, was extremely barbarous, bloody, and illiterate; and yet in the noblest and grandest conceptions of architectural art it surpassed all the genius of this our time as the sun surpasses a star. While we *know* that man has advanced, it still remains true that the history of architecture alone for the past thousand years indicates a steady retrogression and decay in

art, and this constitutes the stupendous paradox to which I have alluded. But Milton has fully explained to us that when the devils in hell built the first great temple or palace—Pandemonium—they achieved the greatest work of architecture ever seen!

York Cathedral made on me a hundred times deeper and more sympathetic impression than St. Peter's of Rome. There is a grandeur of unity and a sense of a single cultus in it which the Renaissance never reached in anything. Even from the days of Orcagna there is an element of mixed motives and incoherence in the best of Italian architecture and sculpture. It requires colour to effect that which Norman or Gothic art could produce more grandly and impressively with *shade* alone. It is the difference between a garden and a forest. This is shown in the glorious mediæval *grisaille* windows, in which such art proves its absolute perfection. While I was looking at these in rapt admiration, an American friend who did not lack a certain degree of culture asked me if I did not find in them a great want of colour!

I made in York the acquaintance of a youth named Carr, son of a former high sheriff, who, by the way, showed us very great hospitality whenever we visited the city. This young man had read Labarthe and other writers on archæology, and was enthusiastic in finding relics of the olden time. He took me into a great many private houses. I visited every church, and indeed saw far more than do

the great majority of even the most inquiring visitors. The Shambles was then and is still perhaps one of the most curious specimens of a small mediæval street in the world. I felt as if I could pass a life in the museum and churches, and I did, in fact, years after, remain there, very busy, for three weeks, sketching innumerable corbels, gargoyles, goblins, arches, weather-worn saints and sinners. And in the cathedral I found the original of the maid in the garden a-hanging out the clothes. She is a fair sinner, and the blackbird is a demon volatile, who, having lighted on her shoulder, snaps her by the nose to get her soul.[1]

[1] The motive often occurs in Gothic sculpture. We may trace it back—*vide* the "Pharaohs, Fellahs, and Explorers" of Amelia B. Edwards—to Roman Harpies and the Egyptian *Ba*, depicted in the "Book of the Dead" or the "Egyptian Bible."

THE END.

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